The Argument for Impeachment, by Richard Reeves
Why Women Are Creating Erotic Art
Perils of Sibship, Or How Birth Order Affects You

50 CENTS FEBRUARY 11 1974

NEW YORK

The New York Actor: The Truth About Us Is in Our Stars

Pacino

Barrymore

Marx

Garfield

Brando

Conventional wisdom says gentlemen endorse checks, not whiskies.

BY 'ADAM SMITH'

When the Teacher's people called up about this ad, I had two serious Qualms. The first Qualm was that I might get thrown out of my Club, and the second was that the whole enterprise didn't make any traditional, linear sense because I hardly drink whisky at all—any whisky.

I belong to this Club with high ceilings and leather chairs and Intellectual Achievers—somebody must have put *The Wealth of Nations* by my name when I was put up—and some years ago they threw an Intellectual Achiever right out for being a Man of Distinction. Undignified, I think they said. The old nineteenth century idea that gentlemen endorse causes, not whiskies; we have had members who endorsed lettuce, South Viet Nam, and repealing whichever amendment gave women the vote.

"You can say anything you want," the Teacher's people said. "Talk about your book." My book is *Supermoney*. That is the book up on the best seller lists that is not about a seagull. The green stuff in your wallet is not the real money of the United States. The real money is Supermoney, which is e.g., the wealth that rains on you when you take a hot ad agency public. There are other things of moment in the book also, such as the day the United States almost ran out of money, and whether that could happen again, and what to do if the people around you are busy hustling the Supermoney when you are still thumbing the green stuff in your wallet. There is nothing in the book, however, about Scotch whisky. To get a capital gain out of Scotch whisky, you have to buy it in Scotland in large quantities and hold it for a long time. In barrels.

Of course, there are people who say you can get a capital gain out of Scotch whisky, if you invest ice cubes and maybe soda or water in it. It should be pointed out that this increases the volume, not the price.

Be that as it may, at my house we were accustomed to serving elegant French wines with dinner. I was a member of this wine society headquartered in Burgundy, which sampled and sniffed wines and pronounced them a little short of breed, and things like that. Then the elegant French wines went to $40 a bottle and we started telling people to bring their whisky glasses to the table.

I have no predictions for the price of Scotch, but almost nothing goes down in price with all that Supermoney around. Now we keep the Teacher's in the wine cellar. We keep the bottles lying on their sides, just out of habit, and we tell people it is grown in Scotland on this particular hillside which catches the late afternoon sun, on the left side of the road going north. We have to mark the vintages on the labels ourselves, in ink, but everybody seems just as happy.

I am still pondering the sociological and oenological implications of all this. I think there are some. I do know that when a company asks somebody who hardly drinks the stuff to do a Scotch ad, they have to be watched carefully. When they go public, that will be a significant market indicator.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

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Round-the-Clock®

VOL. 7 NO. 6

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Shakespeare recognized that the actor is "the abstract and brief chronicle of his time." Since New York has always been the mecca, the proving ground—and, for that matter, the home—of the nation's finest actors, it should follow that the change in acting styles over the years might tell us something about the city. Harold Clurman, who has directed in and written about the theater for decades, presents his own brief illustrated chronicle of acting in New York, from Edwin Forrest more than a century ago to Al Pacino—or Debbie Reynolds, if you prefer—in our own time.

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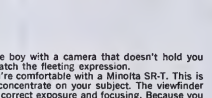

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LETTERS

Druthers

Aaron Latham's story on Dan Rather and White House press attitudes ["The Reporter the President Hates," January 21] contains the words "Clawson says that he has also called Richard Salant, the head of CBS News . . . to complain about stories [his] reporters had done." I can't imagine what effect Clawson is trying to create by that—but he is dead wrong.

Clawson has never spoken to me on or off the phone about any story CBS News has broadcast, or, to the best of my knowledge and recollection, about anything else. In any event, as I have often made it clear to government officials who want to complain to me about any of our reporters or any reporting we do, I will hear them out, but I will always treat such complaints as fully on the record.

Which may account for why I haven't had any direct complaints from anybody in the government for three or four years.

Richard S. Salant
President, CBS News
Manhattan

Your story on Dan Rather is frightening. I do not defend the President in any way; actually, I agree with Rather's views. What concerns me is the new and current phenomenon as exemplified by Rather. He is highly intelligent, quick-witted, erudite, and a very interesting person to listen to, but he is not a reporter in the basic, fundamental, and final sense of the word. A reporter reports news, he doesn't make news, and seldom, if ever, should his name be involved in the story unless (1) he is underpaid and a byline bolsters his ego in lieu of a fair salary, or (2) he is an actor or entertainer who gets his name in the billing.

The news media have gone too far in pushing the reporter to the fore as an important part of a story. . . .

The height and extreme extent of the egotism of the press is demonstrated in the paragraph saying that after President Kennedy was assassinated, "Dan Rather's poise on the [TV] screen helped to calm the nation." Are you intimating that without Rather's poise, the nation might have fallen apart? Let's get down to earth with reporters who give us truth based strictly on facts and not their thespian and histrionic abilities.

Edward Lysek
Chicopee, Mass.

Semi-Touch

Regarding the article "Touch Football Is for Keeps," by George Plimpton [January 14], please be advised that the game he mentions is not the only game in town. Each Sunday since 1947, individuals similar to those he describes have gathered together in Cunningham Park, Queens, to batter one another.

The difference between this game and that played in Central Park (I have played in both) is that in Queens, blockers are allowed to leave their feet and destroy the opposition in any manner short of manslaughter. In addition to this, unlike the "lowly" linemen mentioned in Mr. Plimpton's article, the linemen who come to Cunningham actually enjoy their respective positions.

The pay is less than that of pro players, but our bodies are just as sore on Monday.

Wayne Holton
Freehold, N.J.

Last winter, guys would call me Friday and Saturday night to find out if there was going to be a football game the next day. My wife was giving me so many icy it's-for-you's that I put a weekend Central Park football report on my phone answering machine.

If you're crazy enough to come out to play in the ice and snow, your best bet this winter should be Sheep Meadow between 10:30 and 2:00 Saturdays and Sundays. Or for up-to-the-minute details, call the "Weekend Football Report," 212 866-0365.

Phil Becker
Manhattan

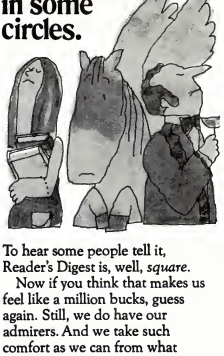
Bruised and Unhealthy

The women's liberation movement does not deny sex differentiation, nor does it ignore procreative or biological functions ["Books," December 31/January 7]. We are not seeking "sexual identification"—we have more than enough of that. So do men. If roles and rituals are "absolutely crucial to the development of the healthy individual ego," how does Mr. Gilder explain away so many bruised and *un*healthy egos?

It seems Messrs. Gilder and Fremont-Smith are two more threatened victims of sensational publicity. We do not seek "androgyny"—perhaps if they would read beyond headlines, they would find what it is we are seeking for both women and men.

Joyce M. Lloyd
Westwood, N.J.

It isn't fashionable in some circles.



To hear some people tell it, Reader's Digest is, well, *square*.

Now if you think that makes us feel like a million bucks, guess again. Still, we do have our admirers. And we take such comfort as we can from what they say about us.

You may listen.

Bill Cosby, comedian, applauds The Digest's "priceless knack for stimulating three key anatomical areas in a reader—the brain, the heart, and the funnybone."

David Ogilvy, advertising legend, marvels at its ability to "present complicated subjects in a way that *engages* the reader."

Golda Meir, grandmother, salutes The Digest for helping "a huge public to understand the complex issues of our times by providing information and comment with balance and humor."

Then there are our 42 million other readers.

They make up the biggest audience around. And the richest. And, to judge by our remarkable subscription renewal rate, the most devoted.

All of which helps explain why—despite an occasional ungentle critic—The Digest's ad revenue is at an all-time high.

And growing.

We're feeling better now, thank you.

This One

9F3A-JH7-WU37

THE CITY POLITIC

BY RICHARD REEVES

MEMO TO A CONGRESSMAN: THE ARGUMENT FOR IMPEACHMENT

There is no question but that your impressions of the public mood after visiting the district over the recess are valid. The conversations we had back home confirm the most recent Gallup and Harris polls: most people are convinced President Nixon is guilty of *something*, but believe impeachment could be bad for the country. I'm also aware of—and share—your concern about the stability of the system if we set a pattern of destroying Presidents. Even a society as diverse and essentially strong as the United States can take only so many shocks—the assassination of Kennedy, the savaging of Johnson, and now getting Nixon, either by resignation or an impeachment conviction. (Like you, I assume Nixon will resign when impeachment is inevitable—our only difference is that I already think it is inevitable.)

But you asked for the arguments *for* impeachment. Assuming you are convinced that the President has violated the law and his oath to the Constitution, these are the arguments you should consider: (1) Political—three more years of Nixon may well do so much violence to the Republican Party that the two-party system will be destroyed; (2) Governmental—you know the upper levels of the government are paralyzed; three-branch government cannot function when there are no well-considered "administration positions"; (3) Economic—the crisis of confidence is immobilizing much business; investors and consumers just aren't sure what's happening; (4) Moral—the country will be far worse off if we don't take action, we will pass into "anomie," the state of living without standards, a state that often leads to suicide.

I will consider the first three arguments briefly since they seem, to an extent, obvious. The fourth, the moral argument, is not so obvious, as the Gallup and Harris numbers indicate.

(1) Politics. Barry Goldwater has already made the news by predicting that Republican voting will be off by 10 per cent in this year's Congressional elections—and there are damn few 60-per-cent Congressmen around here, which is one reason fifteen Republican incumbents have already announced their retirements. Goldwater's prophecy was based on polls by Dick Wirthlin, a good one. Another heavy, F. Clifton White, thinks things may be even worse for the G.O.P.—he managed the disastrous Republican gubernatorial campaign in New Jersey last year, and his numbers show that not only were there Republican crossovers, but that the total vote fell off by 10 per cent and that the stay-at-homes were almost certainly disgusted suburban Republicans. "If nothing is done, there may be no Republican Party in 1976," he told me a bit apocalyptically. He also mentioned that his direct-mail fund appeals to registered Republicans lost money—the letters were coming back with scrawled messages like "Get it from Stans."

The fact is that Nixon has no constituency left, only Republicans and conservatives who hate the thought of Democrats and lefties getting their own way after being clobbered in 1972. At last week's Conservative Political Action Conference, most of the private talk—profane private talk—was about how "the movement" could avoid going down with Nixon. I came away from that conference with this impression: the conservative-Republican fallback position is that resignation is a victory for them and impeachment is a victory for the lefties. And The Right is ready to fall back.

(2) Government. I would guess that the federal government is functioning at about 85 per cent—that is, the bottom 85 per cent, the bureaucracy, is doing what it always does. But the top of the executive branch is in chaos. There is no White House to resolve inner agency conflicts—H.E.W. and O.M.B., for instance, over implementation of new Social Security legislation—and, as you well know, there are no real Administration positions on domestic legislation, no matter how bravely the President postured in his State of the Union message. The thought of three more years is frightening. (Kissinger, of course, has become a portable government unto himself—but that's another story.)

(3) The Economy. The businessmen you talked with are scared and the implications of that are obvious—so is their caution and wait-and-see decision-making. This month's *Dun's Review*—which isn't exactly on a *New Republic* wavelength—reports that a majority of their "Presidents' Panel," 300 corporate heads, favor Nixon's resignation "for the good of the country."

(4) Morality. This is the tough one—what is "right"? What is "good"? The argument I'm making here is that we cannot ignore evil without paying an incalculable price. If we do, we are all Herbert Porter. We are the sad young men who exposed their pathetic

Illustrated by Robert Grossman

and amoral loyalty before the Watergate Committee last summer. We must act or we are indeed a society without standards.

I talked with Martin Marty, the Lutheran theologian-philosopher at the University of Chicago, who sees the current crisis in moral terms more dramatic than mine. He dismisses things like Agnew's troubles, income taxes, and San Clemente as easy problems of "old immorality"—we force Agnew out and we'll force Nixon to pay his taxes because we understand hands in the cookie jar. He is concerned with the Albert Speer-Adolph Eichmann syndrome: the existence of an inner government of amoral technicians following orders. This is some of what he said: "We need enough faith in the country to invest in the country, but not so much that we idolize it. Right now we know that nothing is working—not the stock market, not the churches, not our international affairs—there is no systematic good happening.

"We will be reacting to Watergate for years and years. Galbraith once said there were two events that had the most effect on our lives—the Civil War and the Depression. We now have two new sets of data to deal with in this country—the Vietnam war and Watergate. We haven't come to terms with ourselves in Vietnam. We let it dribble out. If we continue to react to Watergate as we have so far, then we're saying we can live under any kind of morality. We need an impeachment or resignation to be able to say that we have made up our minds on something.

"If we cannot see that we are all in this together and if we cannot bring about some kind of national air-clearing, then we are headed toward anomie—existing without standards. Anomie only happens in affluent, technical, bored societies. We stop saying anything makes any difference. It leads to suicide. . . . It happens to individuals in Sweden."

I reminded him of the Kitty Genovese murder in New York—38 people watching and doing nothing—and asked if he thought that was an example, seeing evil and not reacting.

"No," he answered. "It's *not seeing* evil. Not being able to see evil. Not being able to understand evil."

There was a cartoon the other day in *The Dayton Daily News* by Mike Peters—Dayton, you remember, is where Scammon and Wattenberg's 47-year-old machinist's wife lives. The drawing showed a German *Brauhaus* with a calendar marked 1936 and a picture of Hitler on the wall. Two men were bent over steins of beer and one was saying: "No, I think impeachment would hurt the country too much. . . ." ▬

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PHOTO: JIM ADAIR

"We were talking about advertising agencies and the name Geer DuBois came up."

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

February 7 through 14

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

OPENINGS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7

Superdad-Bob Crane, Barbere Rush, Kurt Russell and Kathleen Cody in a generation-gap comedy about e middle-eged dad who meddles in his daughter's romance On the big stage: *Morning, Noon and Evening* Music Hall.

The Ceremony-Nagisa Oshima's study in depth of traditional family ties and rituals thet ere still preserved in modern Japan. First Avenue Screening Room.

The Jail-Documentary recording the lives of men behind bers, the boredom, the frustrations, the dreams. Directed by Michael Anderson, Paul Jacobs, Saul Landau and Bill Yahraus. 2/7 thru 13, Whitney Museum.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10

The Last Detail-Jack Nicholson stars in e film about two veteren sailors who escort a young recruit to e naval prison and try, on the way, to show the sailor a good time. Coronet.

Thieves Like Us-Robert Altman's new film set in the depression thrtes, starring Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvell, John Schuck and Bert Remsen, shot in Mississippi. 68th St Playhouse.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14

American Moods-Collection of films attempting to reawaken many moods of the American evaherence, carrying us into the past and perhaps into the future. 2/14 thru 23. Whitney Museum.

THE MOVIES

American Graffiti-During e hot end-of-summer night, in a California town in 1962, four high-school buddies begin to grow up. All to the constant throbbing music of the time. If you're nostelgic about DA's, '58 Chevy Impales, Del Shannon, Buddy Holly, the Platters, and sock-hops, this will take you home again. Beautifully directed by George Lucas. Columbia II.

Ash Wednesday-The rottenness of this elmost-perfectly-awful garbage about e middle-eged matron who goes under the plastic-surgery knife (in nauseating bloody clinical closeups), is flawed by tiny touches of value, among them a reasonable—and wasted—performance by Liz Taylor, as the black 'n' blue over-sutured surgeree. Qued.

Bang the Drum Slowly-John Hencock's superbly done film about friendship and commitment end life and death and baseball St Marks Cineme.

Bamboo Gods and Iron Men-James Iglehart plays a famous American boxer who goes to Hong Kong and Manila on his honeymoon with Shirley Washington and becomes involved in a smuggling ring Victoria.

Bed and Board-Francois Truffaut's warm, witty end glowing sequel to Stolen Kisses—with Jean-Pierre Leaud and Claude Jade continuing their roles—brings he alter ego of 400 Blows to marriage end parenthood. Waverly.

Butterflies Are Free-Despite good performances by Eileen Heckert and Edward Albert, the contrivances of ele late Broadway hit about a blind mamà's boy come clear, courtesy of Goldie Hawn, Hollywood slickery and stagebound writing and direction. From 2/6, Embassy 72nd.

Child's Play-Robert Meresco's contrived 1970 Broadway thriller emerges as a far more coherent chiller, thanks to good screenplay and Sidney Lumet's suspensefully paced direction. James Mason end Robert Preston ere in top drametic form in this account of adult hatred permeating the atmosphere of a Catholic boys' school. St Marks Cinema.

Cinderella Liberty-James Caan and Marsha Meson provide the intermittent joys in this generally mawkish end sometimes incredible movie about a nice Navy guy who gets involved with a pleasant prostitute end her foul-mouthed 11-year-old muletto son. Columbia I.

Day for Night-Francois Truffaut's delightful billet-doux to movies, movie-making and movie-personae is the story of the making of a movie, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont end Jean-Pierre Leaud. Universal in its sheer humanism and exuberence, it e irresistible. Festival.

Don't Look Now-Julie Christie end Donald Sutherland do so remarkable a job of enthralling you beyond belief that you'll overlook the ultimate confusions in Nicolas Roeg's film of Daphne Du Meuner's gene tale of a bereaved couple in offseeson Venice, attempting to recover themselves after the drowning death of their eight-year-old daughter. From 2/6, Fine Arts.

Fantastic Planet-The young will find this imaginative enimeted feature an engrossing science-fiction fetasy whose technique is es fescineting as its plot, a fine adventure story set on a planet whose gient inhebitents keep humans as pets. Thru 2/9, 68th St Playhouse.

Happy New Year-French filmmaker Claude Lelouch's beautifully romantic near-nostalgic caper tele ebout a heist at the Van Cleef end Arpels shop at Cannes makes a lovely bow in the direction of the liberated woman, personified by Francoise Fabian, Lino Ventura, as the brains of the operation, is completely irresistible in en irresistibly chic film that works both es thriller and romance. From 2/13, Bklyn Hts I.

La Collectionneuse-The fourth of director Eric Rohmer's *Six Moral Teles* is tepid stuff about a man in love with one woman, distracted by another. The conversation and activity is dull and listless, the scenery ordinary in Rohmeric nod. 2/12, Elgin.

Le Boucher-Claude Chabrol's exquisite intellectual thriller about the small-town love affair between a sophisticated schoolteacher and the troubled headed butcher whose butchery may extend beyond his shop. Thru 2/7, Thalia.

Magnum Force-The worst movie of 1973 is e seeming sequel to 1972's *Dirty Harry*, with Clint Eastwood again the neo-fascist city detective in another slimy, gut-bashing, brains-splattering series of sadistic episodes disguised as cop stories for lovers of violence to wallow in. Pure garbage. Criterion

Mean Streets-Director-co-author Martin Scorsese's disappointing film is e tedious tale about coming to terms with Life in Little Italy, with e bunch of nowhere guys mooching eround Mulberry Street *Marty*-fashion, drinking, quarreling, making up, breaking up and getting nowhere. 5th Ave Cinema

Money, Money, Money-Claude Lelouch's breezy satire on crime and politics is outregeously funny, about e French gang, bumblers at ordinary crime, capering around continents making kidnap-ransom deals for diplomats, dictators and even the Pope. Charles Denner, Lino Ventura, Charles Gerard, Aldo Maccione and Jacques Brel are perfection. Thru 2/ 7, Thelia

My Night at Maud's-Eric Rohmer's film is a delight—a literete, perceptive and witty piece of plotting of four lives that intertwine and, with an ironic twist, untangle. From 2/12, Elgin

Not Just Another Woman-Erotic film starring Don Allen, Lloyd Rains and Tina Russel, produced, directed and written by Tony Rocco, focuses on a playboy whose obsession for his wife's sister causes havoc. Lincoln Art

O Lucky Man!-When last seen, Mick Travis (Malcolm McDowell) was gurgling down the Establishment in *If. . .*; now he's out of the academe end on to the world in a sperkling witty end perceptive film of dazzling variety and multiedunous delights One of the finest films of the post-*Strangelove* decade, it is a unique creation, e triumph for director Lindsay Anderson, writer David Sherwin, actor McDowell, singer Alan Price and all involved. Quad, Playboy

Papillon-The $12 million film of Henri Charriere's autobiographical recounting ot hs attempts to escape from prison in French Guiana has its moments but demonstretes pnmenly thet even Dustin Hoffman's and Steve McQueen's talents can be buried end that the best of adventure stories can be attenuated into boredom. Loews State I, Orpheum and Tower East.

Putney Swope-Few aspects of contemporary life escape Robert Downey (a prince) in this gutsy black, black-comedy, which is outspoken, outrageous and high in style end wit. New Yorker

Robin Hood-A sweet, funny, slambang, good-hearted Welt Disney cartoon with a fine cast (including Peter Ustinov, Terry-Thomas, Brian Bedford, Monica Evans, Carole Shelley, Phil Harris) giving voice and personelity to its enimal characters. A feest for the kiddies and Disney nostalgacs, a holiday delight for all From 2/13, Olympia, Quad.

Serpico-Al Pacino is simply brilliant as the offbeat plainclothesman who blew the whistle on N.Y.P.D. corruption and dishonest cops. Sidney Lumet's fine, engrossing end, at every turn, exciting film, scripted by Waldo Salt and Norman Wexler, is equally brillient in dealing with the reality of the city end the man who police it. And what a refreshment to find an honest man in this Watergate world! Baronet, Forum; thru 2/14, 34th Street East.

Sleeper-Woody Allen's hilenous film, about a Greenwich village health-food store owner who is hospitalized for an ulcer operation end wekes up wrapped in aluminum foil 200 years later (in 2173), is his best to date es director, writer, star. A rollicking collection of sight gags, throwaway lines and satiric wit aimed right at our present—and our future! And Diane Keeton, as a lovely, enchanting love object, is e delightful comedienne es well. Thru 2/9, Coronet; Little Carnegie, from 2/15, 34th St East.

Sleuth-Anthony Shatter's screen version of his Broadway hit, directed with glittering professionalism by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, is the whodunit—and whodunwhat—of this and many a year, an intellectual puzzler to delight any mystery tan. Laurence Olivier end Michael Caine give such skilled performances that a bottle of wits becomes also a duel of ertists. From 2/8, 8th St Playhouse.

Slither-This pleesent caper movie involves James Coan, Sally Kellerman, Peter Boyle and Louise Lasser, who are fun to watch, in e scramble to retrieve $312,000 in embezzled cash. It's missing en over-all pizzezz and pace, but is enhanced by a delightful car-and-camper chase and some dandy 30s and 40s big-bend songs. From 2/6, 8th St Peyhouse; Gramercy.

Soylent Green-This Charlton Heston vehicle is not only bad science and worse fiction (and quite mindless) but it's unforgiveably dull, dull, dull. Its warning is thet if we don't watch out earth will be polluted, life regimented and we-uns down to eating each other by the year 2022. Essex, Quad.

Sugar Hill-Voodoo melodrama about a woman who uses the occult in her war egainst a crime ring, with Marki Bey, Robert Quarry, Don Pedro Colley and Richard Lawson; directed by Paul Maslansky. Penthouse, RKO 86th I.

The Day of the Dolphin-George C. Scott plays straight man to a couple of baby-talking dolphins who don't get all the lines but do out-act Scott in Mike Nichols's expensive reduction of Robert Merle's dandy thriller ebout interspecies communication to en equatic version of Francis the Talking Mule. Good for 10-year-olds. Ziegfeld.

The Exorcist-Director William Friedkin and producer-scriptwriter William Peter Blatty have been only halfsuccessful in bringing Blatty's thriller novel about demonic possession to the screen. There ere serious sins of omission in plot and characterization but good performances by Max von Sydow and Jason Miller, end the horrors of the exorcism sequence will bate you breath end almost blow your mind. Cinema I; Paramount, Paris, Beekman

The Friends of Eddie Coyle-The perfection of casting and authenticity of ambience in this film about the Boston underworld merely serves to emphasize its structural flaws, but Robert Mitchum, as an aging ex-con pigeoning to the Feds, Peter Boyle, Helena Carroll, and the supporting actors are all superb. Quad.

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The Laughing Policeman–Those who like the "old-fashioned" detective story, where the emphasis is on detection rather than blood and guts, will find satisfaction in an adult entertainment based on the Per Wahloo-Maj Sjowall novel, transposed from Sweden to San Francisco. Walter Matthau, Dern, Lou Gossett are excellent in a solid, rewarding work. Cinema Studio; Greenwich.

The Long Goodbye–With style, love and wit, adventurous moviemaker Robert Altman has taken Raymond Chandler's 1940s detective Philip Marlowe, embodied him with remarkable success in Elliott Gould and thrust him into the 1973 world. The result is a first-rate suspense melodrama, with the lagniappe of satire and some excellent offbeat casting, including Nina Van Pallandt, Jim Bouton and Sterling Hayden. Gramercy.

The Mack–There are funny lines and better-than-average performances (by Max Julien, Richard Pryor and others) in this contemporary Cagney-type gangster movie about an ambitious San Francisco pimp who has to contend with a Black-Liberationist brother and a variety of vicious white villains. Thru 2/7, Embassy 46th.

The New Land–Exquisite in its depiction and warming in its truth, the second half of Jan Troell's glorious two-part film of the making of America, of the labors and life the Swedish emigrants find, stands as the ultimate pioneer-family saga, a fitting finale to the story we all share. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. Waverly.

The Seven-Ups–Producer *Bullitt* and *The French Connection*) Philip D'Antoni makes a fine directorial debut with this story based on actual cases of a group of N.Y.C. undercover cops ferreting out suspected criminals. There's grit and authenticity, and a thrilling car chase to match the classic ones of D'Antoni's earlier films. Rivoli; from 2/13, Playboy.

The Sting–The winning combination of director George Roy Hill, actors Robert Redford and Paul Newman as a pair of charming grifters out to pull the Big Con on malevolent mobster Robert Shaw, a fast-paced script, perfect supporting players and a nostalgic 1930's Chicago ambience add up to the pure gold of sophisticated entertainment—and a whiz-bang of a movie. Murray Hill; Loews State II.

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe–Pierre Richard stars in the role of a highly placed French intelligence officer who attempts to oust his superior officer and take over his job. Directed by Yves Robert. Cinema II; 2/13-19, St. Marks Cinema.

The Twelve Chairs-Mel (*The Producers*) Brooks's second feature is a complete joy, a mad tale of greed set in 1927 Russia and involving a search for a czarist cache of jewels. Ron Moody, Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise and Brooks himself warm the hert and leave the nbs aching. 2/15, 16, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Way We Were–For those whose time of day includes campus radicals of the 30s, the New York of WW II, the Hollywood investigations, this unchicly schmaltzy and thoroughly enjoyable expedition into nostalgia should prove irresistible. Well-performed by Barbra Streisand as an uncouth Jewish radical and Robert Redford as the golden goy of her dreams. Embassy 72nd.

Two English Girls–Director François Truffaut seems to have retrogressed with with this nostalgia-laden passionless and dull offering, a sort of reverse *Jules et Jim*, about a mother-dominated young Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Leaud) beloved of two sisters circa 1908. 2/7-11, Elgin.

Walking Tall–Joe Don Baker and Elizabeth Hartman in a film based on the life of a sheriff determined to clean up a town that had become corrupted by gambling and vice. From 2/8, UA East, Embassy 46th, Thalia.

Westworld–A handsomely produced bit of sci-fi fun about a sort of Disneyland-of-the-future resort where humans can cavort with and/or kill human-like robots to their romantic hearts' delight. The actors (Yul Brynner, James Brolin and Dick Benjamin) are fine, the gadgetry good, especially when the fuses blow and the robots run amuck. Quad.

Willie Dynamite–Diane Sands deserved a better last screen appearance than in this piece of blaxploitation junk that wastes all talent involved. DeMille.

Excerpted from Judith Crist's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES
Schedules change at drop of a hat; phone ahead.

Anthology Film Archives, 425 Lafayette St, south of Astor Pl (677-3197). Six-week cycles of selected films defining the history of cinema as an art with three programs per day. $1.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). From 2/6, *Partner*.

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Serpico*.

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *The Exorcist*.

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker (874-3210). Open Fri, Sat, Sun. 2/8, 9, 10, *Swingtime; Once Upon a Honeymoon*.

Bleyn Hts I & II–70 Henry St (596-7070). At I, 2/6-12, *Paper Chase*. 2/13-19, *Happy New Year*. At II, 2/6-12, *Ash Wednesday*. 2/13-19, *Executive Action*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave and Bdway (757-2131). 2/8, 7, *Lola Montez, Letter from an Unknown Woman*. 2/8, 9, 10, *State Fair; How Green Was My Valley*. 2/11, 12, *Ikiru; Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail*. 2/13, 14, *Red River; She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*. 2/15, 16, *The Producers; The Twelve Chairs*. 2/17, *Little Women*.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *The Exorcist*.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe*.

Cine Malibu, 235 E 59th (759-4630). *Cry of the Wild; Big Foot*.

Cinema Studio, Bdway at 66th (877-4040). *The Laughing Policeman*.

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). *Cry of the Wild; Big Foot*.

Cinerama, Bdway at 47th (285-5711). *Black Belt Jones*.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Cinderella Liberty*.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *American Graffiti*.

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). Thru 2/9, *Sleeper*. From 2/10, *The Last Detail*.

Criterion, Bdway & 45th St (JU 2-1795). *Magnum Force*.

DeMille, 7th at 47th St (265-8430). *Willie Dynamite*.

E 59th St I & II, nr 3rd Ave (688-1717). To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Vanishing Wilderness*.

86th St East, nr 2nd Ave (249-1144). From 2/6, *McQ*.

8th St Playhouse, 52 W 8th (GR 7-7874). Thru 2/7, *Paper Chase*. From 2/8, *Sleuth; Slither*.

Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th St (675-0935). 2/7-11, *Jules and Jim; Two English Girls*. 2/12, *My Night at Maud's; La Collectionneuse*. 2/13, *La Strada; Nights of Cabiria*. 2/14-16, *The 39 Steps; The Lady Vanishes*. 2/17-25, *The Importance of Being Earnest; Pygmalion*.

Embassy, 46th St & 7th Ave (757-2408). Thru 2/7, *The Mack; Coffy*. From 2/8, *Walking Tall*.

Embassy 72nd St, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). From 2/8, *The Way We Were; Butterflies Are Free*.

Esaex, 375 Grand St, nr Essex (YU 2-4455). Thru 2/12, *Westworld; Soylent Green*.

Festival, 57th St & Fifth Ave (581-2323). *Day for Night*.

Fifth Ave Cinema, at 12th (WA 4-8339). *Mean Streets*.

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). From 2/6, *Don't Look Now*.

First Ave Screening Room, at 81st (PL 3-5755). From 2/7, *The Ceremony*.

Forum, Bdway at 47th (757-8320). *Serpico*.

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). 2/6-13, *The Long Goodbye; Slither*.

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *The Laughing Policeman*.

Guild, 33 W 50, nr 5th Ave (PL 7-2406). *Vanishing Wilderness*.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave nr 84th (249-1806). To be announced.

Juliet II, 3rd Ave nr 84th (249-1806). To be announced.

Lido East, 211 E 59th (421-8120). *The Devil in Miss Jones*.

Lincoln Art, 57th St, E of Bdway (JU 2-2333). *Not Just Another Woman*.

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Sleeper*.

Loews Cine, 3rd Ave nr 86th (427-1332). *The Sting*.

Loews Delancey, Delancey and Suffolk (674-2944). To be announced.

Loews 83rd St, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 86th St nr 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Papillon*.

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Papillon*.

Loews State II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *The Sting*.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Papillon*.

Loews Victoria, W 125th St nr 7th (864-0500). To be announced.

Murray Hill, 34th at 3rd Ave (685-7852). *The Sting*.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7078). 2/7, 2 p.m. three French films; 5:30, *Au Hasard, Balthazar*; 8 p.m. *Mina de Vanghel* and *The Crimson Curtain*. 2/8, 2 p.m. *Mina de Vanghel* and *The Crimson Curtain*; 5:30, Mother Joan of the Angels. 2/9, noon, *Mother Joan of the Angels*; 3 p.m. *Masculin-Feminin*; 5:30, *Mouchette*. 2/10, 12:30 & 3 p.m. *The Story of Louis Pasteur*; 5:30, three foreign films. 2/11, 2 p.m. Three short films; 5:30, *Concerto pour un exil* and *Cabascabo*. 2/12, 2 p.m. *That Uncertain Feeling*; 5:30, Cinepробe: An evening with Robert Beavers and his films. 2/13, noon, *Sunday in Peking* and *A Valparaiso*; 2 p.m. What's Happening 5:30, *That Uncertain Feeling*. 2/14, 2 p.m. *Sunday in Peking* and *A Valparaiso*; 5:30, *17th Parallele: 8 p.m. Letter to Steve*. 2/15, 2 p.m. *Concerto pour un exil* and *Cabascabo*; 5:30, *Jose Torres* and *Shadows*. 2/16, noon, *Jose Torres* and *Shadows*, 3 p.m. *L'Amour c'est gai l'amour c'est triste*; 5:30, *The Trap*. 2/17, 12:30 & 3 p.m. *Hugo and Josefin*, 5:30, *L'Amour c'est gai l'amour c'est triste*

Music Hall, 8th Ave at 50th (246-4600). From 2/7, *Superdad*.

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle (581-2311). 2/7, *My Man Godfrey* '36. 2/8, *The Big City* '37.

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). From 2/7, *El Topo; Putney Swope*.

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). *Persona; Hour of the Wolf; Shame*. From 2/15, *Robin Hood*

Pagoda, Bowery & Mott Sts (964-1825). Chinese films; English subtitles.

Paramount, 61st & Bdway (247-5070). *The Exorcist*.

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Exorcist*

Penthouse, 1585 Bdway (757-5450). From 2/6, *Sugar Hill*.

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 2/12, *O Lucky Man*. From 2/13, *The Seven-Ups*.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). From 2/6, *Road Movie*.

Quad, 34 W 13th (255-8800). I, *Magnum Force*. II, Thru 6/12, *Westworld; Soylent Green*. From 2/13, *Memories of Underdeveloped Countries*. III, 2/6-12, *Ash Wednesday; The Friends of Eddie Coyle*. From 2/13, *Robin Hood* IV. *O Lucky Man; If*.

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). *Vanishing Wilderness*.

Riviera, 2575 Broadway (RI 9-8046) To be announced.

Riverside, 2653 Broadway (MO 3-4530). To be announced.

Rivoli, 1620 Bdway at 49th (247-1633). *The Seven-Ups*.

RKO 86th St I, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Black Belt Jones*.

RKO 86th St II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). From 2/6, *Sugar Hill*.

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at St Marks Pl (475-5510). 2/6-12, *Bang the Drum Slowly; Child's Play*. 2/13-19, *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe*.

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). To be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). Thru 2/9, *Fantastic Planet*. From 2/10, *Thieves Like Us*.

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). From 2/7, *Blazing Saddles*.

Symphony, Bdway at 95th (AC 2-6600). To be announced.

Thalia, Bdway at 95th (AC 2-3370). Thru 2/7, *Money, Money; Money; Le Boucher*. From 2/8, *Walking Tall*.

Theater St Marks, 2d St Marks Pl (254-7400). 2/6-9, *The Thin Man; After the Thin Man*. 2/10-12, *Strange Interlude; Ah Wilderness*. 2/13-16, *The Bandwagon: Broadway Melody of 1940*.

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). Thru 2/14, *Serpico*. From 2/15, *Sleeper*.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave nr 58th (PL 9-2262). From 2/8, *Zardoz*.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-1880). *Vanishing Wilderness*.

Trans-Lux West, 49th at Bdway (CO 5-1355). *Super Black Champions*.

23rd St Cinema, at 8th Ave (255-7050). To be announced.

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). From 2/8, *Walking Tall*.

Victoria, Bdway & 46th (354-5636). *Bamboo Gods and Iron Men; Battle of the Amazons*.

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd St (WA 9-8037). *The New Land; Bed and Board*.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison, at 77th (861-5322). 2/7-13, *The Jail*. 2/14-23, *American Moods*.

Ziegfeld, 54th nr 6th Ave (765-7600). *The Day of the Dolphin*.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

Broadway shows start at 7:30, unless otherwise noted. "Amex honored" indicates those theaters which honor American Express credit cards, and some accept reservations by phone.

ON BROADWAY

OPENINGS

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10

The Tempest–The New York Shakespeare Festival's production, directed by Edward Berkeley. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (EN 2-7616).

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14

The Freedom of the City–Kate Reid stars in a new play by Brian Friel, set in Londonderry in 1970. With Lenny Baker, Allan Carlsen, Henderson Forsythe; directed by William Woodman. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/17 opening. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646). Amex honored

What the Wine Sellers Buy–The New York Shakespeare Festival's play by Ron Milner about a 17-year-old black highschool boy growing up in the ghetto. Directed by Michael A. Schultz. With Glynn Turman, Marilyn B. Coleman and Dick Williams. Closes 3/17. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (EN 2-7616). Amex honored

CURRENT

A Little Night Music–A musical suggested by Ingmar Bergman's 1956 film *Smiles of a Summer Night*, starring Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold. Directed by Hal Prince; book by Hugh Wheeler; Stephen Sondheim's words and music are worthy of the composer he stole the show's title from. Story revolves about a stage star who sets out to retrieve her greatest love, who has acquired a child bride. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2 (1973 Tony Award & Drama Critics' Award.) Majestic, 247 W 44 (246-0730). Amex honored

A Moon for the Misbegotten–A most successful and splendidly acted revival of Eugene O'Neill's play with Jason Robards, Colleen Dewhurst and Ed Flanders; directed by Jose Quintero. It should not be missed. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230). Amex honored

Chemin De Fer–A revival of Georges Feydeau's comedy, directed by Stephen Porter, proves an extremely funny and welcome addition to the New Phoenix Repertory. The scene is Paris, the subject intra- and extra-marital happenings. 2/5, 14, 15, 16. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390). Amex honored

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope–Musical entertainment by Micki Grant, directed by Vinnette Carroll. Won 1972 Outer Critics Circle Award; 1972 Obie Awards for music and lyrics. And, of course, a Grammy award. Wed, Thur, Fri at 7:40; Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Sat. 7:30 & 10; Sun 2 and 5 p.m. Edison, 47th betw 7th & 8th (PL 7-7164). Amex honored

Find Your Way Home–John Hopkins brutally realistic play about the sexual and emotional conflicts of a man who must decide whether to leave his wife of 20 years for his young male lover. With Jane Alexander, Michael Moriarty, Lee Richardson and John Ramsey; directed by Edwin Sherin. From 2/ 10, there will be Sunday matinees at 3; and Monday night performances will be omitted. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430). Amex honored

Gigi–Alfred Drake, Maria Karnilova, Daniel Massey, Arlene Francis and Karin Wolfe in a stodgy, witless new version of the Lerner & Loewe film; directed by Joseph Hardy, with choreography by Onna White, sets by Oliver Smith, costumes by Oliver Messel. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st St, W of Bdway (586-6510). Amex honored

Good Evening–Peter Cook and Dudley Moore excel in a sparkling, lively, satirical vaudeville comedy with material and music written by them. Directed by Jerry Adler. Mon thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 9 p.m. Mat Wed at 2:30 & Sat at 3 p.m. Plymouth, 238 W 45th (246-9156). Amex honored

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. Mon thru Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760). Amex honored

Holiday–A revival of the comedy by Philip Barry, directed by Michael Montel, with Charlotte Moore, John Glover, George Ede, Robin Pearson Rose and Thomas A. Stewart. 2/6, 7, 8. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390). Amex honored

Irene–Jane Powell stars in a revival of the 1919 musical comedy by James Montgomery and Harry Tierney, with Patsy Kelly, Ron Husmann, George S. Irving, Ruth Warrick, Ted Pugh, Carmen Alvarez and Janie Sell. Directed by Gower Champion. The title role has been changed from a dress model to that of a piano tuner. Mon-Sat at 7:30; Sat & Wed mat at 2 p.m. Minskoff, 45th St, W of Bdway (869-0550). Amex honored

Lorelei–A new musical starring Carol Channing based upon *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, with a new book by Kenny Solms and Gail Parent and new music by Jule Styne, and new lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green who also directed; Choreography by Ernie Flatt. Featured are Dody Goodman, Tamara Long, Peter Palmer, Lee Roy Reams, Brandon Maggart, Brooks Morton and Jean Bruno. Palace, 1564 Broadway (PL 7-2626). Amex honored

Pippin–Eye-filling musical by Roger O. Hirson about the son of Charlemagne and the many lifestyles he assumes. With Eric Berry, Betty Buckley, Dorothy Stickney, Priscilla Lopez, Ben Vereen and John Rubinstein. Music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz; sets by Tony Walton; costumes by Patricia Zipprodt; directed and choreographed by that genius Bob Fosse, who here offers us more bumps and grinds in two hours than Minsky did in two years. Mon-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Special mat 2/18 replaces the usual 2/20 one. Imperial, 45th nr 8th (CO 5-2412). Amex honored

Rainbow Jones–A new musical, with book, music and lyrics by Jill Williams, directed by Gene Persson, tells the story of an unemployed department store wrapper. Ruby Persson plays the title role with Peter Kastner cast as the copywriter in love with her. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sat and Wed at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636). Amex honored

Raisin–A pleasant new musical based on Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*. Book of Robert Nemiroff; music by Judd Woldin and Robert Brittan. Directed by Donald McKayle, and starring Virginia Capers, Joe Morton, Ernestine Jackson. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3. Starting 2/9, Saturday night performances are at 8. 46th Street Theater, 226 W 46th (CI 6-4271). Amex honored

That Championship Season–Jason Miller's multi-award-winning bitter comedy is about the reunion of four former basketball players with their coach and the action is swift and absorbing. Directed by A. J. Antoon, starring Phil Hegle. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Booth, 45th W of Bdway (246-5969). Amex honored

The Good Doctor–Christopher Plummer in a less than great new comedy with music by Neil Simon, adapted and suggested from stories by Anton Chekhov, taking place in Russia at the turn of the century; directed by A.J. Antoon. Also in the cast, Rene Auberjonois, Barnard Hughes, Frances Sternhagen and Marsha Mason. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 W 49th (246-0220). Amex honored

The Iceman Cometh–James Earl Jones stars in a revival of the Eugene O'Neill play, directed by Theodore Mann. With Lois Smith, Tom Aldredge, Patrick Hines, Michael Higgins. Tues-Sat at 7:30, Wed & Sat at 1:30; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 2/24. Circle in the Square, Broadway at 51st (581-0720). Amex honored

The Sunshine Boys–Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi co-star in a comedy by Neil Simon, directed by Alan Arkin, about two old vaudevillians who decide to come out of retirement and do one last show together. Also in the cast are John Batiste, Minnie Gentry, Lee Meredith, Jeremy Stevens, and Joe Young. One of the lesser Neil Simon plays, but that's not to say the least. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Mat Wed & Sat. at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Moves to the Lunt-Fontanne on 2/12 (205 W 46th) (JU 6-5555). Shubert, 44th St, West of Bdway (246-5900). Amex honored

The Visit–A revival of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play, directed by Harold Prince, with Rachel Roberts and John McMartin, presented by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. In a small town of Central Europe, a fabulously rich woman returns home to wreak vengeance on those who drove her away in shame. 2/9, 11, 12, 13. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390). Amex honored

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

OPENINGS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7

The Great MacDaddy–Dramatic musical odyssey by Paul Carter Harrison produced by the Negro Ensemble Company under the direction of Douglas Turner Ward. With Al Freeman jr., Hattie Winston and David Downing. Musical score by Coleridge Taylor Perkinson and choreography by Diane McIntyre. Previews now prior to a 2/12 opening (at 6:45). St Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave (OR 4-3530).

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9

Little Eyolf–Revival of the Henrik Ibsen drama, directed by Austin Pendleton. Tonight at 7:30 p.m. Then plays 2/12, 15, 19, 21, 23, 27 and 3/1 at 7:30. Stage 39, Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd, betw 1st & 2nd Ave (288-2500).

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12

Total Eclipse–Christopher Hampton's play exploring the relationship between the French poets, Paul Verlaine and Arthur Rimbaud, directed by Robert Kalfin, presented by the Chelsea Theater Center. Previewing from tonight until the 2/19 premiere. Then Tues and Sun at 7:30, Wed thru Sat at 8:30, Wed at 2 p.m. and Sun at 3 p.m., thru 3/10. Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave, Bklyn (783-5110).

The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi–Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play, directed by James Milton, tells of three fanatics and the woman they love. Thurs thru Sat at 8, Sun at 6. $3. The Shade Company, 230 Canal St (431-3479).

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14

Sextet–A new musical by Lee Goldsmith with music by Lawrence S. Hurwit, directed and choreographed by Jered Barclay. Three couples with diverse backgrounds discover their similarities far outweigh their differences. Previews start tonight prior to a 2/26 opening. Bijou, 209 W 45th (757-8455).

CURRENT

ACSTA I–Joseph Baldwin's new play, *A Deed from the King of Spain*, 2/21, 23, 24; in repertory with *Destruction*, by Pirandello, Strindberg, Baraka, 2/7, 9, 10, 14, 16, 17, 28; 3/2, 3. Thurs at 7:30 Sat at

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7 and 10 p.m. Sun at 3. $4. ACSTA, 485 Park Ave (PL 5-5120).

A Festival of George Bernard Shaw–An evening of three one-act plays, *Dark Lady of the Sonnets, The Six of Calais* and *How He Lied To Her Husband*, directed by Alan Gebor and Robert Sterling. Fri, Sat & Sun at 8 p.m. thru 2/17. New York Art Theater, 25 E 4th St (228-1338).

Animal Farm–Revival of the Orwell novel, edapted by George Bond, directed by Stephen B. Finnan. 2/8, 9, 10-15, 16, 17-22, 23, 24. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. Iglesia's Theater, 178 W Houston St, cor. 6th Ave (CH 3-9268).

Atheist in a Foxhole–Eric Thompson's play, directed by Craig Barsh. 2/5, 6, 7, 8, 9 at 8 p.m. YWCA, 8th Ave at 51st, 2nd floor (246-4818).

ATA Repertory–Henrik Ibsen's *Ghosts*, directed by Rod Nash. 2/8, 9, 15 at 8; 2/10 at 2. In repertory with David Storey's *Home*, also directed by Rod Nash. 2/14, 16, 22 at 8; 2/17 at 2. Washington Heights-Inwood YM & YWHA 54 Nagle Ave & 194th (569-6200).

Bad Habits–A new Terrance McNally comedy, directed by Robert Drivas, featuring Doris Roberts and Michael Lombard. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

British Theater Season–Chekhov's *Wood Demon*, 2/ 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 16, 17, and R. D. Laing's *Knots*, 2/ 16, 21, 23. *King Lear*, 2/5, 6, 7, 22, 23, 24. Congreve's *The Way of the World*, 2/13, 14, 15, 19, 20. All performed by the Actors Company Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Avenue, Bklyn (636-4100).

Bread–The American Place Theater's production by David Scott Milton, about (what else?) a bakery; directed by Martin Fried; with Mike Kellin, John Peter Barrett, Rudy Bond, Marilyn Chris, Constantine Katsanos and Dolph Sweet. For members only. Thru 2/9. Am. Place Theater, 111 46th, nr 6th Ave (247-0393).

Carousel–Revival of the musical by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, based on Ferenc Molnar's *Liliom*. 2/7 thru 24. Equity Library Theater, 103rd and Riverside Drive (663-2028).

CSC Repertory–Cyril Tourneur's *The Revenger's Tragedy*. 2/9, 10, 14, 15, 22, 23, 28. Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, 2/17, 21. Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming*, 2/8, 24. Moliere's *The Misanthrope*, 2/16. Strindberg's *Miss Julie*, 2/8, 15, 22 (late shows). Stoppard's *Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead*, 2/9, 10, 16, 17, 23, 24 (late shows). $5.00. Abbey Theater, 136 E 13th (677-4210 or 477-5770).

Design for Living–Revival of the Noel Coward comedy, directed by Norman Berman. Thru 2/10 at 7:30 p.m. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73 (288-2500).

Disquieting Muses–A theatrical collage concerning the suicide of women artists, dealing with the conflicts and problems inherent in their situation. 2/ 9 at midnight, 2/10 at 10 p.m. and 2/11 at 8 p.m. 2/12-15 at 8 p.m., 2/16 at 7 & 10; 2/17 at 8 is the last performance Theater at St Clement's, 423 W 46th (246-2727).

Double Bill–Cecil Taylor's *Allergy* and Kenneth H. Brown's *The Cretan Bull*, contemporary comedies directed by Ronald Roston. Thru 3/3, at 7:30 p.m. Stage 39, Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (288-2500).

Double Bill–Gerard Paul Mann's *At the End of the Street*, and Luis Rafael Sanchez's *The Angels Are Exhausted*, directed by Manuel Yeschas. In English on Thurs and Fri and in Spanish on Sat and Sun; all at 8 p.m. $3. Traveling Theater, 124 W 18th (691-9453).

Double Bill–A.A. Milnes *The Ugly Duckling* and George S. Kaufman's *Still Alarm*, both directed by Steve Ungar. 2/6, 7, 8, 9 at 7:30 and 2/8 at noon. $1. Room 229, Milbank Hall, 119th St & Bdway (280-2079).

Elektra–A revival of Hugo Von Hofmannsthal's play, directed by Barry Keating, in a new translation by Carl Richard Mueller. 2/7-10, 14-17 at 8:30. $2. Theater for the New City, 113 Jane Street (691-2220).

El Grande de Coca-Cola–A revue with music which has been touring the British Isles and Europe for nearly two years (and with good reason—it's a winner) with its action taking place in the sleaziest nightclub in Central America. Tues at 8 p.m. Wed at 8 & 10 p.m. Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Plaza 9, 59th St & 5th Ave (PL 9-3933).

Fashion–A new-style musical comedy based on the original play by Anna Cora Mowatt, written in 1845; music by Don Pippin and lyrics by Steve Brown. Opens 2/11. McAlpin Rooftop Theater, 34th Street & 7th Ave (239-6688).

49 West 87th–New play by John Bishop, directed by Terry Schreiber. 2/7, 8, 9, 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, 28; 3/1, 2. Schreiber Studio, 386 Third Ave, betw 27th & 28th (874-7509).

Friends of Mine–Robert Preston's new musical, set around Orchard and Mulberry Streets in the late 1940s. Directed by Jack Chandler. Thurs, Fri, Sat at 8 p.m.; Sun at 2 p.m. 2/14 thru 3/3. Central Arts, 108 E 64th (758-6327).

French Dressing–A new musical revue starring Guilda, directed by Daniel Roussel, who with Guilda wrote the material. Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St (YU 2-9292).

Godspell–A delightful frolicsome rock musical, with a splendid cast, loosely based on the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Music by Steve Schwartz. Tues thru Fri at 7:30; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade, 2162 Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

Hard To Be a Jew–Sholom Aleichem's musical Yiddish play starring Joseph Buloff, directed by David Licht; music by Sholom Secunda; choreographed by Pearl Lang. Tues thru Sun at 7:30. Mat Wed & Sat at 2 & Sun at 2 & 6 p.m. Eden Theater, 189 Second Ave (260-5200).

Hedda Gabler–Revival of the Henrik Ibsen drama, directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat and Sun at 8 thru 2/17. $2.50. West Side Theater, 252 W 81st (874-9400).

Hedda Gabler–Henrik Ibsen's play in the Rolf Fjelde translation, directed by Philip Meister. 2/14-3/6, Thursdays thru Saturdays at 8 p.m. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Here Comes the Groom–Yiddish musical produced by Moishe Barch, starring Leo Fuchs and Rebecca Richman. Wed, Fri, Sat at 8, Wed & Thurs at 2; Sat at 2:30; Sun, 2 & 5:30. Mayfair Theater, 235 W 46th (765-3886).

Hot Ice–A gangster play with a twist of science fiction, written and directed by Charles Ludlum. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Fri and Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Evergreen Theater, 53 W 11th (477-0504).

I Am a Woman–Viveca Lindfors, in a one-woman show, takes us on a journey through the lives of thirty-six women including Gloria Steinem, Marilyn Monroe, Anne Frank and Anais Nin. 2/6 thru 10 at 7:30, with 3 p.m. matinees on 2/9, 10. The Space, 344 W 36th St (OX 5-2170).

Jealousy–Steven Shea's drama of sex, insanity and violence, directed by Paul G. Cooper. 2/5 thru 9 at 10 p.m., with a 6 p.m. performance 2/8, 9. Studio Theater, 2nd floor, West Side YMCA, 8th Ave & 51st (246-4818).

Jean Cocteau Repertory Theater–Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, 2/8, 23 at 7:30 p.m., 2/10 at 5 p.m. Anatole France's *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*, 2/10, 17, 24 at 2 p.m. *Jean Paul Sartre's No Exit*, 2/15, 16, 22 at 7:30; 2/17, 24 at 5 p.m. Jere Jacob's *Echa St. Vincent Millay*, 2/9 at 7:30. Cocteau Theater, 43 Bond St (673-9006).

JILSA–A new Korean play by Oh Tee-Suk, directed by Duk-Hyung Yoo. 2/6-10. La Mama Experimental Theater Club, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Let My People Come–A new sexual revue of love in all its aspects. Music and lyrics by Earl Wilson, Jr. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St (473-7270).

Lovers and Other Strangers–Series of lively vignettes by Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna. Fri & Sat at 7:30, Sun at 2:30, 2/8,9. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (524-6700).

Mark I Repertory–Pinter's *Night School* and *Revue Sketches* and GBS's *Overruled*, directed by Marc Rosenblatt. Thru 2/17. Night House, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

Moonchildren–Michael Weller's well-done and engrossing play, with Richard Cox, Michael Secks, Robert Phelps and Elizabeth Lathram. Tues thru Fri at 7:30, Sat at 6:30 & 10 p.m. Sun at 2:30 & 7:30. Theatre DeLys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782). Amex honored.

Mister, Mister–A play by Guntar Grass, directed by Ruis Woertendyke. 2/7, 8, 9, 14, 15, 16 at 8 p.m. Cubiculo, Studio III, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

My Mama the General–The scene is set at the Suez Canal and deals with current events in Israal. In Yiddish. Burstain Theater, 250 W 43rd (354-5616).

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad–Ravival of Arthur Kopit's play, directed by Eduardo Corbez. Thurs thru Sun thru 2/8 $3. Arania, 277 Park Ave So., betw 21st & 22nd (673-9430).

100 Miles from Nowhere–A new musical for the whole family, written and directed by Bill Solly, choreographed by Brian MacDonald. Thurs, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3:30 p.m. 13 St Theatar, 50 W 13th. (741-2796).

Out of the Frying Pan–Farca-comedy with a new look at en old situation—trials and tributions of young actors striving for recognition and succass. 2/8, 9, 10 at 8:30 $2.50. WSDG Cantar, 37 Ninth Ava at 14th St (675-0143).

Pigjazz–Described es a "petephysical vaudeville," directed by Michael J. Nee, with the Decadent Poor. Wed thru Sat at 11 p.m. $3.50. The Night House, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

Proposition–Six attractiva youngstars from up Boston way improvise (to audience suggestions) some of tha witliest and most charming material in town, directed by Allan Albert. Now in its third edition. Thur at 7:30 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10 p.m. Sun at 2. Staga 73, 321 E 73 (881-7362).

Stempenyu–Sholam Aleichem's work starring Michaal Warsheviak; with the Folksbiene playars. Central Synagogue at 55th St & Lexington (581-0637).

The Band Company–Mart Crowley's *The Boys in the Band*, Fri & Sat at 10:30; Sun at 7:30. Neil Simon's *The Gingerbread Lady*, Fri & Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3. Each $3. Both plays $5. Thru 2/10. Staga Lights Two, 125 W 22nd (575-1100).

The Cheese Stands Alone–A video theatar piece with an approaisal and a praising of today's folly. Fri and Sat at 9, 10:30 and midnight. Sun at 8 & 10 p.m. $2.50. Theater East, 211 E 60th (355-7025).

The Fantasticks–Whimsical musical with a pleasant score, based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838). Amex honored

The Firebuga–Max Frisch's play, directed by Lou Trepani. 2/7, 8, 9, 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23. 8 p.m. Thurs & Fri; 7:30 p.m. & 10 p.m. Sat. Free baby-sitting. Josaph Jaffarson Theatar at the Littla Church Around the Corner, 11 E 29th (679-7174).

THE HOT L BALTIMORE–Comedy by Lanford Wilson dealing with the lost velues and disappeanng hopes and dreems of American civilization, directed by Marshall W. Mason. Tues thru Fri at 8; & Sat at 7 and 10 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7:30 p.m. Won 1973 Drama Critics' Circle Award. Downtown Circla in tha Square, 159 Bleeckar St (254-6330).

The Lost Ones–Semuel Beckett's play, directed by Linda Mussman. Saturdays and Sundays, at 8 p.m. Universalist Church, 4 W 76th (741-1032).

The Seagull–Ravival of Anton Chekhov's drama, with Paula Lawrence, Dolores Sutton, Linda DeCoff and Tom Klunis, directed by Gene Feist. Roundabout, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

The Servant of Two Masters–Goldini's commadia dell'arte theater piece ot 18th century Italy. Thurs, Fri, Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 p.m. from 2/14-3/3. $2. Good Shepherd-Feith Presbyterian Church, 132 W 66th, a block west of Bdway (799-7008).

The Shoemaker's Prodigious Wife–Fedenco Garcia Lorca's play, in Spanish, directad by Max Ferra. Sun at 4.30, Fri and Sat at 7.30, thru 4/7. Hispanic-Amencan Centar, 508 W 53rd (582-9875).

The Spider's Web–Agatha Christie's mystery-drama, directed by Lorna Bivins. Thru 2/22, Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30. Lolly's Theater Club, Lexington Ava at 52nd (832-7404).

The Wager–Mark (*When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?*) Medoff's new play about the machinations ot tour young people involved in a wager, with Knstotter Tabon, Ken Gilman, John Heard and Peggy Whitton; directed by Lynne Meadow. Thru 2/ 23 Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd, betw 1st & 2nd Avas (288-2500).

The Well of Living Waters–Story theater production with music, based on stories from the old testament, directed by Mel Spiegel. 2/9, 10, 23, 24, 3/2, 3 at 2 p.m. $2.50. Synod Housa, 110th Street & Amsterdam Ave (865-3601).

2008 1/2—A Spaced Oddity–New musical written and directed by Tom Eyen, with music by Gary William Friedman. Fri, Sat and Sun at 9 p.m., thru 2/17. Truck and Warahouse Thaatar, 79 E 4th St (475-7710).

War Babies–Improvisational theatar avery Wednesday night, thru 2/13 at 8:30 & 10 p.m. Focus Coffee House, 163 W 74th (787-9628).

What's A Nice Country Like You Doing In a State Like This?–Revue, by Ira Gasman and Cary Hoffman, directed by Miriam Fond, faaturing Mary Neslie, Paul Eichel, Bill LaVallee, Berry Michlin and Joanne Joanus. Mon-Thurs at 8:30; Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10:30 p.m. And John Simon says it's New York's most necessary musicall Wad Mat at 2:30 p.m. Upstage at Jimmy's, 33 W 52nd (757-8484).

When You Comin' Back Red Ryder?–Mark Medoff's mordant play, starring Kevin Conway, directed by Kenneth Frankel. Eastside Playhouse, 334 E 74th (861-2288).

White Nights–Two new musicals composed by Wally Harper and written by Paul Zakrzewski, based on Dostoyevsky story and a Mark Twain piece. 2/5-24. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. and Set and Sun at 2 p.m. Riverside Church, 120th St betw Riverside Dr & Claramont Ava (864-2929).

Women Women!–Six new one-act plays by women, with women directors and casts. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4; Thru 2/7. WPA Theater, 333 Bowery (228-0900).

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After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Bill's Gay 90's–57 E 54th. Nostalgic show and decor, from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Mon thru Sat. On two floors, singers, musicians, magic lantern slide show and other entertainers (EL 5-0243).

Blue Angel–123 E 54th. Cebaret, with *Zou*, conceived, directed and staged by Peter Jackson, nightly at 10:30, followed by discotheque dancing (486-1449).

Channel 4–58 W 48th. Hearty food and singing guitarst duo of Mika Cahill and John Kelly with rock-jazz-pop gamut, from 8:30 on. Hillary Bleza, a new rock group from England is tha headline attaaction from 2/2 on. Closed Sat & Sun (582-7145).

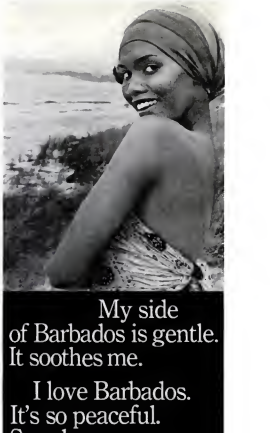
Chateau Madrid–Lexington at 48th. Most sophisticated of the Latin clubs. Tha floor show stars Cuban singer Rolendo Laserie and features Los Muchachos da San Juan, a group of young singers and dancars. Continuous dancing to two orchestres, plus Spanish Tablao Ravue in tha Flamenco Suite (752-8080).

Clique–998 Sacond Ava at 53rd. Lively dinnar club with singer-pianist Halan Ahola, bassist Bill Popp, singer Francoaa da Vsirne, Mon thru Sat from 9 p.m. (832-3338).

Dangerfield's–First Ave at 61st. Comfortable, intimete atmosphere (couches instead of chairs). Rodney's Aera mata of the aasangers—gaas on about 11. Dinner from 8 to 3 a.m. Music by tha Eric Knight Trio. Shows from 9:30 p.m. Closed Sundays (593-1650).

De Medici–2 E 86th at Fifth Ava. Fine northern Italian cusine in a very beautiful room and dancing to tha Marty Napoleon Orchestra from 7:30, Tues thru Sat. Singer Dino Palermo appears nightly (472-1477).

Hippopotamus–405 E 62nd. A pretty placa with a fraplaca as wall as excallent food and an elegant club atmosphara. Music from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).



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Iperbole–137 E 55th. Italian dining in u stylish setting with singer Riccardo Roda on hand from 7 to 12:30 a.m. Closed on Sundays (759-9720).

Jimmy's–W 52nd, nr Sixth Ave. A haunt for press, political and theatrical personages. Thru 2/8, political satirist and impressionist David Frye. 2/11-23, Lou Rawls. Barry Harris and Lawrence Evans, a jazz duo, always on hand in the bar. (757-8484).

Jimmy Weston–131 E 54th. 2/5-3/3, the Bernie Leighton Quartet. As usual, it's the Tommy Furtado Trio alternating (PL 1-0660).

La Chansonette–890 Second Ave, betw 47th & 48th. A very intimate, attractive cabaret where the dancing, dining and entertainment by Rita Dimitri and Stanley Brilliant are so reminiscent of Paris you'll feel like paying your bill in francs. Closed Sundays (PL 2-7320).

Les Champs–25 E 40th. Restaurant with an entertainment and dancing policy At present, there's the Joe Barone and Lilyann Carol Quintet, nightly except Sun & Mon from 9 to 3 a.m., plus the Vince Mazzi trio (LE 2-6566).

Leopard–253 E 50th. A beautiful place with continental dining and entertainment by concert lutenist Lucy Cross Mon thru Thurs from 9:30 p.m. Closed Sunday (PL 9-3735).

Le Vert-Galant–109 W 46th, nr Sixth Ave. Attractive, well-appointed spot, with distinguished food, fine service, and Mon thru Sat, from 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. there's a pianist-singer (JU 2-7989).

Luau East–Madison Ave at 38th. Softly-lit lounge features singer-pianist Bill McCauley nightly. Chinese-Polynesian food served till 1 a.m. (683-5860).

Monsignore–61 E 55th, betw Madison & Park. Continental food and ambiance. Kaiman Banyak leads the strolling musicians and Deborah Ann Bell sings from 7 p.m. Closed Sundays (EL 5-2070).

Rainbow Grill–30 Rockefeller Plaza. There are Picasso tapestries on the wall and mind-bending views of the city from the other three. Music at 9:15 and 11.15 p.m. Thru 2/16, Lionel Hampton and his orchestra 2/18-3/9, Buddy Greco. 3/11-30, Damito Jo, with George Barnes and Ruby Braff (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–30 Rockefeller Plaza. On the 65th floor, great ceilings, immense windows, glittering chandeliers, startling views and good food. Thru 2/17, the Italian celebration, with chefs and entertainers flown in from Italy (757-9090).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Dining with entertainment from 8:30 p.m. Thru 2/18, singer Lee Horwin at 9 p.m. & midnight except Sun. Monday's for amateurs (CH 2-1366).

Roma Di Notte–137 E 55th. Dining and dancing to the Three Romans nightly except Sundays (832-1128).

Soerabaja–140 E 74th. Jazz club in a townhouse milieu, featuring guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and Zoot Sims Tues thru Sat from 9:30. Greek-French menu, (744-4150).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Supper club in a brownstone has French-Italian cuisine. Nightly show of songs in nine languages by Joanna Makris, and music from 7 on by the Trio Romantico. Closed Sun (947-9940).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 7th Ave at 52nd St (581-1000). **Royal Box**—Peppi Morreale's sextet, alternating with the Frankie Dash trio, Mon thru Sat. **Le Jockey Club**—Live entertainment at 9:15, 11 p.m. & 1 a.m. nightly except Sunday. Disco between shows, until 3 a.m.

Carlyle, 35 E 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe Carlyle**—Mary Lou Williams at the piano, with bassist Milton Suggs. Three performances; 9:45, 11:30 p.m. and 1 a.m., Tues thru Sat. Cocktail music by pianist Julius Monk.

Carlton, Madison Ave & 61st (838-3000). **Carlton Bar**—No music Sat or Sun but the rest of the time it's Ray Hartley at the piano from 4:30 to 10:30, and dinner when you want it.

Drake, Park Ave at 56th (HA 1-0900). **Drake Room**—Smart, conservative, properly lit, luxurious, and Dick Hankinson's at the piano. **Shepheard's**—The decor's Egyptian, but nothing else is. Here now are The Jesters. Dancing to records.

Pierre, Fifth Ave at 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe**—The Herb Winner trio for dancing, Tues thru Sat. The Phil Wayne Trio, Sun & Mon. Tue-Sat, 5:30-7:30, Joseph Mustafa at the piano.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th St (PL 9-3000). **Persian Room**—Singer Edrita Nazario thru 2/9. From 2/11, The Luv Machine, with the Sal Sicari Orchestra, and the Luv-bugs. The Barry Levitt and Rene Martel trios alternate for dancing. **Palm Court**—Open seven nights a week with after-dinner treats, including pianist Ruth Andrews, and on Sundays violinist Sandu Marcu.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave at 59th (EL 5-2800). **The Bar**—Richard Wilkins at the piano from 5-9 p.m. and 10 p.m.-1 a.m. Tuesdays thru Saturdays.

Stanhope–Fifth Ave. at 81st St (288-5800). **The Rembrandt Room**—pianist George Feyer, Tues-Sat.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **La Boite Ruse**—Russian cuisine and Slavic-continental music from 7 p.m. till 1 a.m. **The Maisonette**—The Four Freshmen entertain. Dinner, dancing and two shows nightly. **St. Regis Room**—Pianist Emme Kemp with romantic music, and conga-bongo specialist Candido, thru 2/23. Show times 10 and midnight on weeknights, 9:30, 11 & 12:30, Fri & Sat. All rooms open Tues thru Sat. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR

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Alfie's–1290 Third Ave, at 74th. Singer-pianist Ted Bruce, 10:30 to 3 a.m. nightly except Sun & Wed (628-6265).

Angry Squire–216 Seventh Ave at 23rd. Dinner and jazz Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 2:30 a.m. The John Foster Trio performs at present (242-9066).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove St Stompers, from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Barbetta's–321 W 46th. Stunning restaurant in the heart of the theater district, has flutist Rebecca Troxler and bassoonist Michael McGraw playing chamber music Thurs and Fri from 8:30 to 11:30 (246-9171).

Bianchi & Margherita's–186 W 4th. Opera cafe with North Italian, English and French dishes enlivened by a Neapolitan sing-all nightly (675-9852).

Bitter End–147 Bleecker. The folk scene in a downtown coffeehouse. From 2/6, a rock group known as Stones. Shows at 9 and 11, Wed, Thurs, Sun & Mon; Fri & Sat 8:30, 10:30, 12:30. Tuesdays are for visiting talent (475-7804).

Boomer's–340 Bleecker. From 2/6, the Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson—Herb Bushler Quartet. Soul food specialties, fine music from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. and a village-y comfortable atmosphere. Closed Mon. (243-0245).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. Village hang-out with a thoughtful atmosphere and top-drawer music, from 9:30 to 2:30 a.m., Thru 2/9, guitarist Joe Beck. Pianist Jaki Byard with Major Holley, bassist, Sundays from 9 to 1 a.m. (228-6440).

Brew's–156 E 34th. Sawdust on the floor, Tiffany shades and substantial food 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sat, pianist Jim Andrews, Mike Burgevin on drums, and guest artists (889-3369).

Brodje–245 E. 51st. Cozy atmosphere, with improvisation, singers, comedy, Fri and Sat from 9 p.m. Thru 2/12, one-act plays by Elaine May, Sun at 3 and 8 p.m. Mon and Tues at 8 p.m. (832-7188).

Camelot–Third Ave at 73rd. Pianist-singer Bill Russell entertains nightly except Sunday. Pleasant place at which to eat and relax (249-1850).

Charles Gallery–315 W 125th, betw 8th & St Nicholas Aves. Dining and dancing in a charming Harlem club. Dancing nightly until 4 a.m. (850-5800).

Chris Cody's–62nd & York. Attractive cafe featuring continental cuisine, and dancing, and entertainment by the Fred Meller Trio (PL 3-7138).

Churchill's–1277 Third ave betw 73rd & 74th. Brooks Kerr at the piano, Wed-Sat from 11 p.m. till closing, together with saxaphonist Paul Quinichette, drummer Sam Woodyard and others. Sunday jazz

brunch concerts 2-5 p.m. Sun, Mon & Tues No-Gap Generation Jazz Band, 11:30-3:00 (RH 4-9921).

Cookery–University Pl and 8th St. Pianist-singer Rose Murphy here thru 2/28, with bassist Morris Edwards, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Mon thru Sat. Jazz pianist Dick Hyman has the Sunday slot (OR 4-4450)

Dicken's–Madison Ave at 77th St. Nice dining spot offering American and continental cuisine, and mellow music. Pianist-singer Dickson Hughes nightly in the lounge (888-7876).

Dimensions–405 3rd Ave, betw 28th & 29th. Varied menu and a jazz group Thursdays and Saturdays from 9 to 1:30. Now it's the No Gap Generation Jazz Band On Tues & Sun, folk and rock with guitarist-singers Marc and Marty. Mon is a showcase night (684-5710).

El Avram–80 Grove St. Lively spot with show from 7 p.m., American-Israeli-Turkish dancing, folk singing and belly-dancing. Wed thru Sun until 2 a.m. (243-9661).

Folk City–130 W 3rd. From 9 p.m., rock and country groups and singers Closed Mondays (254-8449).

Gas House–275 First Ave, nr 16th St. Graham Stewart and his Gas House Gang featuring Freddie Moore, with traditional New Orleans jazz on Thursdays from 9:30 to 1 a.m. Sawdust on the floor, checkered tablecloths (674-9429).

Gatsby's–First Ave at 49th. Attractive supper club with fine cuisine and pianist-singer Tony Shepard entertaining from 7 p.m. on. Closed Sundays (751-9191).

Gay Vienna–1611 Second Ave, betw 83rd and 84th. Zither music every night in a European atmosphere, and Hungarian-Viennese cuisine (RE 4-9552).

Gregory's–1149 First Ave at 63rd. The quiet jazz piano: Ellis Larkins may be heard Tues thru Sun from 9:30 p.m. to 3 a.m., together with bassist Al Hall. Pianist-singer Tad Bruce et the cocktail hour, Mondays, pianist-singer Norma Shepherd. (371-2220).

Guitar–300 E 24th, at 2nd Ave. A nice place, with guitarists Sen Salvador and Allen Hanlon playing from 9 to 1 Tues thru Sat (679-9135).

Half Note–149 W 54th, betw Sixth & Seventh Aves. Thru 2/9, there'll be Mongo Santamaria 2/11-23, Stan Getz 2/25-3/9, the Ruby Braff-George Barnes Quintet 3/11-23, the Modern Jazz Quartet. Music from 9 p.m. Closed Sundays (586-5383).

Jacques–168 Bleecker, at Sullivan. Pianist Lance Hayward nightly, with bassist Lyn Christie on Fri & Sat. Music starts at 9:30. On Wed Jim Roberts plays the piano (254-5920).

Jazzboat–101 Ave A in the East Village, betw 6th & 7th Sts. Nautical jazz club with fine talent. 2/7-10, the Sonny Fortune Quintet with Charles Sullivan, Thurs-Sun from 10 to 3 Closed Mondays (677-9721).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th et Seventh Dixieland music, 9:30 to 3, with Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley and Eddie Locke. On Fridays and Saturdays, the intermission pianist is Steve Crist Closed Sundays (CO 5-9505).

Joe's Pier 52–144 W 52nd. Buddy Hewkins & his Do Ray Mi Trio are here now. Plus a lot of fishy things to eat (245-6652)

Kenny's Castaways–211 E 84th. Heavily patronized jazz coop. The Jeremy Steig group plus e rock 'n' roll set known as Thunderhead Music Tues-Sun from 9:30. Guest performers drop in on Monday (734-9892).

Luau East–Madison at 38th. Softly-lit lounge features pianist-singer Bill McCeuley, alternating with Sonny Ray and Denny Stan, Chinese-Polynesian food until 1 a.m. (683-5860).

Mama Leone's–48th betw Bdway & 8th Ave Delectable Italian vittles while listening to the songs of Angela Martin and show tunes by the Pat Misiti Trio. Nightly until midnight; Sunday to 10 p.m. (JU 6-5151).

Marty's Bum Steer–334 E 73rd. Known for its excellent steek, and pianist Kal Anthony entertains nightly, 8 p.m. through 1 a.m. (879-1040).

Max's Kansas City–213 Park Ave So. at 17th St. 2/6-11, English guitarist John Martin and the "Amazing Blondel" Wed, Thurs, Sun & Mon at 9:30 & 11:30; Fri & Sat at 8:30, 10:30 & 12:30. $5 (575-9680).

Metro–188 W 4th. Music at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. Wednesdays for newcomers (675-0892).

Michael's Pub–55th betw 2nd & 3rd Aves. Jazz pianist Barbera Carroll, from 1/29. Tuesdays thru Sunday from 9 p.m. to closing (758-2272).

Mikell's–760 Columbus Ave, at 97th. Music room with quality entertainment five nights a week. (864-8632).

Muggs–First Ave at 62nd. Tues thru Sat, pianist Dill Jones from 8:30 to 1:30 a.m. No music Sun & Mon The food's fine (838-7050).

Nirvana–30 Central Park South. Indian rhythms on sitar and flute by Merza Asarf and Mohammed Izaz, Fri & Sat, 7:30 to 11. Bangladesh-Indian cuisine. All this in an exotic penthouse (288-9097).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave, betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced delightful eatery where you can dance and listen to western and country music seven nights a week. Monday (Italian night) thru Sat from 9:30; Sun from 8 (751-5470).

Pancho Villa's–78th St & 2nd Ave. Mexican restaurant with enclosed outside cefe for people-watching. Good food and strolling guiters (734-9144).

Patch's Inn–314 E 70th. The place looks romantically patchy, the food is imaginative, and the piano is worked by Patti Wicks Open 7 days (879-4220).

Play Street–242 E 79th. Lovely room feetures dancing to live groups from 9 p.m., end show from midnight to 1 a.m. (TR 9-7760).

Proof of the Pudding–First Ave et 64th. Dine substantielly end reasonably and pleasantly to the music of Sascha on the balaiaika (421-5440).

Spindletop–254 W 47th. Jazz pianist Michael White provides the entertainment here in the heart of the theater distnct, end the place is noted for its steaks (CI 5-7326).

Stryker's–103 W 86th St, nr. Columbus Ave. Smell highly-popular jazz room, with music from 10 to 3:30. 2/7, Bill Mintz Trio. 2/8, 9, Vera Auer Trio. 2/10, 17, Chuck Weyne and Joe Puma Guitar Duo 2/14, Teddy Saunders Trio. 2/15, 16, Richard Clay Quertet. (874-8754).

The Call Back–696 Second Ave. Continental cuisine, and on Thurs, Fri & Sat, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m., music of the Bernard Small Quartet feeturing pianist Freddie Drew, guitarist Bill Demeritt and drummer Al King (MU 4-6580).

Top of the Gate–160 Bleecker. Jazz from 9:30 nightly. Monday's treat is Dephne Hellman's Angels (GR 5-5120).

Top of the Six's–666 Fifth Avenue. Rare view of the city, good food, and pianist Boby Wetherbee entertains Tuesdays thru Saturdays from 9 to 1 a.m. (757-6662).

Trude Heller's–9th St & 6th Ave. Disco/caberet policy, with a new act every Tues thru Sun at 11 p.m. & 1 (Fri & Sat, 10 & midnight & 2 a.m.) Closed Monday (254-8346).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Music nightly. Now it's the Yusef Lateef Quartet. On Mondays the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band with vocalist DeeDee Bridgewater, at 10 p.m. (989-9011).

West Boondock–114 Tenth Ave, cor 17th. Thurs thru Sun jazz by piano-bassists Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt. Mon thru Wed, the Kenny Brewner duo. Soft atmosphere, sawdust floors, amber lights, soul food (929-9645).

West End Cafe–2911 Bdway, at 113th. Brooks Kerr, Sam Woodyard and Paul Quinichette, busy other nights at Churchill's, are here Mondays and Tuesdays from 9 to 1. Other nights, pop music policy. Pianist Dill Jones holds forth 2/10. (666-8750).

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Children

Reservations are usually needed. Phone ahead.

Aladdin and the Magic Lamp–Performed by the Little People's Theater Company, every Sat and Sun at 3 p.m. $1.75. Courtyard Playhouse, 137A W 14th (765-9540).

Alice, the Magnificent–A musical for children of all ages by Byron Tinsley and Robert Higgins. Sat at 1 & 3 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $1.50. Ten Ten Players, 1010 Park Ave, at 85th (BU 8-3246).

Bronx Zoo–One of the finest animal collections in the world—over 3,000 specimens representing some 800 species. "A great place to visit when you can't get away to an African or tropical forest for the weekend." Free on Tues, Wed and Thurs, other days, adults $1, children $.50. (WE 3-1500).

Children's Films–Park Ave Methodist Church, 106 E 86th (472-7402). Saturdays at 2 p.m. $2. 2/9, *Brigadoon*. Greenwich Village Montessori School, 69 Bank St (989-8611). Children 50¢, adults 75¢. Films for pre-schoolers (2½-5 years), 2/10, 24, 3/16, 24. (956-7078). Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd St. 2/10 at 12:30 & 3: *The Story of Louis Pasteur*.

Children's Zoo–At Central Park, 65th St off 5th Ave, just north of the regular Zoo. Pigs, pigmy donkies, panda, ducks, llamas. 10¢; open 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. daily.

Folk Music Concert–The Dildines with people-puppets will perform at the Church of Our Lady of Peace, 237 E 62nd (672-6399) at 8. $2.

Fun & Fantasy-1974–Monsters, machines, people, animals, etc. depicted in all kinds of media. Fairtree Gallery, 924 Madison Ave (861-4942). Thru 2/16.

Gilbert & Sullivan Operettas–2/6-2/10, *The Mikado*. 2/13-2/17: *Patience*. Family metinees at 4 on Sat & Sun. Children 13 and under half price. Adults $5.95, $5 & $4. Jan Hus, 351 E 74th (LE 5-5310). "Adult entertainment that attracts a family crowd—for good reasons."

Goldilocks and the Three Bears–Performed by the Little People's Theater Company. Sat and Sun at 1:30 p.m. $1.75. Courtyard Playhouse, 137A W 14th (765-9540).

Guess Again–An original musical dream fantasy presented by the Meri-Mini Players, a children's company. 2162 Broadway at 76th (260-4863), 2/9 at 2:30. Adults: $2; children: $1.50.

How the Instruments Talk–Music program for children at St. Stephen's Church 120 W 69th (787-2755) 2/10 at 4.

H.R. Pufnstuf–Musical variety show for children with over 128 characters, starring Johnny Whitaker. Felt Forum, 2/12-2/24. Tues-Fri at 10:30 & 2; Sat at 10:30, 1, 3:30; Sun at 1 & 3:30.

Meet Mr. Thurber–Dramatizations of Thurber's stories for older children ages 12-15. City Center, 2/12 at 10 & 2, 2/13 at 10.

Moofy Puppet–First Moravian Church, 30th St & Lexington Ave. Children may play act, play instruments and help design a moofy. Ages 5-9. Saturdays at 2 p.m. $1.50. A moofy kit to each child (691-8930).

More Mother Goose Tales–Penny Jones's puppet show for ages 3-6. 2/3 at 2:30 p.m. $1.50. Little Synagogue, 27 E 20th (WA 4-4589).

Paper Bag Players–*I Won't Take a Bath*, show for children. Fri at 7:30 p.m. Sat & Sun at 1 & 3 p.m. Thru 2/24. P.S. 41, 118 W 11th (595-2271).

Pinocchio–New marionette musical plays Set and Sun at 1 & 3:30 p.m. Friday nights at 7:30. Thru 2/ 24. Bil Baird Theater, 59 Barrow St (YU 9-7060).

Please Touch–The Museum of the City of New York on Saturdays at 2:40 p.m. has a reconstruction of a 17th-century Dutch home furnished with antique objects which the children may actually handle, and reproductions of 17th-century costumes that may be worn by the children. For children ages six to thirteen. $1. Fifth Avenue at 103rd St (534-1672).

Pocahontas–Dramatic musical presented by P.A.R.T. about the events leading up to the moment when she saves the life of Captain John Smith. "A new theme for children's theater—hurrah for all involved!" McMillin Theater, Columbia University, Broadway & 118th (222-8442) 2/9 at 2:30.

The Proposition Circus–The country's only totally improvised musical show for children. Conceived and directed by Allan Albert. Performed by the regular cast of *Proposition*. $2 adults, $1 for children. Saturdays at 2 p.m. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd St (288-2500). "Refreshing change from routine kiddie fare."

The Cat in the Castle–Musical, with audience participation. Every Sat at 11 a.m. Every Sun at 1 p.m. $1 for kids, $2 for adults. "An up show!" 13th St Theater, 50 W 13th (924-9785).

The Cowgirl and the Tiger–Musical with audience participation. Every Sat at 1 p.m. 13th St Theater, 50 W 13th (924-9785). "Intelligent music and lyrics make this e charmer for 3-to-7-year olds."

The Magic Well–Modern fantasy about the dreams of a big city's ghetto children, with audience participation, for children ages 8-12. City Center, 2/14 & 2/ 15. Children: $1.50; adults: $2.

Twangerl–Ronnie Britton's musical, book and lyrics, with audience participation. Every Sun at 11 a.m. $1 for children, $2 for adults. 13th St Theater, 50 W 13th (924-9785).

(Quotes by Claire Berman)

What's Free?–*Everything's* free at N.Y. Convention and Visitors Bureau, 90 E 42nd St, 10017. Visit or write for literature, maps, guides, TV tickets, baby-sitters, "two-fers," latest lists ("20 Free Things To Do in N.Y.C." and "13 New Off-Beat Sights"). Multilingual staff available. Open 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. daily and the telephone number is 687-1300.

MUSIC, ART, SPORTS, MISCELLANY
EDITED BY ANN COLLINS

Concerts

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall at 8:30. Conductor: Pierre Boulez, Christoph Eschenbach, pianist. Boyce, Mozart, Carter, Debussy.

Marian Hahn, pianist, Carnegie Recital Hall at 8:30. Beethoven, Prokofieff, Schubert, Ravel, Chopin.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Amato Opera Theater, 319 Bowery at 2nd St (228-8200).
Bel Canto Opera, Medison Avenue Baptist Church, 30 E 31st (MU 5-1377).
Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave, Brooklyn (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall and Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd and Hillel Place (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (CI 7-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).
Hunter College, Playhouse, 68th bet. Park & Lexington; Assembly Hall, 89th bet. Park & Lexington (535-5350).
Light Opera of Manhattan, Gilbert & Sullivan, Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E 74th (LE 5-5310).
Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera, (799-4420). New York State Theater, (TR 7-4727). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaze (TR 4-2424). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaze (799-5000).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (564-4400).
Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd., Flushing. (793-8080).
South Street Seaport Museum Pier 16, Fulton St and East River (349-4310).
Town Hall, 113 W 43rd (JU 2-4538).

Marilyn Rossetti, pianist, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center at 6:30.

Donald Joyce, organist, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave & 53rd (247-0996) at 12:10.

Randy Waller, organist, Grace Church, Broadway & 10th (254-2000) at 12:30.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall at 2. Repeat of Thursday's concert.

Loudon Wainwright III, folk, Avery Fisher Hall at 8.

Juilliard School Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall at 8:30.

Stephen Stills, Carnegie Hall at 8.

Gary Steigerwalt, pianist, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center at 6:30.

Lawrance Cook, Mark Whitecage, jazz, The Space, 344 W 38th (947-4871) at 8:30. Repeet on Saturday.

Jazz at Noon, Rough Rider Room, Roosevelt Hotel, Madison Ave & 45th (686-9200) noon-3.

Faculty Recital, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St (CH 2-4770) at 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert, Avery Fisher Hall at 12:10 & 2:30. Conductor: Michael Tilson Thomas.

Dave Brubeck, Avery Fisher Hall at 8. Gerry Mulligan & Paul Desmond.

Adam Han-Gorski, violinist, Alice Tully Hall at 8.

Stephen Stills, Carnegie Hall at 8.

Charlie Rich, Felt Forum at 5 & 8:30. Tom T. Hall, Bill Monroe & his Bluegrass Boys.

Alexis Weissenberg, pianist, Hunter College Assembly Hall at 8.

Canby Singers, Carnegie Recital Hall at 8:15. A cappella program.

Jane Hovey, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center at 2:30.

Rita Bouboulidi, pianist, Wollman Auditorium, Columbia Univ, Broadway & 115th (280-3600) at 8. Beethoven

Fiori Musicali, 310 E 42nd (OX 7-3185) et 7:30. Purcell, Carissimi.

Sounds of the Fifties, Alumni Hall, St. John's University, Grand Central & Utopia Pkwy, Queens (969-8000, ext. 221) et 8. Bo Diddley, Tony Williams, the Belmonts, and others.

Composers' Forum, Donnell Library, 20 W 53rd (757-3025) et 8. Christopher Yavelow.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10

Martha Argerich, pianist, Avery Fisher Hall at 3.

Eddie Bonnemere, pianist, Alice Tully Hall at 2.

Rita Dimitri, Alice Tully Hall at 8.

Leontyne Price, soprano, Carnegie Hall at 8.

Big Mama Thornton, blues, Brooklyn Academy of Music at 3.

American Symphony Chamber Music Society, Carnegie Recital Hall at 8.

Little Brooklyn Symphony, Memorial Hall, Pratt Institute, betw. Willoughby & DeKalb, Brooklyn (636-3596) at 3.

Clara Freedman, pianist, Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave & 103rd (534-1872) at 2.

St. Thomas Church Choir, St. Thomes Church, Fifth Ave & 53rd (247-0996) at 4. Bach.

Cosmopolitan Brass Ensemble, Riverside Church Riverside Drive & 122nd (749-7000) at 2:30.

John Grady, organist, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave & 51 (PL 3-2281) at 4:45.

Gaudeamus Chamber Players, Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave & 73rd (288-8920) at 4. C.P.E. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven.

St. Bartholomew's Church Choir, St. Bartholomew's Church, 109 E 50th (PL 1-1616) et 4. Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms* & excerpts from *Mass.*

Si-Yo Music Society, Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, City Hall Park (285-3715) at 3. Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms.

Mordecai Shehori, pianist, America-Israel Cultural Center, 4 E 54th (751-2700) at 4.

Frederick Zlotkin, cellist, **David Golub,** pianist, New-York Historical Society, C.P.W. & 77th (873-3400) at 2:30.

Capital University Chapel Choir, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave & 110th (865-3600) at 4.

Lee Konitz Quartet, New York Jazz Museum, 125 W 55th (765-2150) at 3.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall at 8:30. Conductor: Pierre Boulez. Elliott Carter.

Anne Zalkind, pianist, Alice Tully Hall at 8.

Cleveland Orchestra, Carnegie Hall at 8. Conductor: Maazel; Pinchas Zukerman, violinist. Mozart, Mahler.

Nancy Pierce, cellist, **Zita Carno,** pianist, Carnegie Recital Hall at 8.

International Bach Society, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center at 10 a.m.

Hampshire String Quartet, Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave & 110th (663-6021) at 8:15. Mozart, Debussy, Revel.

Jazz Concert, Loeb Student Center, 566 Laguardia Place, (582-1960) at 8. Jackie Cain, Roy Kral, Chuck Wayne, Joe Puma Duo, among others.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall at 7:30. Repeat of Thursday's program.

Juilliard School Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall at 8:30.

Grace Sung-En Wong, harpist, Carnegie Recital Hall at 8.

Carillon Recital, Riverside Church, Riverside Drive & 122nd (749-7000) at noon.

New Wilderness Preservation Band, Washington Square Church, 135 W 4th (757-3025) at 8:30.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13

Andres Segovia, Avery Fisher Hall at 8.

Juilliard School Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall at 1.

Waverly Consort, Alice Tully Hall at 8. Edward Smith, harpsichordist.

Cleveland Orchestra, Carnegie Hall at 8. Conductor: Maazel; Leonard Rose, cellist, Beethoven, Siegmeister, Dvorak.

Tom Paxton, Town Hall at 5:45.

Music for Flute & Guitar, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center at 8:30. Paula Hatcher, Richard Philips.

Rita Bouboulidi, pianist, Wollman Auditorium, Columbia Univ., Broadway & 116th (280-3600) at 8. Beethoven

Nerine Barrett, pianist, Hunter College Playhouse et 8.

New Metropolitan Quintet, St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway & Fulton St (RE 2-5564) at 12:30.

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave (757-3025) at 8.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall at 8:30. Conductor: Boulez. Mahler.

Cambridge Consort, Alice Tully Hall at 8. French Renaissance music.

Leonardo Egürbida, guitarist, Carnegie Recital Hall at 8.

Nicanor Zabaleta, harpist, Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave & 82nd (TR 9-5500) at 8.

Members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Queens College Theater, Long Island Expressway & Kissena Blvd (520-7340) at 1.

Zarata Guitar Quartet, 92nd St YM-YWHA, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000) at 8:30.

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John Schuder, organist, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave & 53rd (247-0996) at 12:10.

Edward Aldwell, pianist, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th (744-2080) at 8.

Vincent Stadlin, organist, Grace Church, Broadway & E. 10th St (254-2000) at 12:30.

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
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Thurs, 2/7, *Manon Lescaut* with Kirsten, Theyard, Cossa, Michalski. Conductor: Segerstam; director: Taverna; designer: Crayon, 8-11.

Fri, 2/8, *Tristan und Isolde* with Nilsson, Dunn, Thomas, Shadur, Plishka. Conductor: Leinsdorf, director: Everding; designer: Crayon, 8-11.

Sat, 2/9, *Otello* with Stratas, Kraft, Vickers, Stewart, Lewis, Plishka. Conductor: Levine; director: Melano; designer: Hall, 2-5:30.

Sat, 2/9, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with Elias, Love, Goeke, Walker, Corena, Tozzi. Conductor: Pritchard; director: Taverna; designer: Berman, 8-11:15.

Mon, 2/11, *I Vespri Siciliani* with Caballé, Gedda, Milnes, Diaz. Conductor: Levine; director: Dexter; designers: Svoboda, Skalicky, 8-11:25.

Tues, 2/12, *Otello* with Saturday's cast, 8-11:30.

Thurs, 2/14, *Tristan und Isolde* with Nilsson, Dunn, Thomas, Cassel, Plishka. Conductor: Leinsdorf; director: Everding; designer: Schneider-Siemssen, 7:15-11:35.

OTHER EVENTS

THURSDAY-SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7-10

Light Opera of Manhattan, Gilbert & Sullivan's *The Mikado*, 2/7-2/9 at 8:30; Sat, Sun at 4.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10

Anoush, Carnegie Hall at 2:30. Tigranian's opera in concert form. Conductor: Ogan Dourian.

The Gypsy Baron, Town Hall at 2. Strauss's opera in concert form. Curtis, Lewis. Narrator: Cyril Ritchard.

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13-14

Light Opera of Manhattan, Gilbert & Sullivan's *Patience* at 8:30.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Thurs, 2/7 & Fri 2/8 at 8: *Don Quixote; Sat 2/9 at 2 & 8: Don Quixote,* Sun 2/10 at 1 & 7: *Don Quixote,* Tues 2/12-Wed 2/13 at 8: *Don Quixote.* Thurs, 2/14: *Divertimento from La Baiser de La Fee, the Cage, Four Bagatelles, La Valse.*

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATER
LYCEUM THEATRE, 149 W 45TH (JU 2-3897)

Thurs, 2/7 at 6:45: *Somniloquy, Bric-a-brac, Foreplay.* Fri, 2/8 at 8: *Somniloquy, Bric-a-brac, Foreplay.* Sat, 2/9 at 2: *Somniloquy, Bric-a-brac, Foreplay.* Sat 2/9 at 8: *Sanctum Suite, Fixations, Tower.* Sun, 2/10 at 3: *Somniloquy, Bric-a-brac, Foreplay. Tues, 2/12 at 6:45: Divertissement, Scenario, Tent.* Wed, 2/13 at 2: *Divertissement, Scenario, Tent.* Thurs, 2/14 at 8: *Sanctum Suite, Fixations, Tower.*

OTHER EVENTS

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7

Jose Limon Dance Co, Town Hall at 5:45.

New York Dance Collective, Community Church, 40 E 35th (254-6300) at 8.

THURSDAY-SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7-10

Ambakella, City Center, Thurs-Sat at 8, Sat & Sun at 2, Sun at 7:30. *Trinidad Carnival & Steel Band.*

FRIDAY-SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8-10

Young Dancers Performing Workshop, New Dance Group Studio, Theater at St. Clements, 423 W 48th at 8. (CI 5-9327) Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* choreographed by Joyce Trisler.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14

Felson Dance Co., Hunter College Playhouse at 8. *In the Sweet Now and Now.*

Stimmung, Carnegie Hall at 8. Bejart-Stockhausen collaboration will be performed by the Ballet of the 20th Century & soloists from the Collegium Vocale of Cologne.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted.

FEBRUARY 7-FEBRUARY 14

SOLOS

57TH STREET

Stanley Boxer–deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780). Recent abstract paintings, thru 2/14.

John Civitello–Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686). New paintings, thru 2/21.

Calvert Coggeshall–Parsons, 24 W 57th (CI 7-7480). Paintings of soft-edged vertical stripes playing with the intensity of the soft colors against the bright, thru 2/16.

Colette–Stefanotty, 50 W 57th (586-5252). Step off the elevator and into a nook of scalloped parachute before proceeding into a room filled with 12 soft plastic female bas-relief "sculptures" in various stages of disembowelment that peer into the open space as from upright coffins, thru 2/14.

Bill Dunlap–Italiaander, 11 E 57th (HA 1-3292). Drawings and mixed media construction paintings, thru 2/28.

Yvonne Jacquette–Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL 9-2345). Paintings, drawings, watercolors and prints, thru 2/23.

Gary Kuehn–Stefanotty, 50 W 57th (586-5252). Major pieces from the last six years, including early compressed twig pieces, large-scale wedged paintings and recent felt pen works, 2/14-3/30.

Rev. Anthony Lauck–Seligmann, 5 E 57th (PL 3-0250). Small sculpture and drawings of "splinter images", indef.

David Ligere–Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190). Magic realism in moody, romantic seascapes by the California artist, thru 2/23.

Alexander Liberman–Emmerich, 41 E 57th (752-0124). Bronzes and other small sculpture, thru 3/2.

Mondrian–Janis, 8 W 57th (586-0110). A documentary exhibition including paintings, drawings, constructions and photographs from the artist's studio: a review of the artist and his work, thru 3/9.

Philip Pearlstein–Frumkin, 4 E 57th (PL 3-0133). An exhibition coincident with the Finch College show, including 7 new paintings of the last 2 years, 5 of which are his conventional nude studies done in the studio, and 2 are paintings reverting to an earlier theme of landscapes of Italy along the Amalfi Coast. The two shows promise to teach you all that you ever wanted to know about Pearlstein, thru 3/2.

John Seery–Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL 2-0124). Recent abstract paintings, thru 2/13.

Bob Slutsky–Schaefer, 41 E 57th (755-3330). Recent paintings and drawings, thru 2/14.

Michael Steiner–Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900). Abstract sculptures: 6 large ones of corten steel, 3 small brass works, and 2 small works sculpted in rare wood, thru 2/11.

Adja Yunkers–Zabriskie, 20 W 57th (832-9034). Graphics, paintings and collages: torn and shaped forms in paper on acrylic fields, thru 3/2.

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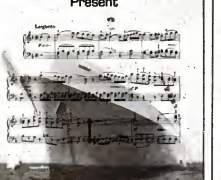

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MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Bernard Arnest–Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (LE 5-9888). Landscapes of Colorado, figure groups of young rock musicians, and a series of drawings based on a recent trip abroad, thru 2/18.

Marti-Guinness Aschan–Bodley, 1063 Mad at 81st (249-2155). Brilliantly colored enameled objects and plaques, thru 2/9.

Rudolf Baranik–Lerner-Heller, 789 Mad at 67 (861-9010). Large black and white paintings incorporating color into a flat color field, thru 2/16.

Felix Buhot–Kennedy, 20 E 58th (758-3850). Etchings of street-life scenes in Paris and London from 1870-1892, using the techniques of aquatint, engraving, roulette, and drypoint, thru 3/2.

Martin Canin–Graham, 1014 Mad at 78th (3rd fl.) (535-5787). Abstract collages and oils of fresco quality with striped variations, thru 2/23.

Edith Carlson–Alonzo, 26 E 63rd (688-2036). Paintings with geometric elements juxtaposed against one another, with minimal play of light and shadow, and a series of progressive light-to-dark drawings, thru 2/16.

Roy Carruthers/Gilbert Stone–Art Directors Club, 466 Mad at 51st (838-6140). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30. Two art directors-designers-illustrators present 50 works dealing with advertising and design concepts, thru 2/15.

Michael Coard–Sonnabend, 924 Mad at 73rd (628-2021). A Parisian Art Deco bedroom, indef.

Arthur Coppedge–ACA, 25 E 73rd (628-2440). An artist who places his figures in the city landscape, and who handles his subject matter with considerable vitality and technical skill, thru 2/18.

Ron Davis–Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-4820). New paintings, thru 2/25.

Sonia Delaunay–Aberbach, 988 Madison at 77th (988-1100). Tapestries, gouaches, and lithographs, thru 2/28.

Marcel Duchamp–Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Paintings, drawings, sculpture, acquetints, hand-colored etchings and readymades. All significant works, but apparently ideas-boards for the masterpieces, indef.

Raoul Dufy–Perls, 1016 Mad at 78th (TR 9-7440). 15 oil paintings starting with the fauva period and carried through the cubist influence to his style of the 20s-40s, thru 2/9.

Lee Gatch–Staempfli, 47 E 77th (535-1919). Paintings, collages, and innovative pulverized stone collages, on loan from the gallery collection, thru 2/16.

James Herbert–Poindexter, 24 E 84th (628-2844). Free-wheeling expressionistic mixed media drawings full of figures in wicked or comic situations, thru 3/2.

Margo Hoff–Babcock, 805 Mad at 68th (LE 5-9355). Acrylic on canvas and collages of geometrically patterned grids, thru 2/27.

Nancy Holt/Joe Zuker–Bykert, 24 E 61st (988-5220). Installation with light/Paintings, thru 2/21.

John Huttberg–Jackson, 33 E 69th (YU 8-1800). The opposition of exterior and interior spaces, receding perspective, and compartmentalized images creates tense, ambiguous space in paintings derived from the abstract expressionist tradition. thru 2/20.

Marvin Israel–Corder & Ekstrom, 980 Madison at 76th (988-9857). Paintings on the theme of dogs and chairs, 2/13-3/9.

Domenick Izzo/Roy Newell/Allan Soehl–Gorham, 12 E 72nd (861-2125). Tues-Sat 12-5. Figure studies/Abstract paintings/Paintings of women in various roles, thru 2/15.

Alex Katz/Lowell Nesbitt–Alaxander, 26 E 78th (988-2056). New prints by these notables of contemporary art, thru 2/15.

Paul Klee–Sabarsky, 987 Mad at 77th (628-6281). Drawings and watercolors, thru 2/28.

Patricia Mangione–Rehn, 655 Mad at 60th (753-4994). Romantic abstract paintings, thru 2/16.

Louis Marcoussis–Scott-Elliott, 1018 Mad at 79th (535-1638). Cubist etchings and drawings, thru 2/9.

Brice Marden/David Novros–Bykert, 24 E 81st (988-5220). Drawings executed with sticks Paintings concerned with color relationships, 2/9-3/2.

Louisa Matthiasdotter–Schoelkopf, 625 Mad at 67th (861-9010). Cool, northern expressionistic paintings, thru 2/14.

Michael Mazur–Dintenfass, 18 E 67th (744-1580). Pastels, paintings, prints, drawings of interiors, and views from the artist's studio, thru 2/23.

Henry Moore–Wildenstein, 19 E 64th (TR 9-0500). An important selection of sculpture, thru 2/23.

Robert Reid–Rankow, 108 E 78th (861-1615). A colorist involved with beach scenes and atmospheric effect, thru 2/13.

Reinhoud–LeFebra, 47 E 77th (RH 4-3384). Humorous figurative copper sculptures, thru 2/21.

Ira Richer–Kornblee, 58 E 79th (UN 1-4245). Large stunning white-with-black assembled canvases and small unstretched works, thru 2/28.

Ludwig Sander–Knoedler Contemporary, 19 E 70th (628-0400). Recent paintings, thru 2/21.

Fritz Scholder–Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Mad at 76th (988-9857). Portraits of American Indians, thru 2/9.

Jack Schuyler–Automation House, 49 E 68th (628-1010). Mon-Fri, 10-6. Welded steel sculptures, thru 2/8.

Thomas Sills–Bodley, 1063 Mad at 81st (249-2155). New selection of paintings by a noted Black American abstract painter, 2/12-23.

Mark Tobey–Jackson Graphics, 32 E 69th (YU 6-1800). Graphic works, thru 2/23.

Torres-Garcia–Knoedler Contemporary, 19 E 70th (628-0400). New paintings, 2/9-3/2.

Laurence Vail–Goldowsky, 1078 Mad at 81st (535-5571). Surrealistic, adorned bottles and free-standing sculptural "objects" constructed from small bits of ready-made objects are curious, humorous, and on the verge of the grotesque. As a total work the pieces incorporate a masterly interraction of negative and positive space before drawing attention to the details of their composition, such as toothbrush heads for eyebrows, dominoes as stair steps, magazine tear-outs, and plastic scraps. Vail's works span the 40's, 50's, and 60's, thru 2/28.

Fredrick Wardy–Willard, 29 E 72nd (RH 4-2925). Vertical black lines on raw canvas and ink drawings, thru 2/9.

SoHo

Robert Berry–Castelli, 420 W. Bdwy at Spring (431-5160). Conceptual works, thru 2/9.

Jamia Benefield/Esta Nesbitt–Westbroadway, 431 W. Bdwy et Prince (966-2520). Sculpture/Prints, 2/9-2/28.

John Bradford–Bowery, 135 Greene at Houston (477-9679). Tue-Sat 1-5. Large group figure compositions on literary and operatic subjects such as *A Midsummer's Night Dream*, thru 2/20.

Peter Bradley–Emmerich, 420 W. Bdway at Spring (431-4550). New paintings, thru 2/20.

Henry Chaffant–14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson at Spring (966-5790). Recent work carved in limestone, marble and granite, thru 2/13.

Hilo Chen–Meisel, 141 Prince at W. Bdwy (877-1340). Photo-realist paintings, thru 2/13.

Robert Clark/Nancy Lagin–Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince at Thompson (925-6850). Neon/New paintings, thru 2/15.

Alan Cote–Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince at Mercer (966-0455). Recent selection of abstract works, thru 2/28.

Royce Dendler/Robert Maplethorpe/Lanny Salem–Bunker and Harpsichords, 465 W. Bdwy at Houston (260-3480) Wed-Sat 12-6. Recent religious and ritual art, thru 2/23.

Marjorie DiLascia–Green Mountain, 135 Greene at Houston (674-2390). Bold, figurative paintings, thru 2/21.

Doktori–Benedek, 380 W. Bdwy at Broome (431-3160). Latex wall hangings, thru 2/16.

Tom Doyle/Harry Kramer–55 Mercer at Broome (226-8513). Sculptura/*Marcel, Espece de Trou du Cut*. abstract oil paintings and drawings, thru 2/13.

Richard Friedberg–Fischbach, 469 Broome at W. Bdwy (431-7093). Environmental sculpture and drawings, thru 2/15.

David Grubb/Andy Marcus–Prince St, 108 Prince at Greene (226-9153). Handprinted monotypes of

heavy-limbed figures seen in half-lit interiors/Paintings of a large number of objects set in an enclosed space, thru 2/20.

Al Hansen/Robert Watts–Onnasch, 139 Spring at Wooster (431-6810). An event, 2/8; 2/15 at 8.

Grace Knowlton–Razor, 464 W. Bdwy at Houston (533-3427). Large, spherical boulders of concrete and fired clay, and works in steel, thru 2/21.

Charles Magistro/Richard Veux–Yu, 93 Prince at Mercer (431-7887). Silk screen prints of fantasy landscapes handled similarly to the Claes Oldenburg designs for placing a phenomenal object in the natural landscape/Acrylic paintings on multi-layers of vinyl creating the effect of smoke and gaseous vapor, partly obscuring the hard-edged elements beneath the surface, thru 2/14.

Jerry Moriarty–Corridor, 115 Prince at Greene (674-8885). Figure paintings and memory drawings, thru 2/16.

Howardena Pindell–A.I.R. 97 Wooster at Spring (966-0799). Works on paper, thru 2/13.

Morgan Sanders/Rosalind Shaffer–Soho 20, 99 Spring at Mercer (226-4167). Landscapes and 3-dimensional wall constructions built of found objects/Character studies of man as a social being; oil on canvas, thru 2/20.

Marjorie Strider–Hoffman, 429 W. Bdwy at Prince (966-6676). Sculptural paintings and mixed media work with foam "oozing" from the images, and drawings, thru 2/14.

OTHER

Bernard Aptekar–City University Graduate Center Mall, 33 W 43rd (790-4331). Large sculptural paintings based on comical social commentary, 2/13-3/8.

John Chamberlain–Hammerskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave & 47th. Automobile constructions, thru 3/28.

Angela deLaura–Touchstone, 37 E 4th (673-3440). Drawn linear circles and ellipses on an acrylic color field, thru 2/28.

Lyonel Feininger–Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave. (PL 5-4211). Small woodcuts used as letterheads (1918-1945), thru 3/2.

Grace Freundlich and son–Off-Broadway, 255 W 92nd (673-3896). *Mother and Child Reunion*: paintings and drawings by a mother and her son, thru 3/16.

Al Hirschfeld/Brooks Atkinson–Feiden, 51 E. 10th (OR 7-5330). Mon-Fri, 11-7; Sat 12-6. Drawings by Hirschfeld and manuscripts by Atkinson for the book *The Lively Years* 1920-1973, thru 2/14.

Howard McCaleb–Cinque, 442 Lafayette St. (in the N.Y. Public Theater) (533-9380). Recent sculpture and collages, thru 2/16.

Rob-Roy Norton, Jr.–9E19, 9 E 19th (260-4444). Paintings, thru 2/21.

Erika Weihs–Roko, 90 E 10th. Flat realist paintings, thru 2/9.

GROUP SHOWS

57TH STREET

Arras, 29 W 57th (421-1177). Gallery artists presenting graphics, multiples, tapestries, and sculpture. Works by Baj, Cassanta, Beutlich, Duarte, Guagerriga, Milo, Vasarely, and Munowitz, thru 2/28.

Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL 6-1900). Paintings of the Thirties by Midtown artists, thru 3/2.

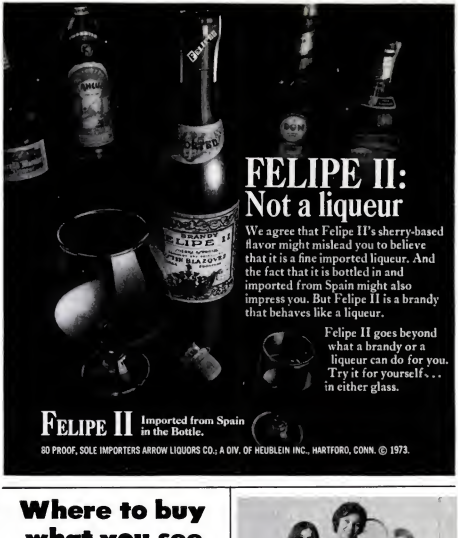
MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Gimpel & Witzenhoffer, 1040 Mad at 79th (628-1897). Group show including Barbara Hepworth, Paul Jenkins, Niki deSaint-Phalle, and Alan Davie, thru 2/23.

Larcade–23 E 67th (249-4561). *Showcase I*: group exhibition of paintings and drawings by Allen, Censori, Jauss, Pensato, and Sellar, thru 2/16.

Levy, 981 Mad at 76th (628-7068). American paintings of 19th & early 20th c. and American antique furniture of 17th, 18th, & early 19th c., thru 2/28.

Solomon, 959 Mad at 75th (737-8200). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. American paintings and graphics by: Frankenthaler, Gottlieb, Hofmann, Jenkins, Stella, Oldenburg, Chamberlain, and Poons, thru 2/15.



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Washburn, 820 Mad at 68th (RH 4-8560). A partial reconstruction of the great 1925 exhibition organized by Alfred Stieglitz at the Anderson Galleries. The "Seven Americans" represented are Demuth, Dove, Hartley, Marin, O'Keefe, Stieglitz, and Strand, with unusual works that have seldom been seen and which bear a relationship to one another, thru 3/2.

Weiner, 831 Mad at 69th (249-6750). *Thangka Art:* Exhibit of selected Tibetan and Nepali painted scrolls ranging in date from 1367 to the mid-19th c. presenting the fantastic pantheon of the various Tentric Buddhist sects that flourished in the Himalayas, thru 2/23.

SoHo

Artist House, 131 Prince St (725-5726) Sat, 10-6. African artifacts including jewelry, tapestries, fabrics, pottery, paintings, wood carvings, 2/9-indef.

Artists Space, 155 Wooster at Houston (674-2950). Committe for the Visual Arts announces a new program—"Artists as Filmmakers"—presenting films by artists and sculptors; premiera program on Fri, 2/8 at 8:30 PM and Sat, 2/9 at 5:30 and 8:30 PM

Duffy & Sons, 157 Spring at W. Bdwy (677-5692). By appointment only. Currently available, works by Arman, Beuys, Rosenquist, Tinguely, Warhol and others.

Landmark, 469 Broome at Greene (966-1173). Interpretations of the human figure by Barnet, Cajori, Campbell, Frombolutti, Georges, Mersicano, Mumford, and Semmel, thru 2/21.

Marlowe, 244 E 60th (755-2988). Antique African jewelry and art textiles, and sundry masks, statuary, and art objects, thru 2/28.

OTHER

Off-Broadway, 255 W. 92nd (873-3896). *Figurative Statements* by Dorothy McGaher, Alex Piccirilli, Tony Polizzi, and Susan Scott, thru 2/12.

Poster Originals Ltd., 16 E 78th (861-0422) Mon-Sat. 10-6. American and European art posters, Hockney, Picasso, Miro, Vasarely, Glaser, indef.

Photography

Mary Ellen Andrews–Soho Photo, 30 W 13 (675-9721). *Photographic Essay of L.D.:* a series of well-done photos depicting the loneliness and abandonment of a 70-year-old sculptor, thru 3/1.

Ann Blackstock/Wren deAntonio–Irish Arts Center, Lincoln Square Community Center, 150 W 66th (874-3798). *The Irish:* a study of the people and country of Ireland, thru 2/17.

Robert Bonomo–Exposure, 214 E 10th (982-6330). Black and white photos, indef.

Roger Caban–Portogallo, 1156 Ave. of the Americas (6th Fl.) Mon-Fri, 10-5. The *The IRT Prayer Book* is a photographic statement on the subway system and its riders, the underground environment, and the effect of the city on its subterranean commuters. Almost all, if not all, the photos are shot with a wide-angle lens which distorts the images and includes a comprehensive scope of the decrepit tunnels and cars. The photographer's inter-mixture of the contrived and the candid present a confused, though haunting, impressision of human deterioration and the city's perverse powers.

Henri Cartier-Bresson–Carlton, 127 E 89th (249-9880) Tue-Fri 1-6, Sat 11-6. This will be the first time his signed-original photographs will be available in a N.Y. gellery, thru 3/9.

Robert Fichter/Nathan Lyons–Light, 1018 Med at 79th (881-1646). Black and white studies, thru 3/2.

Michael Fields–Gellerywest, 195 Columbus Ave. at 69th. Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5. Photographs, thru 2/23.

Kodak Photo Gallery–1133 Ave. of the Americas at 43rd. (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tue-Sat 9:30-5. *Kodak's International Newspaper and Snapshot Award Winners.* Hundreds of candid and naive photographes taken by ameteurs with any camera they happenad to have at hand. The question of photography as e fine art is not in question; the show is the simple expression of people recording and capturing meaningful moments and, because of thet, it is refreshing, thru 3/14.

Marcia Josephson–Camera Club, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Black and white works, thru 2/10.

Jack Mitchell–Bonino, 7 W. 57th (PL 2-9556). *Artist as Subject in the Original Sharp-Focus Photographs,* thru 2/9.

Julio Mitchell–Emanu El-Midtown, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs, 9-9; Fri, 9:30-5. *Two Wards:* Photographs about life in a hospital ward and of rastrictive lives of people outside the ward, thru 3/3.

Gabriel Seymour–Jefferson Market Library, 10th St. and Ave. of Americas (242-5233) Mon-Thur 10-9, Fri and Sat 10-8. *The American West through a New Yorker's Eyes.* thru 2/21.

Soho Photo, 30 W 13th (675-9721). Ken Heyman: *Two Places in Black and White;* Mary Andrews, Edna Katz, Bob Rogers; and a mixed group of photographs entitled *Woman and Photographers' Choice,* thru 3/26.

Hervey Stein–Focus II, 163 W. 74th (787-9628). Daily 6 p.m.-11 p.m. *First and Last of Life,* a photo essay dealing with childhood and old age, thru 2/11.

Don Worth/Oliver Gagliani–Witkin, 243 E. 60th (355-1461). Worth examines nature in black and white, color, and in the superimposition of images/Gagliani has presented an exceptional portfolio of prints, creating through the delicate interplay of light and dark, an almost surreal interpratation of natural composition. He is e master technician and artist—don't miss it, thru 2/17.

Museums

American Museum of Immigration–Housed in the base of the Statue of Liberty, this museum summarizes the immigrant contribution to the formation and development of the United States. Adm. free. The Statue of Liberty is open every day of the year and is reached by a 20 minute ferry trip from Battery Park every hour on the hour from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Fare: adults $1.25; children under 12: 50¢.

American Museum of Natural History–CPW at 79th (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun & Hols 11-5. *Hall of Mexico and Central America,* perm. *A Naturalist & His Artists,* exhibit featuring works of and commissioned by the ornithologist Daniel Giraud Elliot, thru 2/74. *Ernest Thompson Seton Memorabilia,* unpublished diaries, notes & sketches of the naturalist are on display.

American Museum-Hayden Planetarium–CPW at 81st (873-1300) evenings, weekends, hols: (873-8828). Call for info. *Spaceship Earth,* a study of Earth as a planet and world, thru 3/4.

Asia House Gallery–112 E 64th (PL 1-4210). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 1-5. *The Colors of Ink:* Chinese Paintings & Related Ceramics from the Cleveland Museum of Art, thru 3/10.

Bedford Lincoln Neighborhood Museum–1530 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn (774-2900). Tues.-Sat 10-5, Sun. 1-5 p.m., closed Mon. Open to workshop participants, Mon-Fri, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.

Brooklyn Museum–188 Eastern Parkway (NE 8-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5, Holidays 1-5, closed Mon and Tue. *English Prints & Drawings:* 17th c. to the present, thru 2/17. *Figures in Clay: Terracottas from Ancient India,* more than 50 clay figurines from North India, thru 3/5. *Gallery talks,* Wed & Sat at 1:15 p.m. (free). *Films,* Sat at 3 (free). Sunday concerts et noon.

Cloisters–Fort Tryon Park (WA 3-3700). Tue-Sat 10-4:45, Sun 1-5:45, closed Mon. *The Apocalypse,* an illuminated manuscript from the early 14th c. in France, shown with transparencies of the miniatures decorating its pages, thru 5/1.

El Museo del Barrio–1945 Third Ave (348-0777). Sun 12-5, Mon, Tue, Thur, 10-5, Wed 10-7, Fri 10-3. Closed Sat & daily 12-1. *Carlos Osorio,* paintings, thru 2/28.

Finch College Museum of Art–62 E 78th (BU 8-8450). Tues-Sun, 1-5.

Frick Collection–1 E 70th St (288-0700). Tues thru Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6, closed Mon. Lectures given on Wed, Thurs, Sat at 4; Thurs at 5:40.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (EN 9-5110). Wed-Sat 10-6, Tue 10-9 (open free to the public Tus 6-9), Sun 12-6. *The Graphic Work of Kandinsky,* 75 prints, dating from 1903-1942, lent by the Stadtische Galerie in Munich, thru 2/24. *Within the*

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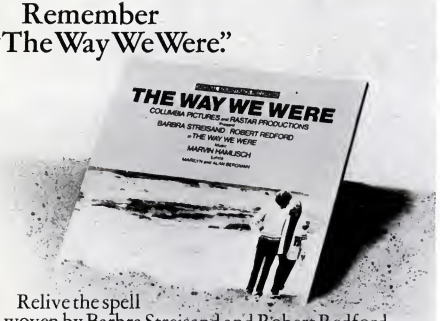

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Decade, selections from the permanent collection, 2/12-2/24.

Hispanic Society of America–Bdway at 155th (926-2234). Tues-Sat 10-4:30. Sun 2-5, closed Mon. Spanish paintings, sculpture, furniture, textiles, manuscripts, indef.

Jewish Museum–Fifth Ave at 92nd (RI 9-3770). Mon-Thur 12-5, Fri 11-3, Sun 11-6, closed Sat. *A Scholar's Study*, a collection of rare books & manuscripts, thru 3/31. *Return to Prague: A Personal Sojourn*, over 50 photographs by Grunzweig, thru 3/31. *Moshe Safdie: For Everyone a Garden*, exhibit highlighting the architect's career, thru 3/17. *The Jewish Traveller*, 18th & 19th c. small ceremonial objects, thru 2/24.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tue 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun & Holidays 11-5, closed Mon. *The Art of Imperial Turkey & its European Echos*, indef. *Inventive Clothes: 1909-1939:* Designers such as Poiret, Callot Soeurs, Chanel, Vionnet, Schiaparelli & Alix Grès are represented. Taped music & paintings from the period complete the exhibit, thru 5/74. *Masterpieces of Tapestry*, from the 14th-16thC., 97 tapestries including *The Lady with the Unicorn* and one from the Apocalypse series, 2/8-4/21.

Museum of American Folk Art–49 W 53rd (LT 1-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30, closed Mon. *Herman Arthur Haskins*, primitive watercolors, Thru 4/7. *Selections from The Edith Barenholtz Collection*, antique toys, weathervanes & trade signs, thru 3/16.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts–29 W 53rd (CI 6-6840). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Baroque '74:* over 100 pieces of jewelry, furniture & textiles with exaggerated & flamboyant embellishment, thru 3/17. *Charles Loloma*, exotic jewelry, thru 3/17. *Textiles by Dorothy Liebes*, thru 3/17.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Wed, Fri, Sat 11-6, Thur 11-9, Sun 12-6. *Architectural Models, Drawings & Objects from the Collection*, thru 5/74. *Marcel Duchamp*, c. 300 works, many from private collections, including oils, drawings, objects, "readymades," lithographs, books, posters, films, thru 2/24. In conjuction with this exhibit there will be a series of lectures given on Thursdays at 8:30. *Projects: Barry Flanagan*, sculptures made of cloth, rope and sand, thru 3/3. *Kertész, Rodchenko, Moholy-Nagy;* photographs from the collection, thru 3/31.

Museum of Primitive Art–15 W 54th (CI 6-9493). Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat noon-5, Sun 1-5.

Museum of the American Indian–Bdway at 155th (AU 3-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5. Closed Mon & Hols. *Blackware of the Americas*, 100 examples of blackware ceramics, thru 3/31/74

Museum of the City of New York–Fifth Ave at 103rd (LE 4-1672). Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, closed Mon. *Cityrama:* multi-media exhibition utilizing authentic 3-dimensional objects to trace the history of New York from 1524 to the present, indef.

Museum of the Performing Arts–Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam (799-2200). Mon-Thur 10-9, Fri-Sat 10-6, closed Sun. *Elliott Carter: Sketches and Scores in Manuscript*, thru 3/10. *New York City Theater*, 200 years of Theatrical history, from colonial New York to the 20th C., thru 2/28.

New York Cultural Center–2 Columbus Circle (581-2311). Tue-Sun, 11-6, closed Mon. *Belgian Symbolists & Symbolists*, over 100 works dating from 1885-present, thru 3/17. *Benito Paintings, Drawings & Magazine Covers*, Art Deco works from the 20s & 30s, thru 3/10.

New-York Historical Society–170 CPW at 77th (873-3400). Sun, Tue-Fri 1-5, Sat 10-5, closed Mon. *New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill & Beaver*, maps, engravings, accounts & receipt books reflect the culture & economy of early New York, indef. *The Duychinck: Merchants, Chiefs and Painters*, three generations of a pre-revolutionary family, indef. *Pieter Schuyler & the Indians*, early settler-Indian relations, indef. *Old New York in Early Photographs, 1853-1901*, a selection of photographs tracing the growth of the city, indef. *Happy Days Are Here Again*, prohibition & its antecedents are traced through old newspapers, books, pamphlets, memorabilia, indef.

New York Jazz Museum–125 W 55th (765-2150). Tues-Sun, 12-7, closed Mon. *Regular film showings*, call for schedule. *Benny Goodman: Then and Now*,

an exhibit including photos, artwork, films, sculpture, and a tape of his music & reminiscences, thru 2/74.

New York Public Library–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6161). Mon-Fri, 9-9, Sat 9-5, closed Sun. *Willa Cather Centennial Exhibit*, thru 3/31. *Visitors from Outer Space*, exhibit on the study of comets, dating from 1668 to the present, thru 3/31.

Pierpont Morgan Library–29 E 36th (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5.

Queens County Art and Cultural Center–New York City Building, Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *West African Art*, sculpture, masks, jewelry, fabrics, thru 3/3.

Nicholas Roerich Museum–319 W 107th (UN 4-7752) Sun-Fri, 2-5, closed Sat & Holidays.

South Street Seaport Museum–South and Fulton Sts on the East River (349-4310). Mon-Sun, 12-6. Permanent exhibits of sailing and power vessels. Several open to public boarding. Trip aboard the partially restored *Wavertree* a must. A five block area is being returned to its 1850/1900's architectural beauty. Group tours available.

Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences–75 Stuyvesant Pl, Staten Island (727-1135). Tues-Sat, 10-5, Sun, 2-5. *Wangpai of Dolpo*, exhibit of traditional Tibetan Tanka painting, thru 2/10.

Studio Museum in Harlem–2033 Fifth Ave (427-5959). Mon and Wed 10-9, Tues, Thur and Fri 10-6, Sat and Sun 1-6. Contemporary African-American art. *Vincent Smith*, paintings, thru 3/3.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (249-4100). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun and holidays 12-6. *Selections from the Permanent collection*, thru 2/3. *William Allan*, realist paintings with surreal overtones, thru 2/17. The Flowering of American Folk Art, 1776-1876, thru 3/24. *Alice Neel*, portraits from the 1930s to the present, thru 3/17. *Frank O'Hara*, exhibit centered around the late poet, 2/12-3/17. **Downtown Branch**, 55 Water St (483-0012). *Nine Artists/Coenties Slip*, thru 2/14. **Whitney Museum Art Resources Center**, 185 Cherry St (964-4560). Daily 1-5. *Stewart Hitch*, paintings, thru 2/16.

Yeshiva University Museum, Amsterdam Ave & 185th (568-8400). Sun 12-6, Tues & Thurs 11-5. Closed Jewish & legal hols. *Jerusalem through the eyes of travelers & settlers, 15th-19th c.*, thru 3/74.

Sports

SPORTS PHONE 999-1313
Call for information about the day's major sporting activities.

BASKETBALL

N.Y. Knicks vs. Buffalo Madision Sqaure Garden, 2/9 at 1:30; vs. Chicago, 2/13 at 7:30.

HOCKEY

N.Y. Rangers vs. St. Louis, Madison Square Garden, 2/10 at 7:05.

OTHER EVENTS

Boxing, Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, 2/11 at 8.

Golden Gloves Preliminaries, Felt Forum, 2/12-2/14 at 8.

SPORTS DIRECTORY

Aqueduct Race Course, Rockaway Blvd at 110th Street, South Ozone Park, L.I. (641-4700)

Baker Field, 218th St and Broadway (280-2546).

Madison Square Garden, Pennsylvania Plaza, Seventh Avenue, 31st to 33rd Streets (564-4400). (MSG)

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516 794-9100). (NC)

Shea Stadium, Roosevelt Ave at 126th St, Flushing (672-2000). (SS)

Yonkers Raceway, Yonkers and Central Avenues (914 YO 8-4200).

Miscellaneous

Awaji Puppet Theater of Japan–Plays done with nearly life-sized, gorgeously costumed puppets by a troupe consisting of puppetmasters, chanters & musicians. Carnegie Hall, 2/7 at 8.

Gala Evening of Superstars–Town Hall, 2/14 at 8. Song, dance & comedy with Mary Travers, Tammy Grimes, Lynne Stuart & many more, with valentine favors.

Historical Films–Films about the colonial United States are shown every Wednesday at 2:30. New-York Historical Society, C.P.W. & 77th St (873-3400). Free

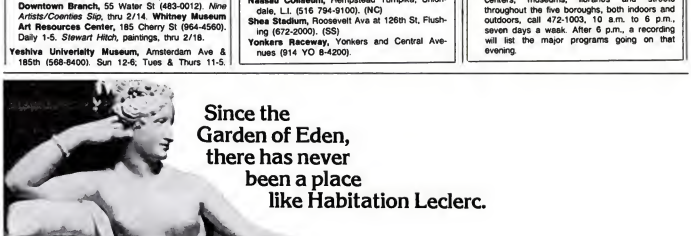
Is God He?–Betty Friedan discusses this question with leading theologians at Town Hall, 2/7 at 8.

Westminster Dog Show–Madison Square Garden, 2/11 & 2/12, 9 a.m.-10 p.m. 132 different breeds & varieties, including 4 that are being shown for the first time. Over 3,000 dogs should satisfy even the most avid dog-lovers.

Conversations with Women Writers–92nd St. YM-YWHA, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000). Erica Jong & Nancy Millord, 2/12 at 8.

Westbeth Tours–Those who take this tour are invited to meet professional artists, to see the works being created, and to talk with them about their work. A visit to the galleries is also included. 463 West St. (691-0488). $4.

Free Events in NYC Information Number–To learn about free events in parks, recreation centers, museums, libraries and streets throughout the five boroughs, both indoors and outdoors, call 472-1003, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., seven days a week. After 6 p.m., a recording will list the major programs going on that evening.



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NEW YORK

The New York Actor: The Truth About Us Is in Our Stars

By Harold Clurman

"...Actors are precisely what Shakespeare called them: they are 'the abstract and brief chronicles of the times'..."

Actors today speak of their "image." They used to say "type." Movies and TV make "image" the more appropriate term. Actors concerned about their "image" have casting directors rather than the audience in mind: "How do those who can employ me see me?"

"Type" or "image" has never been of prime importance to me as a director. Yet the idea of the actor as image has often occurred to me in another sense. While Byron and Shelley make us think of English romanticism, there was in their day no equivalent in drama, except Edmund Kean, to whom Coleridge and other literary giants paid tribute as one of their kin.

This leads to a further thought: actors are precisely what Shakespeare called them, "the abstract and brief chronicles of the times." In every period there are a few actors who, though they may not be outstanding as artists, nevertheless embody some aspect of their era; they are its reflections and "images." Think of Lillian Russel: she is a legend we associate with Diamond Jim Brady and other tycoons of the eighties and the nineties of the last century. It was a time when a rapacious acquisitiveness was bursting out all over the land. The large undulant lines of her body, the splendor of her hairdo, the opulent creaminess of her skin, and a certain decorum in public behavior awoke images of flowing champagne, jeweled corsages, uninhibited expenditure.

For youth today "personalities" in entertainment are chiefly those seen in films and on TV—or pop singers. Bob Dylan in his appearance, his lyrics, his musical mode, surely conveys something of the unrest and protest of the sixties. Even more pointedly, the state of the theater resembles the state of the nation. Most of the images we contemplate on the stage and screen nowadays are physically or spiritually squashed—not a happy thought, I admit. But no one but a blinded fool would fail to recognize that these are hard times, which is why for surcease we turn to old films and plays. We are succumbing to nostalgia.

Under these circumstances, the disheartened may still ask: what about the actors of tomorrow, the still unknown? Due to the straitened condition of all the entertainment media, I see them (apart from off-off Broadway appearances) driving cabs, serving as cashiers and waiters in restaurants or as hosts, hostesses, and hat check attendants. But they still want to act and one day we shall surely see them doing so—somewhere. All is not lost.

Considered in this light even an impressionistic summary of "show business" might prove not simply a history of actors but of America itself. One would have to include the minstrel shows in their heyday between 1851 and 1870, the showboats on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the "troubadours" of the bars in the Old West, the pageants of Buffalo Bill, Burlesk, from which some of our best comics sprang before they graduated to vaudeville, the influence of our East Side Yiddish theater, the emergence of notable black actors (Charles Gilpin, Paul Robeson, James Earl Jones), singers, and musicians. Obviously a thorough study cannot be undertaken here. But a sketch of the idea is possible.

We begin this history with a prologue. At the outset it takes place on the stage. The scene, too, must be New York because our city since at least the 1840's has been the center of all American theater enterprise.

The first permanent New York playhouse, the John Street Theater, opened in 1767 at the tip of Manhattan with Farquahar's *The Beaux Strategem*. The second and more important downtown house, the Park Theater, was opened in 1798 with *As You Like It*; the production which followed it was *The School for Scandal*. This theater burned down in 1848. Its place was taken in 1874 by another theater of the same name on Broadway and 22nd Street.

Two things should be noted in this bare information. The first is that with the growth of the city, the theatet kept moving uptown until 1893, when the now demolished Empire Theater on Broadway and 40th Street was opened by Charles Frohman and the still present Lyceum on 46th east of Broadway was built by Charles's older brother Daniel, who opened it in 1903. The Republic Theater on 42nd Street, now a grind movie house, built by the elder Oscar Hammerstein, opened in 1900. These were beginnings of the ascending line of "legitimate" playhouses which, electrified, gave Broadway its title as "the great white way" and made it synonymous with theater in America.

Second: our earliest theaters were built by English "immigrants," the first plays were English, the first actors as well. London has never been far away from our stage. This may be readily understood: our early settlers thought the theater immoral. When there is work to be done—the pioneers had "homes" to build—little time is left for the luxury of playgoing. Only wastrels or a select number of rich on the Eastern seaboard (in New York especially) or foreigners like the French in New Orleans were given to such frivolity. Despite all strictures, performances were permitted, particularly in Boston, where they were called "readings": the word has a religious or respectable sound.

But enough. With the scene set, we can pick up the story—following its, and our, development from then to now.

It's a riot! *"Let American actors do the American acting," was the cry in 1849, when Bowery toughs and other champions of our first star, Edwin Forrest, clobbered partisans of the English actor Macready in front of the Astor Place "opera house."*

THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

It's a ball! *Partying blacks fell through the ceiling of a downtown dance hall and tangled with rival Irish downstairs in "The Mulligan Guards' Ball," an 1879 spectacular by Harrigan and Hart, founders of American musical comedy.*

Our Stars and Ourselves. Into the New Century: Class Rumbles, Immigrant Vitality . . .

Our first outstanding native *star* was Edwin Forrest. He reached the peak of his popularity between 1836 and 1850. He was American with a vengeance, the emblem of a rugged land. He had "lungs of prodigious power" and he used them not only to act, but to assert his Americanism. He placed our banner on his playbills. What was his acting like? That perennial Puritan William Winter, who began his career as a dramatic critic in 1861 and ended it in 1909, described Forrest as "a vast animal bewildered by a grain of genius." In his photos he looks like a scowling pugilist. No wonder the Bowery ruffians, and other good men and true, championed him. On his account they demonstrated with bloody violence

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Edwin Forrest

against Macready, the English tragedian, when he appeared at the Astor Place "opera house" in 1849. They were eager to pronounce still another declaration of independence. One writer held that "Forrest should be decorated by the profession for having driven out Macready because the time had come when American actors would do the American acting."

The theater had belatedly become a self-conscious American institution. If not yet refined, it was certainly robust. The elite might still hold English "style" in high esteem, but "true" Americans prided themselves on their unbridled vigor, energy, muscle. Andrew Jackson for President rather than John Quincy Adams.

Still, we were advancing in "cultivation." Edwin Booth, who began as something of a roisterer like his English actor father, soon developed into a gentleman and an authentic tragedian respected abroad as well as at home. He was free of Forrest's bombast: his interpretations were carefully studied, his readings modulated, his manner introspective. His entire posture was that of an artist who aimed to give his calling standing among the worldly and the educated. To establish this attitude in our society, he presented his house in Gramercy Park to the newly founded Players Club just as a century earlier in London, David Garrick had done, so that "mummers" and "gentlemen" might have a common meeting place.

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Edwin Booth

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Joseph Jefferson

It is a significant fact that the most "naturalistic" of our actors in the mid-nineteenth century, Joseph Jefferson, should have made his greatest success in 1866 as "Rip Van Winkle." Rip didn't feel at home in the "new" America. For, though most Americans were proud of the great strides toward power the country was making after the Civil War, there was a certain foreboding which Emerson, Whitman, Mark Twain, and Henry Adams also expressed. There was too much bumptious bluster, which turned many folk to a sentimental recollection of a time when the country was simple, quiet, rural, and quaint.

Between the eighties and 1914 New York grew not only sophisticated but "classy." This was exemplified by John Drew, the Players Club's third president. (Joe Jefferson had been the second.) Drew was meticulously tailored in dress and speech. In a word, he was debonair. His acting was marked by high-society polish. His wit was not as pronounced or as dry as its London model, though derived from it. If it smacked of the upper social stratum, it had a New York friendliness about it, a touch of democratic affability. Drew attracted the "carriage trade," which attended all the Labor Day openings

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John Drew

at the Empire Theater no matter what the play—usually smooth London fare. He was the glass of fashion. Those who possessed the means cut their cloth and manners to his pattern: the others looked down on him from the second balcony in bemused admiration.

We cannot say of Otis Skinner (1858-1942) that he presents so exact an image of a historical moment; he was not a type that could be summed up in a phrase. But he had the graceful ebullience, the easy swagger, and the unaffected dignity which were the most sympathetic features of our late nineteenth-century citizenry.

Otis Skinner

Actors then acquired not only "etiquette" but education. Notable in this respect was William Gillette: he attended N.Y.U., Boston University, and Massachusetts Institute of Fine Arts. He was praised for "underacting." Playwright as well as actor, he was famous for his Sherlock Holmes and for having continued with his career after several retirements from it.

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William Gillette

Among performers who were thought "intellectual" was Mrs. Fiske. She fought the good fight on behalf of Ibsen, who, for many of the critics before the First World War, was a dirty as well as a dolorous old man. Further proof of her talent was the fact that she starred in one of the more literate comedies of the period (1906), Langdon Mitchell's *The New York Idea*—namely, divorce. And in 1908 she went so far as to appear in a play about the impoverished: Edward Sheldon's *Salvation Nell*. Obviously an emancipated woman.

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Minnie Maddern Fiske

Maude Adams

Most beloved of all actresses in those years was Maude Adams. She was the ideal of America's womanhood at the time: *sweet and pure*. She was also winsomely pretty, gently humorous, soft spoken, and she walked swiftly with light tread. She was our first Peter Pan. Publicly reticent, she was never mentioned in any scandal. Children as well as grownups worshipped her. An elfin princess, she could do no wrong.

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Richard Mansfield

At this time too there was an influx of foreign blood into our theatrical life, corresponding to the spate of immigration from Europe. Besides the guest appearances of the ubiquitous Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse, we received Richard Mansfield (1857-1907), born in Berlin, educated in England and on the Continent. His initial New York success was called *A Parisian Romance*, in which he played a French roué, and he was our first Cyrano de Bergerac. Mansfield introduced Bernard Shaw to America with his performances in *Arms and the Man* and *The Devil's Disciple*. His career ended with the first New York production of *Peer Gynt*.

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Alla Nazimova

Russian-born Alla Nazimova fortified Ibsen's "cause" by playing his most memorable women. She also added a note of exoticism to our galaxy. There was something of the *femme fatale* about her. This was especially evident at the beginning of her career, but it was to some extent noticeable when she played Christine in *Mourning Becomes Electra*. These actors brought Europe closer to us and increased our world-consciousness.

The seeds of cosmopolitanism sown in the late nineteenth century and in the years immediately preceding the First World War sprouted and flowered shortly after its end. The twenties were to mark America's coming-of-age through its new dramatists: Eugene O'Neill and others. But just as significant were the actors, who were equally responsive to the changes in the social environment.

The two main features of the twenties were a popping euphoria and a mounting hysteria: gaiety and neurosis. Everybody seemed to be having a grand time with little thought of the morrow. A few highbrows worried if it was all real and could endure. Representative of the first state were the nightclubs, the musicals, the revues, especially the *Ziegfeld Follies*. The troubled soul—apart from O'Neill's plays—was to be discerned in the acting of John Barrymore.

In the *Follies*, besides the silks, satins, and glorified girls, there was a marvelous array of comedians integral with the gaiety of the nation. Eddie Cantor was a jumping jack with a

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Eddie Cantor

Fannie Brice

MOVIE STAR NEWS

heart, forever "makin' whoopee." Fannie Brice convulsed us with the wry humors of the city, though she occasionally disclosed some of the sadness which lay beneath the frolic. Will Rogers, the West as New Yorkers liked to envision it at that moment, prodded us with laconic witticisms, delivered as casually as the manipulation of his lasso, witticisms with a painlessly cutting edge.

Prohibition and drunkenness constituted an odd couple. It produced a crazy progeny. W. C. Fields spoke sooth in hilarious insanity. Groucho

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Will Rogers

Marx was a misanthrope in zany disguise. In this period of great commercial prosperity, fast-talking salesmanship struck the keynote for all activities. Marx was its derisive voice: he turned selling against itself in a manner which was still a form of salesmanship. His jokes were devastating, but they were so funny no one could recog-

MOVIE STAR NEWS

W. C. Fields

nize their lethal force. Joe Cook, with his "partner" Dave Chasen, blandly spoofed the useless functionalism of our machines. Ed Wynn, with innocent idiocy, provided an image which accepted itself as a delightful norm. Ann Pennington's

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Groucho Marx

bright eyes were as much a stimulant as her dimpled knees. Marilyn Miller was a gracious sign of pleasure without regret and without vulgarity, an in-

MOVIE STAR NEWS

toxicant of sweet savor. Al Jolson combined domestic Jewish sentimentality with Lindy's-restaurant nudging and black-faced schmaltz. He and his Broadway audiences were one big goofy and self-gratified family. The clown without care and uninhibited laughter was Bert Lahr. Adele and Fred Astaire lent the entire picture a trim smartness, a cocktail-hour insouciance and flow. "Is everybody happy?" the saxophonist Ted Lewis asked, and though the question was itself enough to provoke some doubt, the answer had to be "Yes!"

Al Jolson (with Ruby Keeler)

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George M. Cohan began his his life's work in vaudeville and peaked it in O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* He stands at the head of the bridge which connects the years before World War I and those immediately following. He was in every sense a song-and-dance man, Broadway incarnate, ambitious, jaunty, shrewd, with a smile that covered a multitude of shows. When Cohan produced a flop he would say on opening night, "I had a lot of fun putting it on; I'll have lots of fun taking it off"—and do a jig. He was like an inscription on a coin reading "America is O.K."

George M. Cohan

But the two best actors of the day, John Barrymore and Laurette Taylor, reflected a different side of the times. Barrymore, who had earlier begun his career as a light comedian, captivatingly handsome, insidiously bright, proved himself a tragedian in 1916 with a harrowingly intense performance as an unfortunate bank clerk in John Galsworthy's *Justice.* In 1917 he played a dramatization of Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*; in 1918 he played Tolstoy's *Redemption*; in 1919, *The Jest*, an Italian piece about men of the Renaissance, and, in the twenties, *Richard III* and *Hamlet*. Despite the old vintage of these plays, Barrymore's acting was wholly contemporary. It was instinct with twentieth-century mockery and anguish. The man was demonic, and princely withal.

Barrymore could not tolerate the strain of giving himself wholly night after night to such a part as Hamlet. He defected to films, to which he brought his original endowments and gave performances of stirring effect. But he soon tired of this too and set about destroying himself with self-hatred and contempt for his profession and his public.

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John Barrymore

Our Stars and Ourselves. The Twenties: Roaring—With Laughter and Pain . . .

All the Barrymores breathed regality. This was especially true of Ethel, high-minded in banter as in sorrow. Lionel too—even when he guyed himself in his last years in pictures—always conveyed masterfulness. John, however, was contemporary in something more than in neurosis. There have been many good-looking actors on our stage and screen who were said to possess "sex appeal." But Barrymore's acting was in itself essentially erotic. The generation of the twenties carried on as if it had invented sex. Our present "sexual revolution" is mere carelessness, display, bravado, rather than a manifestation of any deep-seated sensuality. Barrymore's eroticism predicated pain and defeat. His Hamlet was "Freudian," and Freud in the twenties had become our prophet.

GRANGER COLLECTIONS

Laurette Taylor

Laurette Taylor, too, was an actress whose first successes harked back to an earlier period. But while she possessed infinite charm, a hesitant pertness, and a refreshing honesty, the rounded womanliness of her personality did not become altogether evident till the twenties.

Women won suffrage in 1919 and achieved a measure of "freedom" in the ensuing years, but they were by no means liberated. There was in Laurette Taylor's acting the unself-conscious pathos of woman as victim—and forever indomitable. She contained a treasure of humanity rarely given currency in the man's world. She spoke as if what she experienced and thought would fall on deaf ears if she enunciated it fully. This made her appear almost "mute," which gave her acting heartbreaking poignancy. Her eyes declared more than her speech; they transmitted the secret message of woman's soul.

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Ethel Barrymore

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Jeanne Eagels

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Pauline Lord

Plainer and still more repressed was Pauline Lord. She seemed frightened by the anarchy of male aggressiveness in the years of America's most clamorous success. For all her reticence and withdrawal from self-declaration, Taylor was still a "lady." Pauline Lord (who first won special acclaim in O'Neill's *Anna Christie*) was closer to the underprivileged worker in city and farm, but she too expressed a feminine sensibility that had not yet achieved social resonance.

Ethel Barrymore was a queen—the great lady who stood above the prevailing vulgarity. Lynn Fontanne was an "establishment," demonstrating that in the midst of the hurly-burly, high tone as well as *haute couture* existed among us. Helen Hayes, a powerful pixy, showed that cuteness still did not mean a loss of American strength, just as Ruth Gordon, who began as a mouse, turned out to be a minuscule powerhouse. But others of our best actresses couldn't "take it." The "it" I refer to is the rough and tumble of our modern society. They retired or died early. One of the most entrancing among them was Jeanne Eagels, the unforgettable Sadie Thompson in *Rain*. She possessed the

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Helen Hayes

gilded patina which camouflaged the neurosis of the day. She looked like a laughing sprite, but some secret torment seemed to be gnawing at her innards. She, too, was possessed of a true, rather than a publicized or cosmetic, sexuality.

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Katharine Cornell

Katharine Cornell was the picture of ladylike glamour. In the twenties she had a stained-glass sultriness about her, a romantic mystery in the velvet of her voice and the suave glide of her movements. But this was decoration rather than fire. She was idolized by all middle-class ladies of good repute.

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Alfred Lunt

With John Barrymore's flight to the West, Alfred Lunt took over his reign. Softer than Barrymore, Lunt had something of that feminine quotient which was at the heart of the twenties. Lunt's forte was keenly observant comedy: his characterizations were remarkably varied, with a leaning to salon worldliness which suited the partygoing habit of the time. But there was also a quality of dismay and retreat from the turbulence of it all, which in a strong-looking man has a lyric appeal. If Barrymore was the tragedian of the twenties, Lunt was its masked comedian in whom pathos was to be discerned around the edges.

Came the Depression. The party was over: there were bankruptcies, protests, and quasi-militant marches. But paradoxically enough, though half our playhouses were converted to other than their former uses, the theater was not depressing. It was renewing its faith. "Life shouldn't be printed on dollar

MOVIE STAR NEWS

John Garfield

bills," Clifford Odets, the decade's dramatic spokesman, proclaimed, and quoted Isaiah's "Awake and sing, ye who dwell in the dust." The Group Theater was the signal stage organization of the theater, and of its company I would choose Jules (later John) Garfield as typical of its forward-looking spirit. He was both crude and gentle, energetic and tender: his speech punctured by malapropisms made a strange sort of music. There was in him a passion for companionship, sentiment without mushiness, gutsiness without pugnacity, a confused rebelliousness in the name of love.

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Tallulah Bankhead

The forties were a watershed. Wartime effort gave them zest. Shots of prosperity reminiscent of the twenties exploded in the drainpipes; flurries from the thirties fed anti-Fascist fervor and watered the roots of reform. Tallulah Bankhead, who had returned from England, added her lustre and power in 1939 to the serious drama of Lillian Hellman, to the cunning gaiety of Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*, her brashness to Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, and in the ebb-tide of the theater's stability, she yielded to the dubious pleasure of self-parody.

The movement to the golden West which began in the twenties increased in the thirties and reached flood proportions in the forties. The actors of the late forties and early fifties were of a new kind. They were no longer the obviously stunning beauties which producers still believed were the only ones who could achieve stardom.

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Judy Holliday

In 1946 Judy Holliday, up from the Greenwich Village underground of the thirties (the rebellious "proletarian" of the period seen as heartrending waif), endeared herself to us in *Born Yesterday* through a down-to-earth humor, a delightful quirkiness and forthrightness, together with a questioning will held in check by a flicker of bewilderment and a pathos without complaint.

A perilous deflation in the theater and a diminution of the ardent spirit of the thirties and forties revealed itself as we entered the dull days of Eisenhower placidity and the dread days of the McCarthy terror. Still, there were actors who, though largely unaware of politics, betrayed through the quiver of their innermost selves the ravages of the time. Maureen Stapleton has something of Laurette Taylor's palpitant hurt, and rich resources of laughter in which to conceal it. Her natural openheartedness brings to her acting an element of purity ignorant of the makers of her wound—thus all the more moving and funny. Kim Stanley, supreme in the employment of a special technique (the Method?) is a well of emotion, almost morbidly jangled and affecting. She is one of our most profoundly gifted actresses.

Though less complete in vocal, elocutionary, and classical training than John Barrymore, Marlon Brando possesses a talent of a very high order. There is in everything he does a vein of suffering. Though he can do nothing else, he, like Barrymore, does not like to act; it

Julie Harris, the wholesome feminine still unspoiled by the encroaching decay in 1950, came to the attention of the Broadway scene as a beguiling urchin in *The Member of the Wedding*. Intensely committed to her profession, she always has something shiningly bright, singingly youthful, humorous, and touching in her acting.

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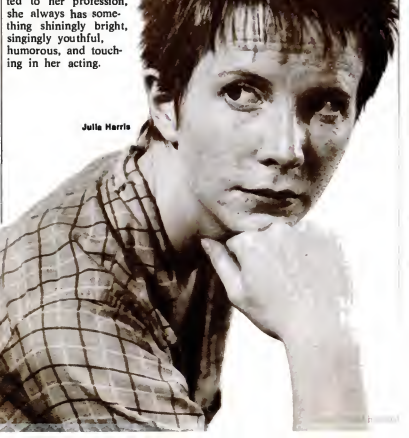

Julie Harris

extracts too much from his innermost self. His acute intuition of what people are really like under the surface gives him an extraordinary capacity for subtle characterization. Even the rage which sometimes flares in him is mitigated by compassion.

The traits noted in all these latter-day actors correspond to what still remains of uncontaminated sentience in our era of shattered ideals and moral disarray. It maintains itself against the blatant roar of confusion, the muddied jeering, the explosion of contempt, ridicule, and insult which marked the mood of the sixties that has not yet entirely abated.

Brando abandoned the theater in 1950. There are too few good new plays for actors to appear in now, and producers rarely undertake the best of the old ones. There has been a steady breakdown throughout the entertainment industries, so that actors switch from one area to another. This may explain the vogue of solo pop personalities and musical combos. When we speak of star images today, we summon them from films and TV rather than from the stage.

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Marlon Brando

I prefer not to dwell on actors like Gary Cooper, who were exclusively engaged in films, nor of that sex symbol Mae West, whom I first saw on stage in *Diamond Lil*. Still, it is inescapable that Charlie Chaplin's course describes every change in our social climate from 1913 to 1957: the "little man" totally overlooked at first, who fought the Kaiser in *Shoulder Arms*, was rediscovered in the *City Lights* of the Depression, became enmeshed in the mechanisms of *Modern Times*, was caught in the toils of fascism in *The Great Dictator*, later turned into the economically agonized and desperately murderous bourgeois of *Monsieur Verdoux*, and was finally transfigured as the well-born "citizen" suspected of subversiveness in *A King in New York*. In 1928 Clark Gable acted in *Machinal*, a play about the murder of a man by his wife, who had taken a lover. Gable played this lover: there wasn't a wicked bone in his body. He was all relaxed good nature and easygoing masculinity. All his life he remained the epitome of the good guy, well-wishing, sincere, unburdened by thought.

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Clark Gable

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James Cagney

In 1925 I saw Jimmy Cagney in *Outside Looking In*, a play about hobos by Maxwell Anderson. He played a minor part, and all that remains of him in my memory was his friendly smile. Later I saw him in one of the editions of *The Grand Street Follies*, in which the chief impression he made was that of a most likable hoofer.

Cagney was always the New York Irish boy whose relaxed neighborliness was compacted with horse sense. He was the kid around the corner who was sure to make good because, though of "shanty" stock, he preserved some of the breed's integrity and grit. Cagney was able to play a hood and do ugly things (pushing a grapefruit into his silly girlfriend's face) without striking us as despicable. He may have been a bluffer, but he was never a faker. Even as a racketeer, he was somehow straight. He was not a bit like George M. Cohan, except for the touch of Irish blarney, but he was able to impersonate Cohan and make him seem less "showshop," less calculating—indeed, much nicer than the original.

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Humphrey Bogart

Humphrey Bogart, who began his career in white flannel comedy parts, first came to general attention in 1935 as the lisping and laconically menacing gunman of *The Petrified Forest*. His eyes, ever since, looked out at the world with sullen comprehension and a no-fooling skepticism. He didn't trust anyone too far; he just sat back and waited. He was the "cool" one, a type which always holds us in firm grip. Men admire it; women, it is said, like it.

Our Stars and Ourselves. Midcentury to Now: Tough, Honest, Street Smart, Seething . . .

Spencer Tracy

Spencer Tracy was always the straight goods. In 1929 he played a prisoner in *The Last Mile* destined to die in the electric chair. He looked as if he could take over and demolish the jail. He was the "universal" American: honest, calm, considerate, strong, free of all phoniness. There was in him no petty motive or concealed malice. He was a *man*. Most actors today have something forever boyish (or unripe) about them. They appear to lack integrated personality capable of an informed and resolute confrontation with the world.

George C. Scott has, abrasively, some of Tracy's seasoned stature in which the brain, no matter how troubled, and the heart, no matter how affected, still preserve wholeness. In this regard we must not overlook Edward G. Robinson, whose virile reliability always commanded respect.

Katherine Hepburn

Katharine Hepburn is, of course, above "suspicion"! She stands apart from contemporaneity, aloof and somehow removed from reality, untouched by present time, new fashion, or modern grime. She is immaculate, antiseptic, superbly pristine. She is like a flag our countrymen—even more, our countrywomen—cannot help but salute. If she didn't exist, we would have to invent her because for all the noise we make, we sense our shabbiness.

The typical male images today are neither good nor bad guys: they are plain guys—Walter Matthau and Elliott Gould. Matthau, an excellent actor, is totally without veneer; he is just "people." His very lack of "distinction" makes us feel at home with him. Gould has the oafishness of the fellow we are likely to bump into on a crowded street. We tend to sympathize with such types today because we suspect "artificiality" in the old-time heroes.

Elliott Gould

George C. Scott

Paul Newman

Robert Redford

Jack Lemmon

Among the exceptions to this are Paul Newman, Jack Lemmon, and Robert Redford. Without being "special," Newman strikes us in all circumstances as honorable. Lemmon is the clean-cut (college-trained) businessman, no better or worse than you or me. Robert Redford is a golden boy without frills, virtuous only to the extent that we believe it not too uppity to be.

The mini-goddess of the moment may well be Debbie Reynolds. (Despite mixed or poor notices of her show, *Irene*, she played to extraordinary multitudes.) She is worshipped by "Middle America," especially the suburbanites of New York and New Jersey, rarely seen in Broadway theaters. She has spunk: iron will in the guise of sweetness and a familiar accommodation to home standards of our most widespread "masses." She is Nixon's girl.

Debbie Reynolds

That fine actor Dustin Hoffman represents the honest young man frazzled by and somehow backing away from the trashy landscape in which he (and we) are currently captive. He maintains a puzzled rectitude in the face of neglect and deceit. He suffers the humiliations of our civilization without any fundamental loss of decency.

Dustin Hoffman

Al Pacino, on the other hand, is angry. He wants to get even with some insult or abuse to which he had been subjected before we made his acquaintance. There is danger in him; we fear an explosion. He suggests the possibility of revolution. For the time being he is holding the fire we see in his eyes. Yet we half believe that there might be some gain or relief if he did explode, for we, too, feel betrayed and have cause for a fierce rejection of "the way things are."

Photographed by Dan Wynn.

Man of our time: *Al Pacino, on New York's mean streets.*

Catherine Deneuve for Chanel
N°5
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PERFUME
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A New Breed Of New York Actor

By Julie Bovasso

"... The best of the new breed are tougher, more individual, more independent, harder to mold into a public image..."

The bar at Jimmy Ray's runs east to west, with the south side facing the bottles. I am seated at the east end staring into my glass where I swear I am seeing tiny horned devils figure-skating on the ice cubes and little demon elves with pointed ears, all of whom bear a curious resemblance to Joseph Papp, who in my mind at this moment has got to be the American theater's most prominent two-way egg. I am winding down, after a heavy trip at the Vivian Beaumont Theater. Here I sit, I am saying to myself, as I watch this water ballet in a bourbon glass: twenty years in the theater, playwright-director-actress, experimental theater innovator, eight-time award winner, nifty track record, and that double-clocking jacklegged raccoon has just done a Double XX on my head and fired me as director of the opening production at the Vivian Beaumont Theater. Oh, well, that's Showbiz. You win a few and you lose a few. So go to Jimmy's and have a drink. It's one of the places you go to at times like this.

The place is jumping, as it usually is at 10:30 p.m., after the shows have broken. Seated on my right is Kevin Conway, winding down after a performance in *Red Ryder*. Sealed in a nearby booth are Morning, Noon, and Night: playwrights Israel Horovitz, Terrence McNally, and Leonard Melfi, and they are rapping with Bobby Drivas and Paul Benedict, who have just dropped in after a rehearsal of McNally's play *Bad Habits*. Victor Arnold is in the rear having dinner with his girlfriend. From time to time somebody stops to shake his hand or slap him on the back for his performance as Roy Scheider's sidekick in *The Seven-Ups*. Sally Kirkland, recently returned from the West Coast after completing the role of the burlesque stripper in *The Sting*, is at the west end of the bar with playwright John Ford Noonan and Billy Devane.

Beside them is Jack Kehoe talking to Jill Clayburgh, just signed for the female lead opposite Brian Bedford in *Jumpers*, Tom Stoppard's new play. Kehoe, also recently back from the West Coast after filming on *The Sting*, is talking about the Hollywood image-makers:

"They've got this personality machine out there, y' know?" says Jackie. "You sit in front of this special camera and make a lot of faces. Then they decide who you are and they get a big rubber stamp and smash it in your kisser. You're branded for life. 'Ah,' they say, 'here's another new face we can ruin with overexposure for the next five years.'" Laughter. Jackie goes on. "And for what? You see some of the stuff on the TV these days? No dialogue. No acting. Just a lot of guys running in and out of cars. If I wanted to spend five years of my life doing that, I'd have become a parking lot attendant, not an actor." More laughter.

The door opens and Michael Moriarty walks in. It's his first time in Jimmy Ray's since his spectacular reviews for *Find Your Way Home*. There is suddenly a lot of back-slapping, embracing, and hand-shaking. However much the libel may persist that actors are the ultimate egomaniacs, preoccupied with themselves, indifferent, if not actively hostile, to other actors who get good reviews, the fact is that most actors tend to rejoice for another actor when times are good, and will help keep spirits up when times are bad because every actor has been on both ends. There are what might be called unwritten rules in the business: never bad-mouth a fellow actor when he's down, because it could be you just as well, and always talk it up big when he's good, because every little bit helps. The actor who finds satisfaction in another actor's bad luck is known in the business, quite simply, as a crumb. Nobody makes eye contact; he's frozen out until he gets the message. Cool it, okay? So the guy was bad. Weren't you ever bad? What are you trying to do, wreck his career and send him back to making starvation tours on the tank trail—one-night stands in high school auditoriums in towns with populations of less than ten—something no self-respecting actor would wish on a performing dog.

Actors go to places like Jimmy Ray's in order to get away from the public and to talk about simple things, like man-eating salt water fish:

NOONAN: "You ever see a barracuda up close?"

DEVANE: "No, but I swam into a school of sharks once."

In Jimmy Ray's, or in Joe Allen's, or the Haymarket, or Casey's in the Village, or the Cedar Tavern on University Place, or in Phebe's on the Bowery—in short, in any actors' hangout in New York—a big star like Paul Newman can walk in the door without anybody doing handstands; he can sit down and order a beer like a human being and wind down with the rest of the group, safely leaving his public image at the door. For this reason, tourists and civilians (which is everybody not in the business) are not especially welcome. They upset the vibes.

The hangouts favored by New York actors are like different clubhouses belonging in the same league. And make no mistake: as far as acting is concerned, New York is still the big league —the place the elite of the profession call home.

Fifteen years ago or so, when the television industry folded its New York operations and moved west, there followed a mass exodus of actors—good actors with families to support; bad actors who couldn't get arrested, let alone get work, on a live stage; others who automatically go where the money is, and those who simply preferred the climate and who now only appear wrapped in cellophane on the vege-

"... An astonishing number of the most promising actors around at present are home-grown stuff, born and raised in New York..."

Photographed by Dan Wynn

table stands of supermarkets. As a result, "New York actor" has come to mean the actor who stuck it out on a rough track. You put in your time, pay your dues, and keep your base on the East Coast. To be known as a New York actor is a distinction, and it has to be earned, because every New York actor knows that any legitimate performer who manages to survive in this town for more than ten minutes has got to have something special going. The main difference between the New York actor and, say, the "Coast" actor is his commitment to live theater.

For the 9,000 members of Actors' Equity in New York today, and God alone knows how many others eager to get in, acting is in one important respect—staying alive—the same hassle it has always been. Only a handful can pick and choose their next assignment. The rest live by their wits and ride the waves. Television commercials, voice-overs, and soap operas are the only sources of income in the business for the actor who is between plays or work on a major film. Most actors will hustle for these bread-and-butter jobs even when they are running on Broadway in a hit. So-called "Class A" television commercials, where the money is, are not easy to come by. Some actors I know say that making a commercial compares, unfavorably, with rape: "Never again, man. It was humiliating, like being ravaged in the worst way. I'm an actor, not some goddamned puppet freak." Others are more practical: "So what? I go in, I do it, I take the money and run. It beats working in Macy's."

Paul Benedict hasn't needed to do a commercial in about five years, but he remembers that his adjustment was to treat them like children's theater. "You have to approach them from the standpoint of performing, not acting," Benedict says. "You can't give of yourself or it will break your heart. Children's theater, that's all they are." Still, the money's good, if you can get it. One Class A commercial can bring in as much as $5,000 in residuals in a year for one day's shooting. If an actor has two or more of these going for him, he is home free to concentrate on important things, like developing himself as an actor and building his career with some care, which might mean a lot of work for little or no money in showcases and workshops in lofts, basements, and small theaters all over town. These often lead to other things. I remember an evening three years ago when Walter McGinn, now appearing in *The Iceman Cometh*, came down to see his friend Kevin Conway in my play, *Mercury Island*. We met at Phebe's afterward and talked about working together sometime in the near future. "As soon as I finish this workshop I'm doing now, over at the Public Theater," said Walter. The workshop turned out to be *That Championship Season*.

The Public Theater is probably the most important arena in New York for actors trying to build a legitimate career, and Joseph Papp is probably the most powerful name among actors in New York. Feelings toward "Joe" vary among actors, and these feelings depend upon Joe's feelings toward particular actors. When Joe likes an actor, he will go all the way. There is nothing Joe wouldn't do to help an actor he likes. He is that kind of guy—warm, paternal, supportive, democratic. At the same time, if he happens not to like an actor, there is nothing that matches his ability to wipe that actor from the face of earth. He simply doesn't exist for Joe. He can be called in for as many as twelve auditions and never get hired, despite a reputation and despite a good track record and despite the enthusiasm of the director of the play. But that can change, too, in a matter of minutes. I have seen Joe spin on a dime and reverse his feelings in mid-air. Every actor in the business knows—and it has become something of a running gag by now—that Joe once fired Al Pacino from a play called *Huui, Huui*. "He can't act," Joe said. So Joe fired him. But Al Pacino adores Joe, and it is safe to say that the feeling is mutual. Pacino's performance in David Rabe's *Pavlo Hummel* in Boston is still talked about around the Public Theater as a masterpiece of acting.

Papp is indeed one of our theater's most prominent feathered snakes, but like all snakes he sheds his skin from time to time and one can glimpse the human being, someone trying to get crosstown like the rest of us, and as frantic and panic-stricken and lonely as the actor he may cut down in his tracks. Or the director.

Apart from the problems of staying alive and the discouraging employment statistics from Actors' Equity, this period impresses me as one of the most important and exciting times for actors in New York. I can't help feeling that something new and quite extraordinary has finally taken shape and is finding its way onto the scene. In a process that has been slowly unfolding for at least ten years, we have been witnessing the emergence of an absolutely brand-new breed of New York actor. The best of them, the most accomplished and the most consistently employed, are tougher, more individual, more independent, harder to pin down or mold into a public image, and more on top of the system than any of their predecessors. In addition, they appear to be on their way to reconciling two divergent principles which have always represented one of the greatest conflicts that actors face: acting as an art form and acting as big business. They seem to stand in the center and look at themselves in relation to their work with a healthy perspective. The following dialogue is taken from a late-night rap at the Cedar Tavern. Jill Clayburgh is speaking:

"You see these old stars. What've they got? Swimming pools and faces lifted up to there. Who wants that? Not the young actors. You have to live with yourself day to day, so you have to respect what you're doing. Well, but who knows? Maybe all those old stars thought they were going to live forever."

Jack Kehoe adds: "I mean, how much money does one person need in this life? How many cars can you own? How many houses can you live in? I saw those TV series stars out on the coast riding around in their sports cars like kids with a ten-thousand-dollar toy, crashing into trees and driving off the edges of mountains because they're bored. They're not using themselves as actors anymore, and it all becomes about making money. You begin to use the money instead of using yourself."

"Acting as an art form is about revealing a human being and sharing that human being's existence with an audience," says Paul Benedict, "but living in America is about the system. An actor has to learn how to use the system." Or the system will use him.

Kevin Conway bears this out:

"We're all concerned about having our talent misused because we know how the system works. It buys up the best when it's young, squanders it over several seasons, then puts it into a salable mold forever after. Some of our best character actors of the last twenty years should be playing Lear instead of standing around on a screen sucking on a pipe."

I get the impression they know where it's at, and while they are all

Winding down: *Michael Moriarty (left), who has been collecting spectacular reviews in "Find Your Way Home," breaking bread at Joe Allen's with the owner.*

"...'That's about it for women—hookers, wives, or mothers. And they're never dimensional, fully realized characters, either'..."

Robert De Niro at Jimmy Ray's: *Shrugs, grunts, gestures . . . but far from inarticulate.*

looking out for Uncle Dudley, they are taking good care of their Muse.

There is a ripening here which probably owes a lot to the previous decade, which I have come to think of as the Suicidal Sixties—the decade in which an entire generation went hell-bent into doing it all today because the bomb might fall tomorrow. Doing it today meant doing it yourself and not waiting around for somebody else to do it for you. Actors like Stacy Keach and Sam Waterston headed downtown to the wild territory to work with young playwrights like Lanford Wilson, Rosalyn Drexler, and John Guare, who'd also stopped waiting around for Broadway and were breaking all the rules in Walter Kerr's book. Young newcomers like Al Pacino took off to the hills, where directors like William Ball and Ellis Rabb were establishing outposts in places like Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Washington, and San Francisco. And the Regional Theater came into being. Even the colleges and universities got into the act. Offerings in "theater arts" leading to degrees no longer were restricted to a few places like Carnegie Tech and U.C.L.A., because students were switching from business administration to theater courses by the hundreds. It seems that everybody was doing the thing that was buried in his gut in the sixties. It was the era of protest, and the protest was against death itself, which gave the age more than a mere touch of anarchy. And it was good because so much of it was so rotten that it made rottenness a part of reality.

We were fighting death in the sixties and we managed somehow to kill the real death, and then the real rottenness began to die. Broadway began to gasp for breath and empty theaters started renting out to Orange Julius. The big movie studios died but the independent film-makers kept 'em coming. Actors who'd never have gotten to first base in a commercial arena began appearing in major productions. Then Dustin Hoffman made *The Graduate* and the gods began emerging in human form. It was the beginning of the new breed.

An astonishing number of the most promising actors are home-grown stuff, New York born and raised, and many of these are from decidedly heavy ethnic backgrounds from every borough—Irish from Queens and Brooklyn, Jews from Brooklyn and the Bronx, Puerto Ricans from the Bronx and Manhattan, blacks from all the boroughs. And of course, Italians. In fact, there appears to be a rumor going around that this is our year, as evidenced, perhaps, by this little dialogue snatched out of a recent night at Jimmy Ray's:

"Hey, Bovassol" someone calls to me, for no good reason that I can recall. "Take a rest from playwriting and go back to acting. Don'tcha know this is the Year of the Wop?"

"Waddayamean, the Year of the Wop?" shouts Melfi, leaping to his feet. "This is the *Century* of the Wop, man! They're all playing our song. The spotlight's turned on Dante! Michelangelo! Pirandello!"

"And Joey Gallo," says McNally. "Sit down, Leonard, before you fall. Chrissakes, these guineas can't hold their booze. Give this kid six Jack Daniel's and he's singing *Pagliacci*. . . ."

"Wadda you know, you watery-eyed Mick!"

"Yeats! Shaw! Beckett!" shouts McNally.

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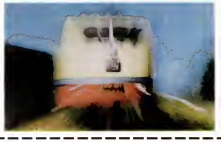

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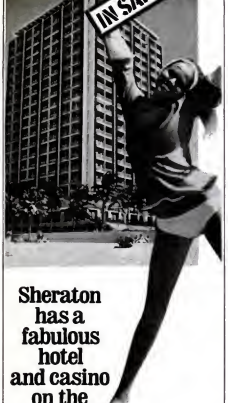

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"...Italians are emerging out of the stereotypes, moving up from supporting roles..."

"Puccini! Verdi! Da Vinci!"

"Sholem Aleichem!" yells a voice from the rear.

Actors of Italian descent have always been around in large numbers—Joe Bova, Jimmy Coco, Carmine Caridi, Charles Cioffi, Joseph Della Sorte, Vincent Gardenia, Rose Gregorio, Robert Loggia, Ben Piazza—just as actors of Irish, Jewish, and Anglo-Saxon origins have always been on the scene. But it is only within the last few years that the Italians have begun to break that ethnic mold which has been as difficult to crack as the image of the black as a "Stepinfetchit," of the Jew as a philosophizing candy store keeper, of the Irishman as priest or cop. Italians are at last emerging out of the stereotypes and moving up from supporting roles. Without even changing their names, some very heavy cake is moving to the center of the stage—Joe Bologna, Francesca deSapio, Rhoda Gemignani, Tony LoBianco, Paul Sorvino. But the biggest breakthrough of all is the heavyweights—Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

Somewhere up there in the Great Perhaps, right now, Ramon Novarro and Rudolph Valentino are having it out in an encounter session with Eduardo Ciannelli and Joseph Calleia, trying to get it together in their heads why they never got to play *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.*

VALENTINO: You were a disgrace to the Italians, Ciannelli. You allowed the Puritan Ethic to dump its dark side on the wops. We are more than gangsters, cutthroats, and whoremasters. We are poets, princes, lovers. . . .

CIANNELLI: Get lost, Valentino. You were nothing but a hotcha papa.

NOVARRO: He's right, Rudy. They only kept us around to melt down frigid Swedes. Sex objects, that's all we were.

CALLEIA: Let's face it. We were either lovers or gangsters. Me, I wanted to play *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.* Why couldn't it have been *Mr. Giambellino Goes to Washington?* Who's this Jimmy Stewart? What's he? Such a great actor? If I had him here right now, I'd break both his legs onna curb.

Those days are almost past believing to anyone who has seen De Niro as the handsome, lyrical, appealing lover in *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight,* or Johnny Boy, the hop-head thug in *Mean Streets,* which followed so quickly after his redneck baseball catcher in *Bang the Drum Slowly.* De Niro goes farther out on a limb and takes more risks than any actor I know. His range is startling. Pacino as the college-bred Mafioso in *The Godfather* is as different from the drifter in *Scarecrow* as he is from his magnificent portrayal in *Serpico.* This ability to encompass such a wide range of human experience and to transform so totally and so exquisitely is, of course, in the tradition of great acting. Whenever I see Pacino or De Niro on stage or on the screen, I say to myself—more with a feeling of release than a feeling of chauvinism—at last the Italian has broken through and is realizing himself as an artist. The type-casting which every ethnic actor has suffered through seems to be giving way to the actor as an individual, quite separated from the externals of his national origins, and quite free to be a great actor, if that is what he happens to be. And there is no doubt in my own mind that Pacino and De Niro are great actors. Quite simply, the year of the Italian, to me, means that the spirit of Salvini, Duse, Ristori, and Roscius himself is taking its place in this country alongside that of Edmund Kean, Edwin Forrest, the Booths, and Mrs. Siddons. That's why I feel it's a good time in New York for all actors despite the Actors' Equity statistics.

It is impossible to generalize about how New York actors break into the scene and begin to make their way in the business. Many actors spend years in formal training, others jump right in and learn from the oldest master, experience. Whenever my students at Sarah Lawrence College ask my advice on whom to study with after graduation, I generally tell them to treat New York City as one great big graduate school and to study with as many people as possible. But selectivity is important. While there are a number of really first-rate acting teachers in New York, there are also many who merely talk a lot at the rate of 100 bucks a month. And there is no such thing as The One Technique. The Actors Studio is no longer the only Method in town. Allan Miller, John Lehne, and Sanford Meisner will concentrate on aspects of technique that are treated quite differently but just as effectively by Warren Robertson, and yet still differently by Andre Gregory. I personally think it is necessary for an actor to (Continued on page 51)

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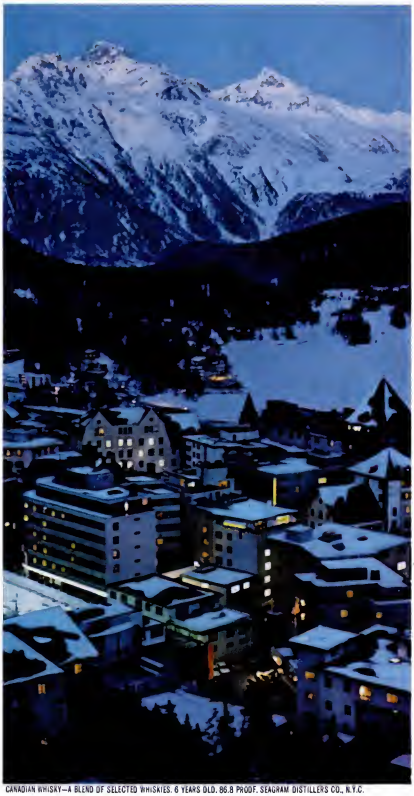

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(Continued from page 46) absorb several methods of work before arriving at the one which works for him.

Robert De Niro is an example of an actor with excellent training. His major studies were with Stella Adler, and he approaches his work like a master craftsman. Al Pacino's most important training came from Charles Laughton, with whom he also worked for many years in acting projects around New York before making the trek up to the Boston regional theater scene. However similar Pacino and De Niro may be in approach to their craft, the two of them pretty much sum up the different routes that New York actors take, and the varying backgrounds from which New York actors come, in order to reach the same point. De Niro is the product of a professional environment. Both his parents are artists, and it might be reasonable to assume that something of the Abstract Expressionist painting scene rubbed off on him, inasmuch as his father and mother were very much a part of that world in the fifties. Pacino, in contrast, lost his mother at a very young age and was raised in the Bronx under difficult conditions by his immigrant grandmother. But both men decided early to become actors—in their teens—and both kicked around the New York theater scene for at least ten years before becoming overnight successes.

A problem which shows no signs of being solved within the near future, either in Hollywood or in New York, is the serious dearth of good roles for women and the increasing number of serious women turning their backs on offers. Mari Gorman, most recently applauded by New York critics for her performance in *Hot L Baltimore*, and the recipient of numerous theater awards for her work during the last six or seven years, is leaving the business. She told me why over lunch at the Captain's Table recently.

"Roles for women are shallow, empty. There's nothing I can get behind, nothing written that I want to say." In the new Joseph Sargent film, *The Taking of Pelham 1-2-3*, Mari plays a hooker. "That's about it for women—hookers, wives, or mothers. And they are never dimensional, fully realized characters, either."

Francesca deSapio, who plays Robert De Niro's wife in *Godfather II*, puts it on the line. "*I* want to play the godfather. I want to play Serpico. Why can't the picture be about *me*, a woman!"

"Maybe it's just a matter of time," says Jill Clayburgh. "Maybe we just haven't been around long enough as independent people, so there really

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"...'Then the reporter got onto stuff like why'd Al break up with what's-her-name'..."

isn't that much to write about women yet, except as people in support of men."

"I'd go along with that. But unlike many women actors, I don't go along with the accepted idea that the hope for better roles for women lies in women playwrights, because women playwrights, like women actors, and women in general, have simply not been around long enough as independent people.

Many women actors today think it's rough being stereotyped as women. Think what it was like ten years ago for the ethnic woman actor—we were a stereotype within a stereotype. I mean, I got so discouraged slicing pizza in the background. . . .

If an actor isn't fighting off a demeaning stereotype, he—or she—is fighting off an unwanted public "God image."

Al Pacino and Robert De Niro are both known as "bad interviews." Reporters often find them uncommunicative, and both have been known to reply to questions with shrugs, hand gestures, unintelligible grunts, hums, sighs, and other strange sounds.

Robert De Niro: "It's not that I want to be uncooperative, or mysterious, or . . . you know. It's just that I've become . . . well . . ." (A hand gesture, meaning that he is wary of most interviewers). "The questions some of them ask are so . . ." (Another hand gesture, meaning "stupid, trivial, trite"). "Maybe I come off sounding inarticulate . . ." (A laugh and a shrug, because De Niro knows that he is far from inarticulate).

Kehoe tells of the time he sat in on an interview with Al Pacino, one of his buddies from way back.

Jack Kehoe: "Al answered all the questions very straight, you know. Then the woman got off onto stuff like, who's he making it with now, why'd he break off with his ex-girlfriend by-the-way-what's-her-name? Al just froze. He sat there and just stared at the woman as though she was out of her mind. You could suddenly have cut the tension in the room with an ax."

Twenty-five years ago Marlon Brando expressed the same reticence about opening up to interviewers that Pacino and De Niro display today, but the image-makers interpreted this as the inarticulateness and sullenness of the Primitive Man and parlayed his monosyllabic replies into a glorified image of the Pagan-God. But Brando had another side which was unmistakably lucid, and still another side which was unmistakably gentle, and still another side which was unmistakably sophisticated and witty. . . .

Brando spent 25 years fighting off the image. He made films which confused people because he was continually showing the other sides. Brando resisted the image-makers and had to fight to survive, but he was really the first to appear in human form—the forerunner of the new breed—and he is still around 25 years later because he is the first to have been able to crack the myth.

Whenever Pacino and De Niro are confronted with comparisons to Brando they tend to shrug; such comparisons—and I think the word used most frequently is "derivative"—seem to me quite worthless unless placed in perspective: sons are not so much derivative of their father as they are related to him. And Pacino and De Niro are the legitimate sons of Brando. They have picked up the challenge of continuing that gradual process of establishing a specific tradition of acting which is decidedly American, and they are in a position to carry it further. For one thing, neither shows any intention of leaving the live theater. Pacino is known for taking off to the hills to work on the great stage roles. De Niro is respected among New York playwrights as an actor who can be called on if the script is good and he happens to be free, whether it is on Broadway or at the Cafe La Mama. That's freedom. And they are setting a precedent among other actors:

Kevin Conway: "Pacino hasn't changed with all his phenomenal success. He still has the balls to do what he wants to do. I think we're moving into a good time. We've shed some of the cynicism of the past and we're going forward to being idealistic about theater again."

Peter Maloney: "Al's going to Boston to do *Richard III* is really encouraging, isn't it? I mean, it brings us closer to that ideal, the English system."

Jack Kehoe: "Al will never leave the stage. It's really good, isn't it? Scott doing Uncle Vanya, Robards doing O'Neill. Maybe it's finally getting to be like England."

Yes, now that some of our finest actors are beginning to move more freely between stage and film, maybe we *are* on the way to building a tradition which will allow actors to realize their *full* potential. ■

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The Female View Of Erotica

By Dorothy Seiberling

"...The real news in erotica today is that women are making it. They are telling the story that hasn't been told—their own..."

Erotic art is old stuff. Artists have been turning it out for thousands of years and they'll still be at it long after the Burger Court has passed into oblivion. Yet in this land of die-hard Victorian morality, things erotic continue to muster headlines, monopolize newsstands, and thrive on the blessings of an X-rating. The current season has served up more than the usual dose of erotic fare: at the New School, a big show of erotic art and an X-rated course featuring porn flicks, erotic puppets, and that veteran of police busts, topless cellist Charlotte Moorman; at Hofstra, an exhibition of "The Male Nude" from Pompeii to Pearlstein; at the Janis Gallery, the sexual obsessions of Hans Bellmer. And in *The Times*, John Updike turned up to review a batch of books on erotic art. "Now we stand in a moment," wrote Updike portentously, "when sex again seems worth studying and celebrating. More, it has become our last uncontaminated act, the sinuous passageway down into the womb where worship is possible. . . . At this anxious moment, as a tug of reaction begins to be felt, this set of three volumes offers us a comradely perspective . . . into the erotic images with which other men have sought 'to exalt the sense of life.'"

And there's the rub: the current season's erotica is largely concerned with the images made by men—male fantasies, fetishes, and phalluses. So what else is new?

What else but the woman's side of the subject? We all know how woman looks as man's pinup, but as a (female) art historian put it, "How does the person react who feels the prick of the pin?" Well, plenty of those persons are wantin', willin', and waitin' to tell us. It turns out there are lots of Lot's daughters with sex on their minds, and they're not keeping it a sisterly secret anymore. In short, the real news in erotica today is that women are making it. In New York alone in the past year there have been dozens of shows of women's erotic art—one is on right now at the Zeglen Gallery in SoHo. There have been festivals of women's erotic films, a conference on female sexuality, and a burst of books, articles, and TV talk on women's sexual fantasies.

Coming in the wake of the women's movement, this eruption of female erotica may not seem all that remarkable. But coming almost 30,000 years after what is possibly the first manifestation of female erotica, it is something to think upon. According to a current theory, that prehistoric sex-goddess known as the Venus of Willendorf was fashioned by a woman, probably as an amulet to ensure the maker's fertility. Thus Cro-Magnon Maggie may have been not only the first woman artist, but the first female erotic artist.

Though there have been women artists in almost every age since then, their sexual feelings have remained largely unexpressed or disguised in their art. But one Italian painter, Artemisia Gentileschi, appears to have had intense feelings about *male* sexuality, and well she might. In 1612, at the age of nineteen, she was the prime witness in the trial of her artist-tutor, Agostino Tassi, who was charged with raping her "many, many times." Since a woman's story in rape cases is always suspect, Artemisia was tortured with thumbscrews during the cross-examination. Ultimately, Tassi was sent to prison and Artemisia was married off to an older man. But she kept on painting, most notably the Apocryphal subject of Judith slaying Holofernes, in which she could vent her feelings of vengeance. In one of her versions, in fact, she signed her own name on Judith's sword. (Some 300 years later, the French-born sculptor Louise Bourgeois carved her own *Femme Couteau*—a woman's body turning into a knife.) As the obverse, however, of her hostilities, Artemisia's erotic fantasies may be apparent in the numerous paintings she produced of women working their sexual charms—albeit in innocence—upon men: those two bathing beauties, Bathsheba and Susanna, not to mention Esther, fainting in all her beauty before King Ahasuerus. True, these subjects were popular among other artists of the seventeenth century, but Artemisia gave them particular emphasis in her work.

For the most part, however, erotic imagery was invisible, if not nonexistent, in women's art until it surfaced in Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings. Or perhaps in the age of Freud certain things in art were finally recognized—indeed, searched for. But apparently not by O'Keeffe herself, and it didn't sit well with her when critics saw sexual symbols in her flowers or likened her *Shelton With Sun Spots* to a male orgasm. "Eroticism!" she exclaimed in cool disdain."That's something people themselves put into the paintings. They've found things that never entered my mind. That doesn't mean they weren't there, but the things they said astonished me. It wouldn't occur to me. But Alfred talked that way and people took it from him."

Alfred Stieglitz, O'Keeffe's photographer-husband, did indeed talk that way and liked to tell about her first show at his historic 291 Gallery. He felt elated, he said, to have found "a woman on paper," but a critic viewing O'Keeffe's work was scandalized. "But Stieglitz," he protested, "all those pictures say is: 'I want to have a baby.'" Later critics rhapsodized about the erotic implications of O'Keeffe's art. Even Lewis Mumford succumbed: "She has revealed the intimacies of love's juncture with the purity and absence of shame lovers feel in their meeting." No wonder O'Keeffe denied the eroticism of her art! But of course she was further plagued by the stigma

of being a woman in a man's field; critiques incorporating the words "woman" and "feminine" amounted to a put-down. (Decades after O'Keeffe was launched, Louise Nevelson ran up against similar male resistance to women in art. Said one male artist to Nevelson, "It takes balls to be an artist." "Well, if that's what it takes," rejoined Nevelson, "I've got 'em!")

Allowing explicit sexual imagery to reveal itself in their work has continued to be a problem for women artists. Louise Bourgeois has been preoccupied with erotic motifs from the beginning of her career, but she managed to conceal them in visual metaphors so that "for a long time, the sexual in my art was not openly acknowledged. People talked about erotic aspects, about my obsessions, but they didn't discuss the phallic aspects. If they had, I would have ceased to do it. It is acceptable to be obsessive because it shows drive. Now I admit the imagery, I am not embarrassed about it."

Since solidarity in numbers attracts greater numbers, there are sure to be many more women artists who will remove the veils from their imagery. But what if they do? What can women add to the plethora of erotica men have produced over the centuries?

For one thing, they can pull some provocative switches on sexual scenes and symbols purveyed by men. Marge Helenchild's *Breast Wall*, for example, a cascade of pink, puffy protuberances, makes that multibreasted earth-mother of antiquity, the Venus of Ephesus, seem almost demure. Anita Steckel's photo-collage of a cellist drawing his bow across a female nude translates into plain language the submerged message of the cozy musicale in seventeenth-century Dutch art. And, in a reversal of Magritte's *The Rape*—a woman's face composed of her nude torso—Eunice Golden perpetrates a visual rape by twisting male genitalia into grotesque heads.

Most important, women can tell the story that hasn't been told—their own. And today they are doing just that, putting their faces, bodies, lovers, dreams, and dramas of sex into their art, and inventing personal symbols for this life-pervading force, sexuality. How meaningful and affecting their work is depends on their creative capacities as artists. It takes more than subject matter to make or break an artist. But since for women, repressing erotic subject matter was in fact repressing their own natures, the removal of the taboos may unleash a remarkable creative energy among the female artists of our time.

Joan Semmel: Sex to Hang Art On

"A few years ago, several of us got together to 'split' a model, only in this case, there were two models, a man and a woman who were involved with each other, so they posed like lovers. That got me into dealing with the subject in an open way. Then other things began to enter, including my identification with feminism. Women have never allowed themselves to admit their sexual fantasies. They have been encouraged to create themselves in terms of male fantasy. I wanted to make imagery that would respond to female feelings. My paintings deal with communication, how a hand touches a body, rather than male or female domination. Women are conditioned to play a masochistic role. But I want to show sensuality with the power factor eliminated. The images are handled in an objective, cool way, with non-realistic space, with a sense of being removed from the world. But there is feeling in the gestures, passion in the color. Ultimately, the play and relationship of color is what my painting is about. I'm using sex to hang my art on."

Photographed by Henry Groskinsky

Louise Bourgeois: A Merging of Male and Female

"There has always been sexual suggestiveness in my work. Sometimes I am totally concerned with female shapes—clusters of breasts like clouds—but often I merge the imagery—phallic breasts, male and female, active and passive. This marble sculpture—my *Femme Couteau*—embodies the polarity of woman, the destructive and the seductive. Why do women become hatchet women? They were not born that way. They were made that way out of fear. In the *Femme Couteau*, the woman turns into a blade, she is defensive. She identifies with the penis to defend herself. A girl can be terrified of the world. She feels vulnerable because she can be wounded by the penis. So she tries to take on the weapon of the aggressor. This is a problem stemming from childhood and from lack of sensible, sympathetic education. When I was young, sex was talked of as a dangerous thing; sexuality was forbidden. It is important to show girls that it is natural to be sexual and that men also can feel helpless and vulnerable. When I was at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris, we had a nude male model. One day he looked around and saw a woman student and suddenly he had an erection. I was shocked—then I thought, what a fantastic thing, to reveal your vulnerability, to be so publicly exposed! We are all vulnerable in some way, and we are all male-female."

Anita Steckel: Women in a Male Cityscape

"In 1971, when I was asked to have a show at Rockland Community College, I was told, 'If you bring anything erotic, you can forget about getting a job.' It was okay to show nude women, but no male sexual images. I was in a bind because I desperately needed a job. But I felt it was an unfair way of editing myself. So I went in fighting; I showed my strongest sexual art—and it caused an uproar. A county legislator even tried to close the show. Today, most of my work is about being a woman, what I have felt, so I put my own face in the pictures. I use the cityscape because it is my own environment, but also it is a visual symbol of male power. The city is made by men and run by men, and its profile can be seen as phallic, all those erect, hard structures. I have tried to dramatize the pain of women, what they suffer from the biological aspects of their life—unwanted pregnancies, illegal abortions, being abandoned with children—as well as their economic bondage. But if you are an artist, you are in a position of power, you can fly as high as you want, at least in your imagination."

Juanita McNeely: Reflection of Feelings

"I don't consider my work 'erotic.' I'm dealing with woman and her problems, and with sexuality, a human concern. I often paint animals because they can stand for many things, they can be expressive without being obvious. Sometimes they are loving, sometimes aggressive, tearing. In the 'Merry-Go-Round,' the horses are very strong, they are trying to break away, go off on their own. There are no people in the picture, but in the center mirrors I have put my own face; I guess it's a reflection of my inner life, and the horses also are part of me. Women are still unsure of their own feelings; for so long they have been torn apart, wanting and needing and having strong sensual, sexual feelings and having to deny them. I try to deal with this split, this encounter with one's own sexuality, alone or with a man. Women tend to hide their sexuality, to wear a mask, play a role. But today women are becoming much closer to themselves and so they are coming out with statements that are quite personal. I think if you lined up all my work, you'd have my life."

Copyright material

Hannah Wilke: A Very Female Thing

"In the early sixties I was scared to show my work around; you were put down if you were doing female genitalia. It's okay for Vito Acconci to do his sex thing under the floorboards—that's called Conceptual Art. But when I wanted to do a Conceptual piece—a massage parlor with me being massaged by men—my dealer just smiled and said, 'Hannah, why don't you come up to my hotel instead?'

"In 1966 I exhibited a lot of my terra-cotta boxes. The shapes were very sexy, like little tiny genitalia. But nobody noticed them. If you do little things and you're a woman, you're doomed to craft-world obscurity. But if women can allow their feelings and fantasies about their own bodies to emerge, it could lead to a new kind of art.

"My art is a very female thing; it is about multilayered forms, and it's organic, like flowers. When I developed my latex hangings, I decided to use metal snappers to hold the folds together, but also to combine toughness and softness. This effect is frightening to some people, but I like the shiny, gritty nastiness and the fact that the snaps make the structure possible—as well as vulnerable. You want to unsnap the piece, but that would destroy the shape.

"Being an artist is difficult, an unbelievable risk, and making a female sexual statement is even riskier. Guys looking at it think you're a lesbian or an easy lay. But Dubuffet saw my work and was impressed. 'She's quite crazy,' he said, and I was thrilled." ■

Art/Barbara Rose

VAGINAL ICONOLOGY

"... By depicting female genitals, women artists attack a fundamental idea of male supremacy—that a penis is superior..."

In 1972, Professor Linda Nochlin caused a scholarly sensation at a meeting of the College Art Association: she exposed the obvious fact that nineteenth-century erotic art was created by men for men, and suggested a facetious female analogy. First she showed a slide of a popular French illustration of a woman, nude except for stockings, boots, and choker, resting her breasts on a tray of apples; then she projected a photograph of a bearded young man, nude except for sweat socks and loafers, holding a tray of bananas under his penis. Instead of the invitation "*Achetez des pommes*" (Buy some apples) inscribed under the maiden, the man advertised "Buy some bananas."

A decade ago Professor Nochlin's comparison would have been unthinkable at an assembly of art historians. Even more unthinkable, however, would be the idea that women might begin producing their own erotic art, aimed at eliciting a response in a female audience. Today, women are among the most prolific producers of erotica, suggesting that if there was a revolution in the sixties, it was not political but sexual. Perhaps sexual issues appear to dominate the women's movement at this moment because erotic arguments do not fundamentally challenge the social structure as political disputes do.

By equating sexual liberation with radicalism, the women's movement is following a direction other initially revolutionary forces have taken to survive in our time. The most obvious example of the displacement of revolutionary political aims to more acceptable targets is the history of modern art itself. When the goal of social and political revolution seemed unobtainable, the ideology of modernism rephrased itself so as to locate "revolution" exclusively within the boundaries of art itself. "Radical" became the most flattering adjective one could apply to art, and aesthetic experiments were validated on the basis of how "revolutionary" they were.

Now something similar is happening with sex, which, like art, has become a pursuit for its own sake. Within the general context of feminism, the women's art movement has been one of the most energetic exponents of an altered concept of female sexuality. Publications, university courses, and women's cooperative galleries stress the importance of women in art. In meetings, "rap" sessions, and symposia, women examine the question of whether or not there are such things as a "feminine sensibility" and a subject matter that can be described as "female." According to women artists associated with the feminist movement, there is. They cite Georgia O'Keeffe's voluptuous flowers and Louise Nevelson's sculptures of dark, mysterious interiors as early examples of female imagery; and they are searching out the names of the daughters, nieces, and students of famous painters whose works in the past often were attributed to the men they worked with.

Such a re-examination of the forgotten chapters of history is analogous to the quest among blacks for their essence in a universal *negritude*. Indeed, the parallel between women and blacks is one of the fundamental premises of the women's movement. As Gunnar Myrdal wrote in 1944, women, like blacks, had high social visibility because they were different in "physical appearance, dress, and patterns of behavior." Most men "have accepted as self-evident, until recently, the doctrine that women had inferior endowments in most of those respects which carry prestige, power, and advantages in society."

Inferior status has stimulated both groups to assertions of pride in their "differences." Black art frequently serves as propaganda for the important idea that "black is beautiful," essential in creating not only an ideology of equality, but a psychology built on the confidence that black is as good as white. To dignify female "difference," what should feminist art glorify?

The answer is obvious, and even if feminist art bears no slogans proclaiming "power to the pubis," that is what it is essentially about. For much of the feminist art that has been labeled "erotic" because it depicts or alludes to genital images is nothing of the sort. It is designed to arouse women, but not sexually. Hannah Wilke's soft latex hanging pieces, Deborah Remington's precise abstractions, Miriam Schapiro's ring-centered *Ox*, Rosemary Mayer's cloth constructions, Judy Chicago's yoni-lifesavers are all vaginal or womb images. What is interesting about them is the manner in which they worshipfully allude to female genitalia as icons —as strong, clean, well made, and whole as the masculine totems to which we are accustomed. Although there are many categories of women's erotic art, the most novel are those that glorify vaginas. This category of women's art is profoundly radical in that it attacks the basis of male supremacy from the point of view of depth psychology. At issue is the horror of women's genitals as mysterious, hidden, unknown, and ergo threatening—as chronicled by H. R. Hayes in *The Dangerous Sex*, a fascinating compilation of age-old prejudices against women as unclean Pandoras with evil boxes, or agents of the devil sent to seduce and trap men.

By depicting female genitals, women artists attack one of the most fundamental ideas of male supremacy—that a penis, because it is visible, is superior. At issue in vaginal iconology is an overt assault on the Freudian doctrine of penis envy, which posits that all little girls must feel that they are missing something. The self-examination movement among women that strives at familiarizing women with their own sex organs, and the images in art of nonmenacing and obviously complete vaginas, are linked in their efforts to convince women that they are not missing anything. In realizing that "equality" depends on more than equal rights and equal salaries, women are exalting images of their own bodies. Their erotic art is, in effect, propaganda for sexual equality based on discrediting the idea of penis envy. Equality on these grounds is far more humane than the alienating prospect of women treating men as sex objects—my favorite example of this being Sylvia Sleigh's group portrait of nude male art critics. Turning the tables is not the road to equality; nor will male brothels solve anyone's problems. But a healthy self-respect may help diminish the debilitating inferiority complex the second sex finally shows signs of transcending. ▬

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

By James Brady

Friedkin: Plunged into a cauldron's brew of hassles.

'Exorcist' Tiffs Bedevil Warners

There is nothing scary to Warner Communications about the doubling of its stock over the last month, post-*Exorcist*. But there are a few off-screen tensions—some resolved, some not—haunting the studio's spectacular success.

An early dispute between writer-producer William Blatty and the original buyer of the manuscript, Paul Monash (producer of *The Friends of Eddie Coyle, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*), has left Monash a hefty 9 per cent cut off the top of the film's profits.

Director William Friedkin ran the original budget of $5-million up to $11 million, thus causing the break-even point to be a phenomenal $28 million. (The film is now expected to gross $50 million in the United States alone.) Prior to the opening, Warner Bros. planned to increase the ticket price by 50 cents each, but under pressure from Friedkin, the increased-price plan was finally scrapped.

After Friedkin barred writer-producer Blatty from post-production procedures (editing and dubbing) and after Friedkin fired composer Lalo Schifrin, Blatty prepared a cauldron's brew of legal hassles for both Warner Bros. and Friedkin. (Since Blatty wanted Friedkin fired after he ran over the original $5 million budget, Blatty wants his cut to start after the $5 million point instead of the $11-million figure.)

In early December of 1973, Friedkin asked Warner Bros. President Ted Ashley for an extension of the December 26 opening date. The time was needed, Friedkin insisted, to work on a new score as well as to improve some of the film's spotty scenes. Ashley demanded that Friedkin "pay or play" (film jargon which means a director will lose his profit points in the movie unless the film is delivered as scheduled). *The Exorcist* opened on schedule, but with bad feelings on both sides. (The final print was ready only four days before the film's premiere; the usual lead time is three to seven weeks.)

Since the film's opening, Friedkin has been lobbying Warner Bros. to push Jason Miller for all the movie industry awards given for best actor. Although Miller's performance was adequate, the Warner Bros. publicity department is not pushing him, and Friedkin *and* Miller's constant nagging seems to be causing incredible antagonism.

The most recent legal entanglement, which may result in a suit, is a "copyright infringement" charge that Warner Bros. has brought against *Newsweek* magazine. *Newsweek* ran unauthorized photographs in its January 21 issue of Linda Blair as she appears under the influence of the devil. The stills were supposedly taken during a preview showing of the film.

'Times' to Name New Art Critic

John Russell, art critic of the London *Sunday Times* since 1950, will soon be named number two critic at *The New York Times*. Hilton Kramer recently succeeded John Canaday to the number one slot. Russell has been London correspondent for *Art News* and *Art in America* since 1956 and has written thirteen books on art.

Goodell Finds A Godfather

Former New York Senator Charles Goodell, who was vilified for his liberal views by Establishment Republicans, is undergoing political resurrection. Vice President Gerald Ford is playing God. Goodell, whose anti-war stance drew attacks from former Vice President Agnew, among others, is a close adviser to Ford.

Since his Senate defeat in 1970 at the hands of James Buckley, Goodell has practiced law in New York, lobbied in Washington for various public interest causes, and written a book, *Political Prisoners in America*. He was just named chairman of the board of DGA International, Inc., a Washington-based firm. DGA represents large European companies specializing in advanced technology, who are seeking opportunities in this country. Ford turned up at a party given to celebrate Goodell's new DGA position, and was pictured in Washington society pages arm in arm with Goodell.

Ford and Goodell are longtime friends. On Capitol Hill, Goodell and Melvin Laird were always considered the brains behind Ford's rise to power in the House hierarchy. Goodell was one of the first people Ford met with after his confirmation as vice president. If Ford is catapulted into the White House, Goodell might not be far behind.

Bradlee Returns To JFK

Ben Bradlee, executive editor of *The Washington Post*, has decided to cash in his Kennedy chips. Bradlee plans to write a book for Norton publishers on JFK and Jackie based on the notes he kept during their close friendship. (His book *That Special Grace*, published in 1964, was a short tribute to the assassinated JFK.) The contract hasn't been signed yet, but Norton has agreed to buy the manuscript when it is completed, probably within the next nine months. Bradlee's friendship with the Kennedys began when Kennedy was a senator. They were Georgetown neighbors and spent social evenings together regularly.

Hot Lincolns Take Gas

Hot-car sources inform me that the only really desirable "steals" these days are small cars like Volkswagen, Datsun, Toyota, etc. Kids who rip off American luxury cars, which used to bring the best prices, can't unload them to the underworld "middlemen," who complain that the gas shortage has burdened them with a top-heavy inventory of big, gas-eating cars.

New Lindy's; Old Insults

When the new Lindy's opens February 11 on downtown Broadway, in the heart of the civic center, a reunion of waiters from the old, uptown Lindy's restaurant will be held. Comedian and Lindy's habitué Henny Youngman will provide the entertainment. Through the years Lindy's waiters were widely recognized as among the surliest and most insulting in the business. The original restaurant closed in 1969.

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

Edited by Ellen Stock

Love for Sale

This is one of the frilly, fragile valentines (there are hundreds of them) at The Old Print Shop. Most are American, a few English. They date from 1880 to 1910 and are trimmed with any number of paper hearts and flowers, ribbons, and lacy doilies ($10-$50).

THE OLD PRINT SHOP/*150 Lexington Avenue between 29th and 30th Streets*

BOB KRAUS

Rabbit-Hunting with Ferrets, c. 1450.

Public Hanging

The most important exhibition of medieval tapestries ever assembled opens at the Met this week. The 97 pieces, on loan from museums and private collections all over the world, were recently described in Paris as "woolen jewels." Indeed. Woven in gold, silver, and silk threads, depicting myths, religious stories, country scenes, and courtly scenes, they originally decked the halls of kings and princes and Middle Age millionaires. They were also carried on military campaigns, hung in the streets for weddings and coronations and in the cathedrals on special feast days, and given as gifts when treaties were signed. Among the most sumptuous: the series known as *The Rose Offering*, which belonged to Joan of Arc's Charles VII of France; a series on the destruction of Troy; the six pieces of *The Lady With the Unicorn* from the Cluny Museum, and the *Winged Stags* from the Cathedral of Rouen.

MASTERPIECES OF TAPESTRY FROM THE FOURTEENTH TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY *February 8-April 21/Metropolitan Museum of Art*

Hearts and Glowers

The ultimate antidote to St. Valentine's Day: *How to Get a New York Divorce for Under $100*, by C. M. Allen, a pseudonymous management consultant who got his for $97.11. While he recommends a divorce based on cruel and inhuman treatment rather than on separation, which may take longer, he doesn't exclude other grounds. He tells how to serve a summons, set a trial date, lay out the verified complaint, complete the final decree, etc. "The biggest and hardest step is deciding who gets what *after* the divorce," he says. "No book in the world is going to help with that."

HOW TO GET A NEW YORK DIVORCE FOR UNDER $100/*By C. M. Allen/$4.95*

Feets, Do Your Stuff

If you like a run for your money, you can watch such fast women as Ellen Tittel, Robin Campbell, Doreen Ennis, and Tonka Petrova compete in the "Ms. Mile," a new event sponsored by *Ms.* magazine in the U.S. Olympic Invitational Track & Field Meet. If you're a kid with ice skates, between six and seventeen, you can compete in speed-skating and costume contests at the Parks Department's winter carnival. Each to his own.

MS. MILE/*February 8, about 9 p.m. (meet begins at 6:30)/Madison Square Garden*
WINTER CARNIVAL/*February 9, 10 a.m.-1 p.m./Wollman Rink/Central Park/Free*

And Thou Beside Me

Steve Bierman, praised by Gael Greene for his elegant breakfasts in bed, will cater a sublimely seductive midnight supper for Valentine's Night or any other. He'll deliver at your convenience, so you can dine when and where you will. "It's a lovely romantic moment that we wouldn't want to mar by the chef's presence," he says. The menu: artichoke bottoms filled with pâté de fois gras, en gelée; turbans of sole stuffed with minced mushrooms and herbs, bathed in a sauce Cardinal with tiny shrimp and cognac; string bean salad dressed with lemon vinaigrette; individual lime mousses with Sabayon sauce. He will also provide a properly chilled, estate-bottled Chassagne-Montrachet 1970. The cost: $50.

STEVE BIERMAN/*AG 9-4594*

KEN RINCHARI

Between the Lines

Mondrian was in love with New York, and the Janis is doing quite a show for the love of Piet. In addition to the artist's ambitious work, *New York City* ("New York City 1" shown right), the gallery is showing his drawings, letters, photographs, and tools. They're unreeling a film of him in his West 58th Street studio, and they're even playing his boogie-woogie records.

MONDRIAN/*February 7-March 9/Sidney Janis Gallery/6 West 57th Street*

PAT FIELD

A Credit to His Face

If you are not ready for male make-up, chances are you probably weren't ready for long hair or high heels when they came in, according to Susanna, who is featuring male make-up in her "wondrous specialty store," O' Susanna. It opened a month ago, just around the corner and down the block from Max's, where make-up of the superstar, glitter-rock variety is currently big. "It's strange. All the Warhol people used to look like that. Then there was a lull. Now *all* the guys are into it," says Susanna (left), making up playwright Brian Goodfellow. Plain make-ups with eyes and shadows, à la Valentino (as in Rudolph), are $5; more elaborate all-over silver and gold jobs, $10, and special costume fantasies with feather eyebrows and such, $15. The base stock of the store is Susanna's perfume, which she has been wholesaling since Flower Children days. Best scents are Clover Blossom, Ginger Root, and Vetivert (a patchouli-like fragrance, lovely in cold weather with furs). These can be had in old Mexican silver bottles ($15). —**Priscilla Tucker**

O' SUSANNA/*134 East 17th Street 982-7340*

Grace Notes

Lee Horwin (left)—with her dark chocolate voice, Carly Simon lips, and a repertoire that includes "Body and Soul," "Do It Again," and a smacking salute to Ann Miller—at Reno Sweeney's through February 16. . . . **Dave Brubeck**, his family (sons Darius, Chris, and Dan), and friends (Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond), together at Avery Fisher Hall, February 9 at 8 p.m. . . . **The New Orleans Mardi Gras '74 Concert** at Carnegie Hall, February 12 at 8 p.m.; with Louis Cottrell and the Heritage Hall Jazz Band, the Lamplighter Marching Club, Blanche Thomas, Ronnie Kole, et al. . . . Music for heartstring players: **Love and Dalliance in Renaissance France** by the Cambridge Consort—with lute, viola da gamba, recorder, flute, crumhorn, soprano, and tenor—at Alice Tully Hall, February 14 at 8 p.m.

Behavior/Zane Kotker

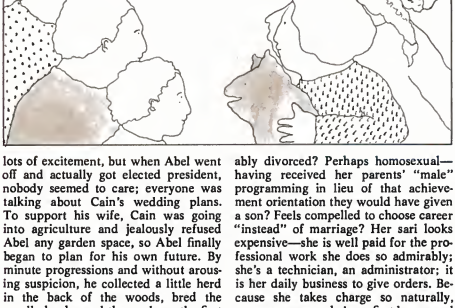
THE PERILS OF SIBSHIP, OR HOW BIRTH ORDER AFFECTS YOU

"...Compatibility of personalities depends not on what star you were born under, but on how you stood in the family..."

With a few hints and an inquiring eye, you can learn to guess whether people you meet are first-borns or last-borns, whether they have brothers or sisters, and other facts with which you can amaze them while lightening the load of party-going. Start next time you get stuck at the buffet table. An anxious gentleman in brown turtleneck, ankh chain, and leather Levi's leans over you, who were only standing by innocently fingering the melon prosciutto, and pointedly inquires: "Virgo?" Giving him a long slow look, you can respond with a guess of your own: "You must be the first-born of two sons—that is, you have a younger brother and no sisters, right?"

Staggered, he may back away, and you can be alone with your prosciutto to survey the room for personalities more suitable to your own. Compatibility depends not on what star you were born under, but on how you stood in the family. You will, perhaps, be happiest with someone whose birth-order placement duplicates your own, but with the sexes reversed. Hard to follow? Yes, but take, for instance, the fellow in the stylish but standardized pin-stripe suit with carefully matched shirt. If you are yourself the younger of two sisters, he's for you. His assertively male dress makes it likely he's the younger of two brothers, pursuing with a vengeance the traditional male role. He still has a lot of trouble with man-to-man competition but has kept at it so that after lo, these many years, he can finally play a game of croquet without getting red in the face. And he has become wily. Not quite chiseling, but manipulating.

Think of Abel, the second-born of two boys. Why, after all, did he move beyond farming into herding? What motivated him to think up a better product? Whenever Cain had done anything well, Adam and Eve had been standing around applauding. When Cain learned to read, it was something terrific, but when Abel finally mastered it, his feat was just so-so, something expected of him all along. When Cain went off to college and wired back how he'd been nominated vice president of the Student Council, there was



lots of excitement, but when Abel went off and actually got elected president, nobody seemed to care; everyone was talking about Cain's wedding plans. To support his wife, Cain was going into agriculture and jealously refused Abel any garden space, so Abel finally began to plan for his own future. By minute progressions and without arousing suspicion, he collected a little herd in the back of the woods, bred the woolly lambs, and then, wham, the first animal sacrifice. The wonderful smell of burning flesh rose upward to God, who smiled and said: "I have regard for Abel and his offering, but for Cain's fruit of the ground I have no regard." It was the same tone of voice Eve had always used to say, "Abel, why don't you eat up your spinach like Cain does?" This successful sacrifice was, for Abel, the first victory in the great sibling war. For Cain it was the first defeat, and without a second thought he went out and murdered his brother. So figure out if your younger brother is one or six years younger than number one; the farther apart, the less vicious both will be.

The prosciutto does not look so appetizing? Move on to the caponata. From here we may consider the three women hovering at the party's edge.

"Pass me a napkin, will you?" Like the first man, this woman is dressed in a way that says, "Look at me": a sari, bare feet, braids. She is self-assured; she gives you orders; she returns to talk to her companion, and she talks a lot. She wears no wedding ring. Probably divorced? Perhaps homosexual—having received her parents' "male" programming in lieu of that achievement orientation they would have given a son? Feels compelled to choose career "instead" of marriage? Her sari looks expensive—she is well paid for the professional work she does so admirably; she's a technician, an administrator; it is her daily business to give orders. Because she takes charge so naturally, you can guess she's a first-born, and because she's in a "male" achievement role and isn't married, you can guess her younger sibling is female. If she had a younger brother, she'd still give orders and be an achiever, but her early automatic "feminization" would probably allow her to swing marriage and motherhood into her life with less friction. (Twenty years from now, with the present rate of sex-role change holding high, all this will change, though the first-born will still be talking while the second-born listens and plots.)

"What a pretty necklace!" the second woman says to you; she is pretty, demure, the stereotypic "feminine" person. She defers to you and must, therefore, be a younger child. But is her sibling a boy or a girl? You talk; she is at loose ends, doesn't know whether or not to go back to work now that the children are in school. She vacillates: will she take up baking bread, the whole schmeer? Or will she go into social work? That would mean back to college, and can she handle that? You find yourself expected to do most of the talking, but you manage to draw

Illustrated by Alexa Grace

her out. Her husband is such a dear, he is so busy, still, at the law practice, and works so late at the office. He encourages her to do what she wants, but "When will the children see their parents?" he asks her night after night. Her husband is right to worry about that. He is right about so many things.

Easy: you know she's a younger child because she's been deferring to you, and now you can guess her older sibling is female because she idealizes men, esteeming them as both exotic and well meaning.

"These men are something awful," says the third woman, referring to a claque where three men are slapping their knees in anti-Bella laughter, "aren't they?" It's the *aren't they*, the need for confirmation, that immediately suggests she is a younger child. The reservations about men, these make her older sibling a brother. The reservation is only one side of the coin: on the other side is idolization, rather than idealization. It's blind adoration. As she tries to talk to you, deferring, drawing you out, a fellow with a beard and glasses, in a shlumpy shirt and artsy cigar, arrives by her elbow and tries to draw *her* out. You all three talk for a while. He's a songwriter, and quite attractive. Amusing, too, and as the two of them laugh together, you realize they are made for each other: he is the younger brother with an older sister. Their birth-orders match perfectly, but what a stormy romance it is going to be, full of those switches of adoration and resentment that mark such déjà vus.

So what is coming for you? The prosciutto is gone, the caponata fades, and there is only one miniature pizza left. A large man in a tweed jacket holds this pizza toward you.

"She walks in beauty, like the night," he begins. "Will you share this pizza?" You see a pipe in the pocket of his jacket. He is a scholar, a professor of linguistics at Columbia. Has he chosen a semi-artist role, as younger children frequently do? Or has he selected the guaranteed leadership a classroom offers, as the older of two sons might? Hard to tell which he is; he neither defers to you nor bosses you about. He has the achievement of the older and the charm of the younger child. Perhaps you are in "Large Family" land, always confusing, but there a child can develop in a lopsided way, identifying with his function or ability ("I'm the painter, Jack's the teacher, Emily's the do-gooder, Henry's the black sheep, Herman . . ."). So you listen to see if he talks on and on about linguistics, his specialty, and about nothing else.

"And what does a lovely lady like you do in the daytime?" he inquires suggestively of your nights. He is not talking about linguistics but about you—the very definition of charm. So he isn't a specialist from a large family.

"Are you perhaps Gemini?" you ask him, suddenly out of conversation, having realized in a flash that he is an only child, like you: immediately intimate and self-absorbed, but capable of absorbing someone else with no fight over the size of the inheritance. Share this pizza, indeed! No man with a sibling would dream of such an offer!

"Are you perhaps an only child?" he languidly responds as he breaks the pizza in two. And you smile together, surveying the room of grown-up children, all still responding to the threats of brothers and sisters, all still seeking that precious one-to-one relationship so essential to our well-being, and evoked by various names: mother, God, lover.

These characterizations came out of my own observation, but when I turned to the experimental literature to check on what is known and suspected about the effect of birth-order on personality, I found significant corroboration amidst a welter of opinion. The literature in the twenties is colored by opening remarks of Alfred Adler referring to the first-born as a king dethroned, and to the first-born he attributed dreams of flying, only to plummet earthward. Adler's second-born dreamed of running to catch up with a train he could never get on. The fifties saw theories set up that were modified or shot down in the sixties. In our own seventies studies are being refined, and the need to separate individuals into very distinct categories is being proved. Not only must male be separated from female, but the first-born from the only child, and ultimately we will be delivered categories with the increased precision inherent in that of Elder Son in Sibship of Two Males With Mother Aged Under Twenty-five and With a Three-year Separation Between Boys.

When all is said and done, birth order will take its place as only one of the many factors of psychic development, but probably an important one. A working psychiatrist, Dr. Benjamin Sadock, supports a claim in the literature that whereas first-borns discuss the oedipal situation unearthed by that famous first-born, Sigmund Freud, second-borns talk about their siblings.

First-borns are generally thought to be more verbally able; better in school; more apt to seek companionship under stress—perhaps to talk over the threatening situation to learn more about it or perhaps just for comfort; and they achieve the most distinction. Physiological tests show them to have quicker heartbeat rates—a function of anxiety

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COLOR IN TELEVISION IS RUNNING TO DEEPER BLUSHES AND STRONGER BLACKS.

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Not everything people know about television is what they see on the screen. Or read in the papers.

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Last year a rumor suddenly swept the country: "CBS has cornered the market on X-rated movies, is about to unleash its first. Unlaundered and unabashed."

CBS denied it. Yet letters poured in. TV Guide did an investigative report that fingered possible rumor mongers and helped lower a lot of raised eyebrows.

Almost as irate have been attacks on television from minority groups, charging imbalance and "negative stereotyping." TV Guide's own study discovered progress in two specific areas. Job opportunities and programming. As our writer put it, "The Civil Rights Battle of the 60's has clearly produced a quiet revolution in the real-and-fantasy world of network television."

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WE'RE BIG. WE'RE EFFICIENT. WE GET READ. YOU GET READ.

"...Second-borns dream of running to catch up with a train they can never get on..."

—and perhaps to feel pain more.* Some find them most responsive to authority, while others find them least; but they have been characterized as doing better than others in strict up-and-down hierarchical relationships. They test out as most rigid, but they do lose their virginity sooner than others. The older brother of two boys will be conservative, an organizer, and inner-directed, but also more anxious and neurotic than his younger brother. It should be remembered that, as I. D. Harris pointed out in *The Promised Seed*, the first child of either sex to be born in whatever size family will emerge with certain "first-born" characteristics, since these characteristics are, in part, derived from the close one-to-one relationship of mother and child. Though perhaps tired and bored with five boys, mother will light up again whenever the first girl arrives—or with a boy after she's had five girls.

In sibships of two, the younger child is more social and peer-oriented, more creative, and tends to locate "control" outside rather than inside himself. If a second child does become schizophrenic, he or she is more apt to have an older sibling of the same sex. A younger girl with an older sister will conform more than any other girl to a peer group of the same sex. That is, since conformity is expected of females, she will opt for the feminine stereotype in a big way. Later-born girls have the least self-esteem of any group; this, says Russell Eisenman in his 1970 study, is a function of the fact that later-borns are devalued in the home and as women in the society. Younger sisters of boys will be masculinized to the extent that they are more academically oriented, and they will tend to derogate their fathers more than younger sisters of girls. Younger brothers of girls will be feminized in their interests so long as their older sisters are within four years of them. Younger brothers of boys will have high confidence, be gregarious and flexible, and will conform the least to a bunch of boys—a result of their keen sex-role adoption of male independence. And if they are troubled, they'll be more apt to strike out against other people than to keep to themselves and brood.

Last-borns are a tricky category, as the term may mean last-born of two or last-born of eight. In large families, last-borns tend to produce schizophrenics, alcoholics, and smokers. Last-born women of undetermined family size are the least dogmatic in their sexual attitudes, but among female psychiatric patients, they are most apt to commit suicide. Last-born men are the most dogmatic in their sexual attitudes.

The onlies are especially tricky because an only child is both a first-born and a last-born. He shares the achieving characteristics of the first-born and as an only believes more than anyone else in social responsibility. Only-women are the most apt to become lesbians, and only-men who do not achieve are prone to ending up on Skid Row or to being tossed out of the Army. They are the most anxious adults, having been exposed as children to what Zebulon Taintor in 1970 called a contradictory constant: "You're so big! You're my baby!"

As families get smaller, more and more of us will be onlies or first-borns. We'll talk increasingly, value authority, and do terribly well in school and afterwards. When the baby's born we'll resent it but keep on eating our spinach fast so we'll stay bigger and better than baby. But once it can walk, baby will run night and day to catch up with us. Oh, Cain! Oh, Abel! The prospect needn't seem as full of fission/fusion as a big bomb. Early nursery school could provide a taste of the large-family experience where, if children don't develop lopsidedly, they can be enriched by living both as leaders and as followers and within various sexual alignments. Besides, with no more than two in the average sibship, it will be a whole lot easier to guess who's what. ■

*References not mentioned in text, sequentially: first-born heartbeat, Weiss, 1969; pain, Sweeney and Fine, 1969; most responsive to authority, Hardy, 1972; least, Eisenman and Cherry, 1970; hierarchical, Exner, 1970; rigidity, MacDonald, 1971; virginity, Touhey, 1971; organizer, Hall and Barger, 1964; neurotic, Taintor, 1970. Younger child more peer oriented, Hardy, 1972; creative, Staffieri, 1970; locates control outside, MacDonald, 1971; if schizophrenic, Birtchnell, 1971; sex-role, Bragg and Allen, 1970 (though they contradict Kenneth Kaunmeyer, 1966); masculinized sisters, Altus, 1966; feminized brothers, Koch, 1956; high confidence, Hall and Barger, 1964; sex-role adoption, Bragg and Allen, 1970; not brooders, Taintor, 1970. Last-borns more schizophrenic, Birtchnell, 1971; alcoholic (males), Blaue, Barry, and Barry, 1971; smokers, Forbes, 1970; females least sexually dogmatic, Kilpatrick, 1972; females most suicidal, Lester, 1970. Males most sexually dogmatic, Kilpatrick, 1972. Onlies most socially responsible, MacDonald, 1971; lesbianism, Gundlach, 1972; Skid Row, Bahr, 1971.

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THE INJUSTICE COLLECTOR

"...A Solzhenitsyn of the West—that's how Levin sees himself. And *The Obsession* is intended as a political cry for justice..."

Sometime in the late 1950's or early 1960's (exact dates are unclear), the novelist Meyer Levin (*The Old Bunch, Compulsion, The Settlers*, etc.) sat down and wrote a letter to Otto Frank, the father of Anne Frank, whose diary had stirred the world. "You have been," Levin wrote, "my Hitler." What else was in the letter is not recalled; Levin is even vague on whether or not he mailed it. But that phrase, like a ringing in the ears—"You have been my Hitler"—is the central, focusing shocker in a book that is going to shock a lot of people and may end up in court.

"In the middle of life," Levin writes at the beginning of **The Obsession** (Simon and Schuster, $8.95), "I fell into a trouble that was to grip, occupy, haunt, and all but devour me, these twenty years." On the surface, the trouble was simple enough. Levin felt that he had been promised, and then done out of, the right to prepare and have produced a stage version of Anne Frank's *Diary of a Young Girl*. But underneath, in Levin's view, the "trouble" came to involve much more than that—in fact, nothing less than: the full meaning of the Holocaust; the integrity of Jewish identity; the right of free speech; and the consequences to his reputation and sanity of a deliberate and widespread plot, involving some of the most famous names in literature and the theater, to silence and ruin him. A Solzhenitsyn of the West—that's how Levin sees himself. And *The Obsession*, which has been written in apparent contradiction of a legal agreement signed by him, is, he says, intended both as an act of therapy and as a political cry for justice.

It is, at the very least, an interesting exploration of the sometimes overlapping border areas of paranoia and actual persecution. Assuming a lack of calculated malice on Levin's part in writing *The Obsession* (some of those whom he attacks may *not* make that assumption), it is also a touching book; regardless of detail truth and accuracy, Levin's obsession seems real enough. One winces at many of Levin's acts and imaginings—there is, as Levin is aware, a large idiot quotient in any obsession—but also at the pain and agony

one believes that he has suffered.

In brief summary, this is what happened, according to Levin's account. About twenty years ago in Paris, Levin read the just-published French edition of *Diary of a Young Girl*. He was very moved by it, and wrote to Otto Frank offering his help in getting the book published in America. He could even see it as a play. The point was, the diary was terribly important—a major document of the Holocaust—and it and its message should be brought to the attention of as many people as possible around the world. Frank responded; he sought Levin's advice on an American publisher (should it be Little, Brown or Doubleday?) and approved Levin's adapting the diary for the stage. The book was published here by Doubleday, Levin arranged for himself to do a glowing front-page review of it in *The New York Times Book Review*, and despite some apparently minor but nonetheless bothersome altercations at Doubleday over rights, who was to act as agent, etc., he completed a draft of the play and began arrangements for its production. And then, quite suddenly, the whole thing seemed to have been taken over, and away from him, by a cabal, consisting chiefly of Lillian Hellman, her friend the producer Kermit Bloomgarden, their friends Albert and Frances Hackett (who wrote the final play, *Diary of Anne Frank*), the law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison, and, of course, Otto Frank.

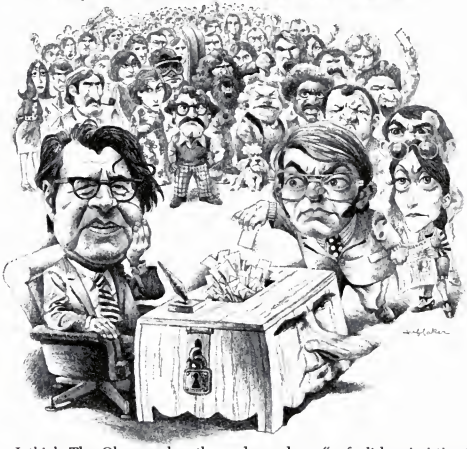
At first, Levin could not figure out what had happened—especially since no one would be specific about what was thought wrong with his play, and the Hacketts' version, when he finally saw it, seemed to have lifted most of the staging that he himself had conceived. Then things began to come clear. First, his play had been pronounced "too Jewish"; to his dismay, the Hacketts' version, in order to make it more "universally" appealing, had robbed the diary of what Levin felt was its essential evocation of Jewish identity. It came to his mind that the cabal was composed largely of Jews of German origin, who felt superior to Jews, like himself, of Eastern origin: "I cannot," he writes, "rid myself of the feeling that I am seen by them as a Yid." And then more sinister outlines of a plot occurred to him: he had been a staunch anti-Communist way back when, and hadn't Bloomgarden and Hellman been at least sympathetic to Communists, possibly more? . . . Hadn't Hellman taken the Fifth? And why was it—not only this trouble with the play, but the whole New York literary Establishment seemed to ignore his books, prevent reviews from appearing? Didn't they all know each other? And listen to whatever Hellman told them?

During all this, Levin sought the aid of several psychiatrists, plunged to the depths of despair, almost saw his marriage collapse under the weight of his obsession, took up part-time residence in Israel, and wrote several books, one of them *Compulsion*. His troubles, first finding a producer for his stage version of *Compulsion* and then with the producer, Michael Myerberg, seemed closely connected with the fight over the *Diary*, which had now resulted in numerous legal confrontations, a courtroom battle, and an eventual settlement which Levin to this day thinks unfair and unjustified. (Levin's version of the *Diary* has been produced illegally in Israel and at Brandeis.) So, the plotters and the fates conspired (there were also threats and a lawsuit over *Compulsion*): the noblest of intentions had resulted in his acquiring a harmful and unwarranted reputation as a disputatious character, and worse, unbalanced,

Illustrated by Richard Mantel

"71,777 of our readers, lots of them furious, have just turned my desk into a ballot box."

Henry Gemmill, Editor - The National Observer



Sometimes I think The Observer has the most aggressive bunch of readers on this continent. They won't sit back and flip the pages. They read with precision and passion, and then jump up—intent on breaking into our news columns. And they succeed.

So my desk gets bloody busy. For instance, more than 71,000 of our readers—lots of them furious—have just used it as a ballot box.

Maybe I'd better explain. Last June a flood of letters debating the President's performance convinced us we might as well let our readers put it to a vote. So we printed, right in our paper, a ballot: ☐ Nixon should resign. ☐ Nixon should stay on the job. Not a poll—we called it a Plebiscite. The response bowled me over; nearly 53,000 readers marked and mailed ballots. Well, eventful months passed and our readers wanted us to grant them a voice once again. We obliged. To my astonishment, this time 71,777 ballots quickly rolled in. That's 13% of our circulation.

One, I noticed, was marked not in pencil but with a fingerprint in what looked suspiciously like blood. Thousands of notes came along. Jack Keeneman wrote from Virginia to denounce "the most cankerous administration in U.S. history." Frank Powell of California declared resignation demands are "as foolish as insisting that the captain of an airliner abandon the cockpit at 35,000 feet." Mrs. Franklin Schneider of Maryland was peeved at me. Said she: "You ought to print at least two ballots, so wives with strong opinions could register them."

It took us 306¾ person-hours to count the votes. Yet why should we complain? Our readers spent over $5,000 just on postage stamps.

Gives you an inkling of how readers get into our act. Fair enough; The Observer is their paper as much as mine.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

Observer Plebiscite Readers Again Say Nixon Shouldn't Resign

Learning Disability Makes Them

Kids Who Can't Learn

Not just reach--but touch.

"...you can't begin to see or appreciate a glimmer of Mr. Right-ness in any man if you're too busy booking Tuesday's guy from your Monday man's bedside."

Blair Sabol
The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Sex
February, page 46

Read it in
Mademoiselle
not just one of the girls

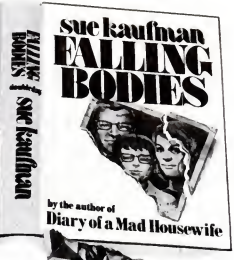
Surviving the perfect marriage

in a book that "throbs and stings and leaves you trembling with helpless laughter."—Lois Gould

Capturing the dark anxieties within a "happy marriage" and the often hilarious ways in which they are manifested, the new novel by the author of *Diary of a Mad Housewife* is a story of our time—a time when our gadgets break down, our marriages break down, we break down.

"Trenchant, witty... a real work of art by a woman of today absolutely *about* today."—*Sumner Locke Eliot*

"A fine novel. It fits into a mosiac of books like *Mr. Sammler's Planet* and *Portnoy's Complaint* and Breslin's *World Without End*, which seem to be forming a new literature of contemporary New York life."—*Russell Baker*



A Literary Guild Selection
DOUBLEDAY

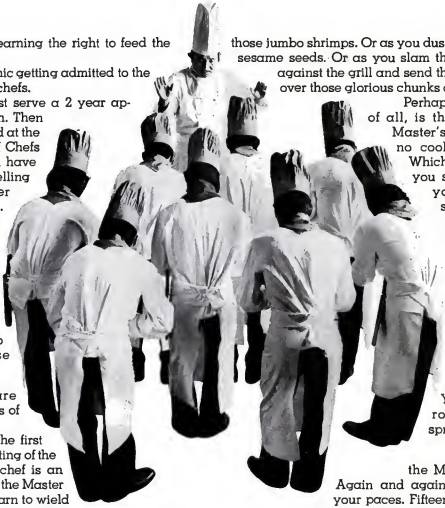
one of those paranoiac "injustice collector" pests who go around making scenes and pulling pieces of paper out of their pockets as "proof" of whatever cause they're into. His portrait of himself as obsessed is telling; so is his reasoning against an exclusive diagnosis of paranoia: "I can't take the blame myself for all this trouble," he tells one analyst. "Not everything is masochism. If we accept that, we end up with the attitude that the Jews themselves were to blame for the death camps."

And yet the matter of Levin's veracity is crucial. In response to an inquiry, Lillian Hellman, for one, has pronounced the book, those parts concerning her role and intentions, "a total lie, a total falsification." On the other hand, Robert Gottlieb, Levin's former editor at Simon and Schuster (he now heads Knopf), supports the accuracy of Levin's account of incidents in which he was involved (concerning disputes over *Compulsion*, but not the *Diary* fight), and characterizes Levin as perhaps impulsive, too outspoken for his own good, but honest.

There are discrepancies in the book which make one wonder. For instance, one is led to believe that Levin's early dealings with Otto Frank were entirely innocent of sophisticated wheeling and dealing. But later on we learn that Levin's correspondence with Frank filled an "enormous filing case" which Frank produced in court. Similarly, legal difficulties over Levin's work did not, after all, start with *Diary*, but apparently go back to his 1929 novel, *Reporter*. It is also curious, given Levin's supposedly close involvement from the beginning, that he did not know the correct identity of the Doubleday editor in Paris who signed up *Diary of a Young Girl*. I was a lowly reader at Doubleday around this time, and I knew that it was a fellow named Francis Price, and if I knew, everybody else did too. But apparently not Levin.

One is leery of conspiracy theories. There really is no literary cabal of the power and dimensions that Levin suggests—much less one that suppresses authors and books out of political vengeance. Yet one doesn't discount the anguish in this book. It must be that Levin is trouble-prone, the way some people seem to be accident-prone or flu-prone, that slight misinterpretations lead to grosser assumptions and then to actions that do indeed tempt the fates. And then the fates retaliate, thus appearing to prove those initial slight misreadings. It must be some of that. And it must be, too, that there are many truths, not one. The book is compelling as a journal of a man in great pain; for the rest we shall have to wait and see. ■

Go forth now and cook amongst the Americans.



It's not easy earning the right to feed the people of America.

No, it's no picnic getting admitted to the league of Benihana chefs.

First, you must serve a 2 year apprenticeship in Japan. Then you must be accepted at the Benihana College of Chefs in Tokyo. There you have to spend fifteen gruelling weeks under Master Chef Shinji Fujisaku. You don't graduate unless the Master certifies that you've become an absolute whiz at Benihana's special style of Hibachi cooking (Japanese grill cuisine as opposed to classical Japanese cuisine.)

And what are some of the teachings of the Master?

Well, one of the first has to do with the cutting of the meat. "A Benihana chef is an artist, not a butcher," the Master says. So you must learn to wield a knife with dazzling grace, speed and precision. Your hands should move like Fred Astaire's feet.

You also learn that to a Benihana chef, Hibachi cooking is never solemn. As the Master says "It's an act of pure joy." So joy, really, is what you must bring to the Hibachi table. A joy that the people around you can see and feel. A joy they can catch as you sauté those jumbo shrimps. Or as you dust that chicken with sesame seeds. Or as you slam that pepper shaker against the grill and send the pepper swirling over those glorious chunks of steak.

Perhaps most important of all, is this saying of the Master's: "Benihana has no cooks. Only chefs." Which means that while you should be joyous, you must always strive for perfection. So you learn everything there is to learn about sauces and seasonings. You labor to make your shrimp the most succulent shrimp anyone's ever tasted. Your sirloin the most delicious and juicy. Your every mushroom and beansprout a song.

Over and over the Master drills you. Again and again you go through your paces. Fifteen exhausting, perfection-seeking weeks.

But the day comes when you're ready. Ready to bring what you've learned to the people of such faraway places as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

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"Sayonara, Honorable Teacher," you say.

"Knock 'em dead, Honorable Graduate," he replies.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

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The Lively Arts/Alan Rich

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THEIR FARE

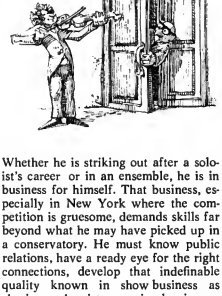
"...The New York musician has an easier time getting started than the actor, but the consequences are far more difficult..."

After looking through the galleys of the material on New York actors that appears elsewhere in this issue, I hit upon the not-all-that-original notion of trying to write something similar about New York musicians. Some of my work was done for me, and very well, by the piece on free-lance performers in a recent *New York Times Magazine,* but there's more to be said.

The most obvious similarity between the musician and the actor is the importance of New York itself in their lives. Despite everything that has happened in this country in the past decade or so toward decentralization of the arts, with the growth of regional theater and the emergence of a Lincoln-Center-type cultural complex in virtually every large city across the map, New York remains pre-eminent as the place where careers are launched, where talent is packaged and shipped out to the rest of the country. That is why almost every aspiring actor I've ever spoken to would prefer working for no pay in an off-off-Broadway showcase in Manhattan to earning money in a small but more professional house somewhere else. It is also why young musicians dump life savings into a Town Hall debut rather than gain easier spotlights in their home towns.

In a sense, the musician has an easier time getting started than the actor. If he's looking for a star career, all he needs for his first big chance is the right amount of money; he doesn't, as the actor does, have to fight for a place within a larger ensemble, the cast of a play. Even if his vanity is far more developed than his talent, he can find one or two concert managers in town who will happily sell him a packaged debut in a major hall, without benefit of audition or references.

The beginning may be easier, but the consequences are more difficult. Making it as a musician is a lonely business; the actor, at least, derives a great deal of his mastery over expression from the constant process of interacting—with other members of the cast, with the director, with the production itself. The musician's decisions —as to repertory, interpretation, and the right next move—must be his own.



Whether he is striking out after a soloist's career or in an ensemble, he is in business for himself. That business, especially in New York where the competition is gruesome, demands skills far beyond what he may have picked up in a conservatory. He must know public relations, have a ready eye for the right connections, develop that indefinable quality known in show business as charisma, chemistry, or simply pizzazz.

All this may seem self-evident, but it often isn't—not even to the people to whom it should be, the musicians themselves. The other day I had a couple of drinks with an old school buddy, a musician who has just decided to come to New York and make himself a brilliant career. He was thoroughly convinced that, being an excellent performer, he could automatically make New York drop everything and listen to his art. I heard him out with a sense of mounting horror. It *could* happen the way he wants it to, of course; new careers are launched daily in this city. But being a musician in New York today means, for one thing, being a member of a group too large for the available accommodations. There are too many performers in this city for its halls, for its audiences to hear, for its critics to write about. It's a romantic notion to go around proclaiming that every unheard performer in this city is a genius who, given half a chance, could save the musical world single-handedly. But it is an equally romantic notion to turn that proposition around and claim that every true genius in the city will eventually enjoy a brilliant and lucrative career. I didn't mind my friend's cockiness, because anyone without that kind of assurance is a fool for even thinking about a musical career. But I was afraid, as I constantly become when reading letters from other musicians looking for career advice so desperately that they're even willing to write to critics, that without knowledge of the grim realities of the New York scene, this guy is cooked before he gets into the pot.

Because New York is the magnet, it has developed an intricate network of predators. The city has a huge number of music teachers and coaches, for one thing; many of them offer the most distinguished training you'll find anywhere in the world today, but many seem to hang in with merely the ability to make good connections and get someone onto a stage. The free-lance world also has its predatory aspects; it can take an outsider years to crack the inner circle, the select group of players who pull down the best gigs, because breaking into that circle again takes the kind of political ability that no conservatory teaches. This situation has an analogue in the acting world. From what my friends in the theater tell me, you can score mightily the first time out, earn your glowing reviews and your Equity card—but spend the rest of your life outside the charmed circle of actors who work all the time.

It's a paradox, too, that the difficulties the New York musician faces have become horrendous at the very time when audience intelligence, the demand for genuine quality, has never been higher. The few young musicians who have really made it in this city in the past few years—I think of people like Peter Serkin, for example—have at the core of their talent a respect for musical values, a prevailing intelligence toward the substance of their art, that reaches the mind as well as the gut. Somewhere, however, between that intelligent audience and the performer worthy of its admiration, stands a set of hurdles that only the bravest, or the most foolhardy, dare approach. ■

Illustrated by F. A. Fitzgerald

We loaded this cannon in 1786

to protect our Virgin Islands Rum

Since then the Virgin Islands have been under six flags. But we've never fired our cannon*. We just kept on making friends with our rum. What's it like to make rum for almost three centuries? Quite an experience! And that experience lets us offer you a smoother rum. You will appreciate a Virgin Islands rum —and we will appreciate an opportunity to share our experience with you.

*This cannon still in the Christiansted Fort overlooking the harbor in St. Croix, Virgin Islands, was manufactured in Fritzoe Iron Works in Norway. It is capable of firing a 24 pound cannon ball three miles.

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Movies/Judith Crist

ROADSIDE REFRESHMENT

"... *The Last Detail* is a 'road' story in the best sense, with an honesty, vitality, and universality that are unforgettable..."

There's good news and there's bad news and after a January devoted to violence and relieved only by catching up or revisiting end-of-the-year entries, we'll seize, of course, upon the good. **The Last Detail** played for a week in Los Angeles in December in order to qualify for Academy Awards—and at very least it certainly should earn Jack Nicholson his third Oscar nomination. Emphasize the "at very least," for this is one of those rare "small" films that is a credit to everyone involved. Produced by Gerald Ayres, whose first venture was the neglected *Cisco Pike*, and directed by Hal Ashby, who made so auspicious a debut with the equally neglected *Harold and Maude*, it is based on the novel by Darryl Ponicsan, author, too, of *Cinderella Liberty*. But his second work, unlike the first, has been adapted for the screen by Robert Towne, whose screenplay emphasizes humanism and substitutes sentiment for the sentimentality that marred *Cinderella*. Add immaculate casting, a noteworthy debut for cinematographer Michael Chapman, and a spare and subtle score by Johnny Mandel, and you're left with a gem of a film.

It's a "road" story in the best disciplined sense, a tale of two career sailors assigned to escort a third from Norfolk, Va., to the Navy prison in Portsmouth, N.H. Nicholson and Otis Young play self-described "lifers," triple-hitch veterans who know the Navy game and have found themselves a home whose dubious comforts they're not about to risk. Randy Quaid, their prisoner, not yet eighteen, still in the blubber-and-acne stage of adolescence, is one of life's losers, sentenced to eight years and a dishonorable discharge for stealing a charity box for money he didn't need and didn't even make off with. The two men plan to deposit their prisoner promptly and relax and enjoy the extra days and the per diem—but before long the sad sack in their charge begins to make his mark on them and they on him. And in the picaresque tale that ensues, theirs is the story of men assured of their place in the world, reaching out to a boy to give him some of the pleasures and a sense of manhood of which life has cheated him.

Nicholson, extroverted and bantamcockish, is the embodiment of the compleat person, rambunctious as his tip-tilted cigar and as sentimental as his leading an abortive side trip to visit the boy's mother whose very absence tells of his bitter, disheveled childhood. Young, a quiet controlled black, is the restrained onlooker who senses the exact moment of action and provides the impressive authority. And Quaid is nothing short of remarkable as the boy who blunders into relationships and finally comes to intimations of himself as individual and as person. Through the bus and train stations, along the road, in the bars and hotel rooms and whorehouses, in the neon-city nighttimes and the chilly gray days, to the abrupt climactic parting at the prison, the men open themselves to us and to each other with a vitality, an honesty, and a universality that is unforgettable.

There are lovely bits by Clifton James, as the chief master-at-arms who assigns the men; Carol Kane as a prostitute; and Michael Moriarty as a Marine shavetail. Above all, there is Nicholson to show us once again his range and quality in performance.

Robert Altman shows us once again his unique talent for breaking Hollywood's mythology barrier. With **Thieves Like Us**, based on the Edward Anderson novel which was first filmed as *They Live by Night* in 1947, Altman explores the Bonnie-and-Clyde bank-robber romanticism of the thirties and sees, along with the banality of evil, the sordid simple-mindedness at its core. His film is slow, detailed, its violence almost incidental until the crashing climax—when there's a stunning reversal of the slow-motion cliché, with the drawn-out agony left to the survivor rather than the victim. And the result is a work of penetrating truth.

Altman's major break in this film is in his choice of cinematographer. Rather than continue with Vilmos Zsigmond, who did his *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *Images*, and *The Long Goodbye*, Altman turned to Jean Boffety, the brilliant French cameraman whose works include *Les Choses de la Vie*, *Act of the Heart*, and *César and Rosalie*, for a fresh eye on the American scene, specifically in and around Jackson, Mississippi. The result is astonishingly "American," with the film set in the landscapes of Andrew Wyeth, its lights and shadows those of Edward Hopper. It is extraordinary even in these days of "beautiful" films.

For his hero and heroine, Altman chose Keith Carradine, the doomed young cowboy of *McCabe*, and Shelley Duvall, the all-American mini-skirted vamp of *Brewster McCloud*, and brought forth noteworthy performances from both. Carradine plays the "boy" who breaks out of prison with two other lifers and whose loyalties and aspirations never go beyond them. But it is Ms. Duvall, as the passive accepting slavey, who is amazing in her presence, making her large-eyed plainness grow into solemn beauty, her gawky stance taking on an unexpected grace. The hickish, inept boy remains bound to and doomed by men too simple of mind to warrant even the labels of psychopathology—John Schuck, the brooding hulk jealous of his associates' every gesture of independence, and Bert Remsen, as foolish in his proud count of the banks he's "taken" as in his thoughts of another life. It is the girl who survives, Coke-sodden, reducing all to the slick terms of the soap operas and pulps that are the intellectual forces of her life, sustained by a pathetic romanticism. Through them, tracing the hopeless paths his creatures are fated to pursue, Altman exposes the fatuousness of Hollywood's and our own romanticizing of the thieves and killers who contribute to—or simply reflect—the moral bankruptcy of our society.

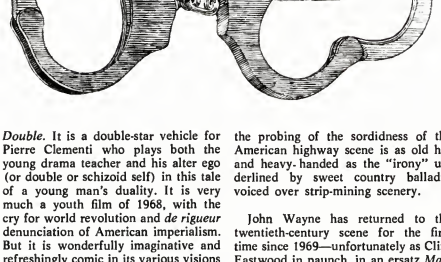
The screenplay, by Calder Willingham, Joan Tewkesbury, and Altman, is remarkably detailed but there is a serious lapse in logic—one suspects in the editing—in its final moments, when the boy, hitherto a follower, single-handedly arranges a prison break. But it is to Altman's credit that the episode is acceptable in the overall context of the film, so powerful are its perceptions, so effective its performances. It

is, perhaps, the most demanding of his recent films—but as always, the demands are justified and rewarding.

Bernardo Bertolucci's **Partner**, shown at the New York Film Festival in 1968, is the sparkling third work of this young director whose *Last Tango in Paris* was last year's *cause célèbre*. Made when he was 27, five years after his *Before the Revolution*, *Partner* is a loose adaptation by Bertolucci and Gianni Amico of Dostoevski's *The Double*. It is a double-star vehicle for Pierre Clementi who plays both the young drama teacher and his alter ego (or double or schizoid self) in this tale of a young man's duality. It is very much a youth film of 1968, with the cry for world revolution and *de rigueur* denunciation of American imperialism. But it is wonderfully imaginative and refreshingly comic in its various visions of the world as a stage, revolutions as stagecraft, love as a *tour de force*, and schizophrenia as the ultimate solution.

Clementi is delightful both as the ineffective young man and his alter ego who gets things done, achieving a mad mixture of the debonair and the Byronic, hopeless intellectualizer and sardonic observer. And the two girls in his double life, Stefania Sandrelli as his truelove and Tina Aumont as a four-eyed (I fool you not) detergent saleswoman, are charming.

A young woman's first screenplay—for **Road Movie**, Joseph Strick's first feature since *Tropic of Cancer* in 1970—indicates at most that the vision of woman as whore and destroyer of men is not restricted to the male chauvinist pigs of filmdom. The original screenplay by Judith Rascoe presents us with a traveling prostitute who screws two independent young truckers in every sense of the word and winds up killing one of them before continuing on her way. And Mr. Strick, whom we shall nevertheless continue to honor for *The Savage Eye* and *Ulysses*, has brought it to such repellent screen life that one is at a loss to discover what point, if any, either of them had in mind. One cannot fault the actors, all of whom have shown themselves capable players in other situations. But Robert Drivas and Barry Bostwick, as the city-slick and Texas-dumb truckers out to make it on their own, are so hopelessly stupid, and Regina Baff, as the shrewish nasty whore, is so unredeemingly bitchy and mean, that one cannot care a damn about them. All the probing of the sordidness of the American highway scene is as old hat and heavy-handed as the "irony" underlined by sweet country balladry voiced over strip-mining scenery.



John Wayne has returned to the twentieth-century scene for the first time since 1969—unfortunately as Clint Eastwood in paunch, in an ersatz *Magnum Force* written and co-produced by Lawrence Roman and labeled **McQ**. It's almost pointless to note that the film's colophon is another of those phallic handguns or that Wayne, out of the saddle and into the Hornet, is as stony-faced and over-age as ever as a maverick police lieutenant who is disciplined for beating up suspects but carries on independently to solve the mystery of a drug heist that leads, of course, to a crooked cop—*not* top brass, of course (not in a John Wayne Establishment flick that will probably delight the President as usual), but an underling. There are killings aplenty fore and aft, car chases galore, lots of non-actors to match Wayne; lots of actors to be wasted, chief among them Colleen Dewhurst, David Huddleston, and Al Lettieri; lots of flashy photography of Seattle to glaze the eye, and marble-mouthed dialogue to stultify the brain.

With the Wayne film to delight the dads, the Walt Disney studios have come up with **Superdad** to please—well, maybe some Middle Americans who've found *The Waltons* too durn realistic and racy. *Superdad*, with a screenplay by Joseph L. McEveety, directed by Vincent McEveety, and enacted by singularly unattractive and untalented players who look like rejects from *Let's Make a Deal*, is about a dad's attempt to get close to his teenage daughter by water-skiing and interfering with her college plans. It is shoddy and stupid by the lowest family-fare standards—enough to set you-know-who revolving underground at Disneyland.

Zardoz, a science-fiction creation by John Boorman, the director of *Deliverance* who produced and wrote as well as directed it, demonstrates how one can make a cheap sci-fi flick look like a cheap sci-fi flick by using mirrors and prisms as substitutes for imagination. Boorman's fantasy of the year 2293 has an over-the-hill-for-beefcakery Sean Connery wandering around in a sort of diaper in a commune that claims to have discovered eternal life but sure has done nothing to change the hairstyle, clothing, or bubble-headed commune-type philosophizing of 1973. There is some pretty camera work but it's overshadowed by banalities of plot, dialogue, and performance. It's as complex as *The Wizard of Oz* (get the hint?) but half as sophisticated. The film was shot in Ireland and everybody looks like an Irish extra (and is), in various Irish landscapes. Reviewers were given a glossary and "guide to this future world." It doesn't help.

The Ceremony, by Nagisa Oshima, known to cineastes as "the Godard of Japan," is strictly for cineastes who can justify all sorts of incoherencies and inanities in the name of cult. This endless melodrama is, despite an interesting scene or two, strictly from the schmaltz-soap had-I-but-known school, and if its saga of the Sakurada family, recalled by a grandson who winds up its sole survivor, is a parable of Japanese history from 1946 to the present, it is a convoluted and tedious one. Our protagonist remembers his past through the various ceremonies—weddings, funerals, reunions—that brought the clan together under the cold eye of grandpa who was given to seduction and incest and corporate and political wheeling and dealing. Our hero winds up unsure of whether his lifelong truelove is or isn't his sister or whether his lifelong pal was or wasn't his brother. The two end up suicides, but grandpa—who made the hero go through a wedding ceremony even though the bride didn't show up (an interesting sequence, "straight Buñuel!" a nearby enthusiast noted loudly)—dies a natural death. It is, at most, for special audiences. ■

Illustrated by chas b slackman

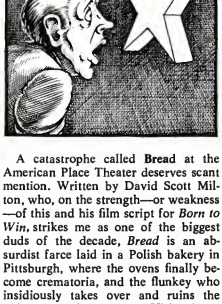
Theater/John Simon

VERSIONS—FIRST, LAST, AND PER

"...Carol Channing is one of those *monstres sacrés*—an exploding atom bomb, a larger-than-life, ageless, and intractable star..."

Lorelei is or isn't, depending on how you take to Carol Channing. This revised revival of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* has a terrible new book by Kenny Solms and Gail Parent, and well-rhymed but matte-finished lyrics by Comden and Green—although the old book and lyrics too required as much rubbing together as two dry sticks to yield a spark. Jule Styne's score is not one of his best, and the dances by Ernest O. Flatt are earnest and flat. John Conklin's scenery, also mostly flats, seems to have been designed so that the show could travel light in the hinterlands, where it has been raking it in. Robert Moore's direction is, at best, plodding, but Alvin Colt's costumes display a subtle color sense, and blend astutely with one another, as well as with the more spectacular outfits Ray Aghayan and Bob Mackie have draped around Miss Channing, who seems to be clothed also in eternal youth, looking exactly as she did when she first astounded me in *Lend an Ear*, years and ears ago.

In repose (but, of course, she is hardly ever that), Miss Channing is an overgrown sunflower speaking and singing with the voices of an entire batrachian chorus out of Aristophanes. Her eyes are saucers slithering around the large silver salver of her face, bearing also a red-enameled ashtray in which two king-size cigarettes keep rolling apart and back together. And when she goes into full action, her slender, agitated stem topped by a swirling ash-blonde mushroom cap, Miss Channing becomes an exploding atom bomb. She is one of those *monstres sacrés*, as Cocteau dubbed the larger-than-life, ageless, and intractable stars of the theater, and she leaves me, beyond approval or disapproval, agape. Her remarkable slow-motion violence did seem to flag a bit in the second act, but it may equally have been the act itself that flagged. Peter Palmer sings nicely, Le Roy Reams is pleasant, and Dodie Goodman and Brandon Maggart are untalented and irritating, but all this disappears into Miss Channing, who may or may not be your samovar of tea. I'd prefer her in something new, say, a musical *La Celestina*.



A catastrophe called **Bread** at the American Place Theater deserves scant mention. Written by David Scott Milton, who, on the strength—or weakness—of this and his film script for *Born to Win*, strikes me as one of the biggest duds of the decade, *Bread* is an absurdist farce laid in a Polish bakery in Pittsburgh, where the ovens finally become crematoria, and the flunkey who insidiously takes over and ruins the bakery turns into a crazed Hitler. Some of the characters are out of Abbott and Costello, the rest out of Arrabal and Pinter, but one can observe everything from Brecht to David Storey become grist for Milton's flour mill. He has been served condignly by such atrocious performers as John Peter Barrett and Constantine Katsanos; the rest, who are better, are wasted on him. So, too, is Kert Lundell's bakery setting, good enough to eat, but not Martin Fried's unappetizing direction, perfectly suited to the play. Following closely on fiascos by Rochelle Owens and Ed Bullins, *Bread* makes me worry about A.P.T.'s physical and mental health.

The Actors' Company of England opened at the Brooklyn Academy with **The Wood Demon**, Chekhov's first version of *Uncle Vanya*, written when the playwright was 29 and very talented, but far from the supremely ripe genius he was to become. There are too many personages rattling around here for the author to achieve the careful character illuminations he is after, and he is particularly uncertain about tone, the very thing he was to attain absolute mastery of. He starts out with comedy, which becomes attenuated and even haggard, then stumbles into drama, then backtracks into a no man's land between the two, and ends up in clumsy farce. Nevertheless, there is much here that is both droll and humane, and though the poignant edge of *Vanya* is sorely lacking, there are some nicely bustling and bristling minor characters, as good as any of Chekhov's later lovable grotesques. *The Wood Demon* is fascinating when it offers us a *Vanya* still insufficiently caparisoned and bridled, but also often amusing when it recklessly gallops off on its own. Yet it never coheres or convinces as *Vanya* does, and it ends in sheer contrivance.

The play, moreover, is disturbing to watch: one feels prey to some sort of astigmatism, as bits of true Chekhov keep weaving in and out of the work of an imitator, parodist, or plain *farceur*. It leaves you in a state of uprootedness or *dépaysement*, for which the subsequent increased appreciation of *Uncle Vanya* is barely compensation enough. The production, however, is brilliantly directed by David Giles, very well designed (especially the sets by Kenneth Mellor), and unevenly but unembarrassingly acted. As the protagonist, Ian McKellen, an interesting actor, gives a clever impersonation of Peter O'Toole, nothing more; but I liked very much the Julia of Sharon Duce, who managed to make ordinariness appealing; the Orlovsky of John Woodvine, shrewdly languid, and spiced with a dash of Wilfrid Hyde-White; and the Serebryakov of Robert Eddison, who, for the first time in my experience, conveyed the charm as well as the oafishness of this humbug.

It is good to see *The Wood Demon* once and then to forget it; just as an occasional visit to the monkey house is good for a look at the chimpanzees, the better to appreciate Homo sapiens, who came from there. But David Giles's staging is a must: an example of how to get the maximum of movement, psychological detail, and pictorial composition into a slice of life without letting it become a piece of Martian fruitcake à la Peter Brook. See it and marvel. ■

Illustrated by Jan Faust

We Have Four People Who Risk Getting Heartburn Every Week Just So You'll Never Have To.

They're *New York* Magazine's food critics Gael Greene, Milton Glaser and Jerome Snyder (our Underground Gourmets) and Mimi Sheraton.

It's their jobs to taste everything edible that's served or sold in our city. So they can tell you whether it's worth eating.

Which is not as tasty a job as you might think.

After all, when you're out to find good meals under $5 (our "Underground Gourmet" column), you wind up eating a lot of Rolaids for dessert.

Nor is Mimi Sheraton's job always as glamorous as eating her way through Bloomingdale's gourmet shop. She also does things like compare all the private label brands vs. the name brands in all the supermarkets in the city. Not exactly your elegant dining experience.

On the other hand, Gael Greene is always dining elegantly. She's our Insatiable Critic of haute cuisine. And since Gael is dealing in meals that go for $40, $50 and $60 a couple, when she tells you whether it's worth it or not, what she's saving you is another common cause of heartburn in our city.

Walletburn

New York is a city that can make even an $80,000 salary seem like peanuts. It's a town that can eat you up, a town you can't get the best of without help.

Which is why, at *New York*, our food people aren't the only people helping you.

The fact is *New York* is a magazine devoted to helping you live better and cheaper.

For example, our "Sales and Bargains" column tells you which stores are having sales on regular merchandise at a minimum 30% discount.

Our "Best Bets," "Passionate Shopper" and "Urban Strategist" columns tell you things like what's new, choice and really different and where to get an air conditioner repairman at 2 a.m. in the middle of August at a price that won't steam you up. Our "Free for All" section lists theater, art, music and other events that take place practically every day and don't cost a cent. Then there's our new monthly events and entertainment calendar, a terrific pullout with the most interesting events and entertainment in and around town.

Of course there's more to *New York* than dollars and cents.

Food For Thought

Good writing is what reading is about. And good writing is what you'll read, by all the people already mentioned plus Gail Sheehy, Nick Pileggi, Dick Reeves, Nora Ephron, Aaron Latham, Judith Crist, Alan Rich, John Simon and Eliot Fremont-Smith among others.

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New York on the newsstand costs 50¢ a week, $25.50 a year. However, you can save $13.50 right now by ordering a subscription right now at our regular subscription price of just $12 a year.

A price that's very easy to swallow.

NEW YORK

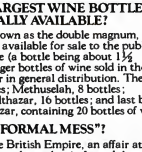
10 QUESTIONS THAT WINE EXPERTS ASK EACH OTHER.

Wine is an endlessly fascinating subject.

And people who really develop an interest in wine can spend hours discussing, debating, and drinking it on into the night.

We've set down 10 of the most interesting questions and answers we've heard in our 94 years of making fine wine. Try them on yourself and your friends and see where you come out.

1. WHAT DO RABBITS HAVE TO DO WITH THE MAKING OF SHERRY?



In Spain in the 1800's, it was customary to put rabbit carcasses in casks full of sherry in order to enrich the alcohol. Fortunately, for rabbit lovers as well as rabbits, this practice was discontinued around the turn of the 20th Century.

2. WHAT IS THE LARGEST WINE BOTTLE COMMERCIALLY AVAILABLE?

The Jeroboam, also known as the double magnum, is the largest bottle of wine available for sale to the public. It contains 5 bottles of wine (a bottle being about 1½ pints). There have been larger bottles of wine sold in the past, but they are no longer in general distribution. They are the Rehoboam, 6 bottles; Methuselah, 8 bottles; Salmanezar, 12 bottles; Balthazar, 16 bottles; and last but not least, the Nebuchadnezzar, containing 20 bottles of wine.

3. WHAT IS A "FORMAL MESS"?

During the reign of the British Empire, an affair at which military officers gathered together in formal dress for the sole purpose of toasting was called a "formal mess." Each man had a bottle of wine before him. One officer would rise and say, "I propose a toast to the Queen of England. Gentlemen, charge your glasses." Everyone stood up, charged his glass, put away another glass of wine, and sat down. This procedure continued on down through the hierarchy of the entire British Empire. By the time they came to the Governor of Rhodesia the wine was gone.

And so were the officers.

4. HOW DID COLORED WINE GLASSES COME INTO USE?

Wine glasses tinted red, blue and green were introduced in the Victorian age in order to mask the large amount of sediment present in wines at that time. Better bottling techniques have been developed since then, and tinted glasses have become a thing of the past.

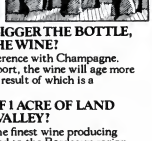
5. WHO INVENTED CHAMPAGNE?

When Dom Perignon first tasted his luscious creation in 1705, he said, "Come quickly, I am drinking stars." He is also credited with the invention of the cork.

6. WHAT WAS THE BIGGEST PARTY EVER THROWN IN A WINE VAT?

Back in 1897, Italian Swiss Colony of Asti, California decided they needed a wine vat.

Since they were already a very big winery, they didn't mess around. They built a vat capable of holding 500,000 gallons of wine, which was at that time the world's largest wine vat, underground or not. In order to celebrate the event, they threw a party in the vat. It was large enough to hold a 15 piece military band, and 100 couples who danced and drank for 2 days and 3 nights.



7. IS IT TRUE THAT THE BIGGER THE BOTTLE, THE BETTER THE WINE?

It doesn't make a bit of difference with Champagne. But with a claret, burgundy, or port, the wine will age more slowly in a larger bottle, the end result of which is a fuller-bodied wine.

8. WHAT IS THE VALUE OF 1 ACRE OF LAND IN THE NAPA VALLEY?

The Napa Valley is one of the finest wine producing areas in the world, often compared to the Bordeaux region of France. To buy 1 acre of grape producing land there could cost you as much as $10,000.

9. WHAT IS THE WORLD'S DISTANCE RECORD FOR A CHAMPAGNE CORK?

According to the 1973 edition of the Guinness Book of Records, the longest distance for a champagne cork to fly is 73 feet 10½ inches, popped by A. D. Beaty at Hever, Kent, England, on July 20, 1971.

10. WHAT WAS THE HIGHEST RECORDED PRICE EVER PAID FOR AN AMERICAN WINE?

The price was $5,000 and the wine was a 12 bottle mixed case of Inglenook Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir produced between 1887 and 1900, and sold at auction in 1971. This should come as no surprise, since this is an ad for Inglenook. What is surprising is that we make these same wines today as if we were still in the 19th Century.

For instance, our wine cellar in the Napa Valley probably could have been replaced long ago with an easier-to-maintain structure. But its 3 foot thick stone walls keep our wine at a perfect 56° year around. And our 200 year old German wine barrels could probably be replaced with more modern steel vats. But the Black Forest oak has a mellowing effect on our wine that we couldn't get any other way.

ESTATE BOTTLED

Inglenook

NAPA VALLEY
GREY RIESLING
1972

In addition, we still produce estate bottled wine at Inglenook, which is about as practical as making Tiffany shades these days.

But growing, crushing and fermenting our grapes right there where we can keep our eyes on them, gives us the control necessary to produce a great wine year after year.

That's the way they do it in Europe. And that's the way we do it at Inglenook.

That way, a case of 1968 Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine will be worth a small fortune another hundred years from now.

INGLENOOK

In Europe, there are many great wines.
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This ad is one of a series. If you'd like copies of other ads, send your name and address to Inglenook Vineyards, Box 527, Dept. B, San Francisco, CA 94101.

The Passionate Shopper/Noel Perrin

GETTING FIRED

"...The myth is that city people will pay a dollar a log. I have almost a cord of firewood to sell and I mean to check that out..."

Once a New Yorker, now a peasant, I live on a hundred-acre farm in central Vermont. Last October, though, I decided to drive back to the city with a load of firewood to sell. It was good, dry maple, cut and split a year before. I also had about 50 gleaming white birch logs, cut one week before. You can hardly light new-cut birch with a blowtorch, but it looks pretty, and I was curious to see whether New York wood dealers would buy it.

I'm curious about New York and firewood altogether. In Vermont, people buy wood by the cord—which is a stack four feet high, four feet wide, and eight feet long. An average cord of firewood contains 500 to 1,000 logs, and weighs a couple of tons. In Vermont, it currently retails for about $45. But the myth is that city people will pay a dollar a log. I meant to check that.

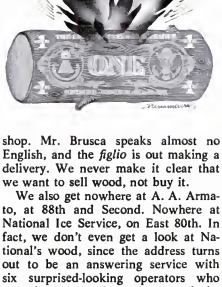
"Jesus! You'll make a killing. Only you ought to have more birch." And the gas-station attendant walks me over to the edge of the station. "Look at that," he says, pointing to a small pile of gleaming white logs on the next lot. "Three for a dollar, that guy charges." Golly. "Yeah, he gets it up to his camp. It don't cost him *nothing*. It's all profit." The man is turning green with envy.

So far so good. Only halfway there, and already wood is selling for 33 cents a log.

I could tell him something about getting it no-cost, though. Between a raw tree and a load of cut and split logs, there is an incredible amount of labor. You handle every stick five or six times.

Because we rustics always leave for market at dawn, it is just noon when I come onto the island and start rumbling down Second Avenue. I have a friend with me, and she is holding a list of wood dealers in her hand, copied weeks ago out of the Manhattan Yellow Pages. We are going first to Brusca Ice and Wood, at 95th and Third. (There are ten wood dealers listed in Manhattan, incidentally, which is ten more than there are in the Bronx; Brooklyn and Staten Island have three and four, respectively; Queens has two.)

We get nowhere at Brusca, though I see at least five cords of nice-looking wood stacked up in the narrow little



shop. Mr. Brusca speaks almost no English, and the *figlio* is out making a delivery. We never make it clear that we want to sell wood, not buy it.

We also get nowhere at A. A. Armato, at 88th and Second. Nowhere at National Ice Service, on East 80th. In fact, we don't even get a look at National's wood, since the address turns out to be an answering service with six surprised-looking operators who turned as one when we opened the door to their tiny windowless office.

So we head for Clark & Wilkins of Park Avenue. This is not the Park Avenue that Park Avenue people mean when they speak of Park Avenue. This is up at 128th Street. Clark & Wilkins is a 100-year-old firm and the biggest wood dealer in the city. The office is a large, brick, fortresslike building. Inside, it is dim and quiet. Several men are cutting four-foot bolts of wood into short pieces and then tying them up in elegant little bundles.

After a minute the foreman glances up and I explain that I have a lot of good, dry Vermont maple just outside. Instantly, he explains pleasantly but firmly that they have a regular supplier who provides the top-quality, super-dry wood New Yorkers demand.

Since I never even got a chance to ask his prices, I now send my friend in to pose as a customer. Joanna is from New Hampshire, but to my mind she could pass as a lower Park Avenue type any day. She also knows wood. What she finds is that they sell all their wood in bags, and that all the bags cost $5. You can get a bag with twenty logs twelve inches long. She checks a few out, and finds they really do contain dry beech and oak, with a very occasional piece of punky elm.

While all this is going on, a fellow named Rocco comes out for a cigarette, and spots my truck with me skulking behind it. Then he sees the white birch, and this turns out to be one thing their regular supplier doesn't have. Two minutes later the foreman is outside, and we're dickering. I hadn't planned to mention either that my birch is green or that some of it isn't white birch at all, but an inferior species called gray birch. But as we dicker, the foreman casually reaches out to pick up a log—and since green wood weighs about twice as much as dry, I go honest and tell him when it was cut. He shrugs. "So? The customers won't care—what do they know? Birch they just use for decoration, anyway."

Honesty satisfied, I ask him to make an offer for the batch of 50 logs. He looks me straight in the eye: "My friend, I have absolutely no idea what it's worth." (In Vermont we usually look at our feet when saying something so outrageous.) "You give me a price."

So I do. I ask for 20 cents a log, which would be robbery in Vermont, but seemed reasonable here. Apparently not reasonable enough, though. He looks me in the eye again, and says the big boss does the buying, and he's not in. We agree I'll come back tomorrow.

But I want to sell my wood today, and it's already after four. So we roar down from 128th Street, looking for more wood dealers. It isn't easy. Manhattan wood dealers are very inconspicuous. No vulgar signs or advertising. The headquarters of Casamassima & Sons on East 50th, for example, turns out to be a basement apartment in an old brownstone. When Mrs. Casamassima comes to the door in a housecoat, I feel sure I have the wrong place. But no, it's the right one, only her *sposo* is off making a delivery. Would he like some nice dry maple? No, he's overstocked. Birch? There's

Illustrated by Miriam Wosk

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"... Doormen like neat, clean packages of logs. They like artificial logs best of all ..."

no demand for it.

Finally, just as it's getting dark, we come to Diamond Ice Cube, at 201 East 33rd, and here our luck turns. They are still open, and they're buying wood. The boss looks my truckload over, and concedes that the logs on top are suitable. "Of course, I don't know what you've got under there," he says suspiciously. (More dry maple, that's what.) "How much do you want for it?" he asks.

It's almost six o'clock, and I only want $30 for the entire five-eighths of a cord of maple. The birch? The birch would be extra. "Thirty for the lot," he says. "Thirty-five," I answer, and he agrees. This is about 9 cents a log, but at least I've got a sale.

What I don't have is a delivery. It's quitting time, his drivers have gone home, and he wants me to come back tomorrow to unload. I explain that the wood will probably be stolen by then; he explains that that's my worry, not his. By 6:30 I am crawling up the ramp of the Kinney Garage on West 44th with my ton of wood. It is noticed immediately.

There are three attendants on duty. The one who comes over to the truck is a young man, very lively. He has a piece of white birch in his hands in no time, and is stripping off a piece of bark. "Hey, man, it's just like paper." I tell him the Indians used to write on it. "This tree doesn't grow in America, does it?" he asks in honest surprise. I assure him I cut it myself in Vermont, but he isn't really listening. He's noticing the difference, missed by three wood dealers, between the white birch (chalky, and it peels) and the gray birch (not chalky, doesn't peel).

"Does it carve?" he asks me, still holding the white birch log. "I'd like to buy this." The whole encounter has been too pleasant to mar with a 9-cent sale, so I give him the log. "Thanks," he says. "I'll whittle something nice."

At our hotel I change from work pants and a blue denim jacket to slightly outdated city clothes, and Joanna and I proceed to blow most of

Where to Buy Firewood

All but one of Manhattan's ten wood dealers will deliver neat bundles of sound, dry hardwood to your brownstone or apartment house (Division Lumber Corporation is the exception). The prices quoted below include delivery, between 100th Street and the Battery.

AAA Dry Ice (241 East 24th Street, MU 3-3606) sells bags of twelve sticks of twelve-inch wood for $4; bags of sixteen-inch logs are $5.

A. A. Armato (1701 Second Avenue, 737-1742) charges $4 for each bag of one dozen logs twelve or eighteen inches long; a bundle of a dozen 24-inch logs is $5. In either category the minimum order is for two dozen logs.

Brusca Ice and Wood (1693 Third Avenue, 744-6986) sells bags of thirteen 18-inch logs for $4.

Casamassima & Sons (407 East 50th Street, EL 5-3734) charges $6.50 for a bag containing about fifteen twelve-, fourteen-, or sixteen-inch logs.

Clark & Wilkins (1871 Park Avenue, 534-5110) sells bags of twenty twelve-inch logs, about seventeen sixteen- or eighteen-inch logs, or bundles of twenty- or 24-inch logs for $5, if you pick up the wood yourself. The firm will also deliver in Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn Heights ($6.50 per bag).

Diamond Ice Cube (201 East 33rd Street, MU 5-5186) charges $5 for a bag of about twelve sixteen-inch logs. (This fall, a good portion of Diamond's wood happens to be high-quality split maple from Vermont.)

Division Lumber Corporation (129 Division Street, CO 7-0464) doesn't sell logs, but it does sell scraps of lumber and board ends, which you have to pick up yourself. According to the manager, "for $3 or $4 we'll give you quite a bit."

Hudson Ice and Cube Company (636 Hudson Street, 691-8860) has bags of split oak at $3.50 per dozen logs; the minimum order is two bags. If you have the space to store it, Hudson will also sell a cord of oak for $90.

National Ice Service (245 East 80th Street, YU 8-9380) has sixteen-inch logs only, at $5 the bag.

Village Firewood (316 East 6th Street, 777-4180) has bundles of ten logs, twelve, eighteen, and 24 inches long, in ash, oak, maple, and yellow birch. (Yellow birch isn't as pretty as white birch, but it burns about twice as long.) The "standard order" here is five bundles of eighteen-inch logs ($14.50).—**N.P.**

the wood money ($21.50, to be exact) on a not very good Spanish restaurant. Then, like proper hayseeds, we go to Radio City Music Hall.

The next morning we are back at Diamond Ice Cube at nine sharp. The load is intact, two drivers are waiting, and the four of us unload my wood and pitch it into a cellarway. As we do, we talk, and I learn, for example, that the city's firewood industry has been in a slow decline for about 75 years, as more and more buildings with fireplaces are torn down. But thanks to the energy crisis, there is probably going to be an upturn, starting this year. I learn that Diamond's biggest cost, apart from the wood itself and the burlap bags (which cost 30 cents apiece), is the parking tickets the drivers get while delivering. They plan on two a week, at $25 each. I learn that wood is delivered in such small quantities because of doormen. Doormen like neat, clean packages that don't weigh much. In fact, what they really prefer are artificial logs made out of wax and sawdust (Diamond sells these, too), which come wrapped like loaves of bread. Fortunately for me, most fireplace owners want real wood. So do photographers, who constitute a small but steady market for birch. They buy three logs at a time, and use them in decorator shots.

But the thing I learn that surprises me most has nothing to do with firewood in New York. One of the two drivers turns out to be from St. Albans, Vermont—he moved to New York when he was sixteen—and I am telling him what a rip-off the Spanish restaurant was, and how much cheaper things still are in Vermont. He smiles pityingly. "Twenty dollars is *nothing*," he says. And he tells me that last winter he took his wife and two children skiing at Bolton Valley, in northern Vermont, and went through $900 in four days. Joanna asks him if a lot of this wasn't for rental of equipment, and he says no, he and his wife have gear. Skis for the kids, yes, they rented them.

I am still absorbing this vision of Vermont as more expensive than New York when the boss comes back from a delivery. He inspects my wood, likes it, writes out a check, and tells me he'll take as much more as I care to bring down. Joanna and I head uptown in the empty truck, hit a couple of museums—among other things, we hear a free lecture by the Countess of Jellicoe on "The Bath in Art" at the Frick—and then start back up north. The next day, which is a Sunday, I cut and split a full cord of birch, and stack it in the barn to dry. I'll be down with it next fall. I want another of those cheap weekends in the city. ■

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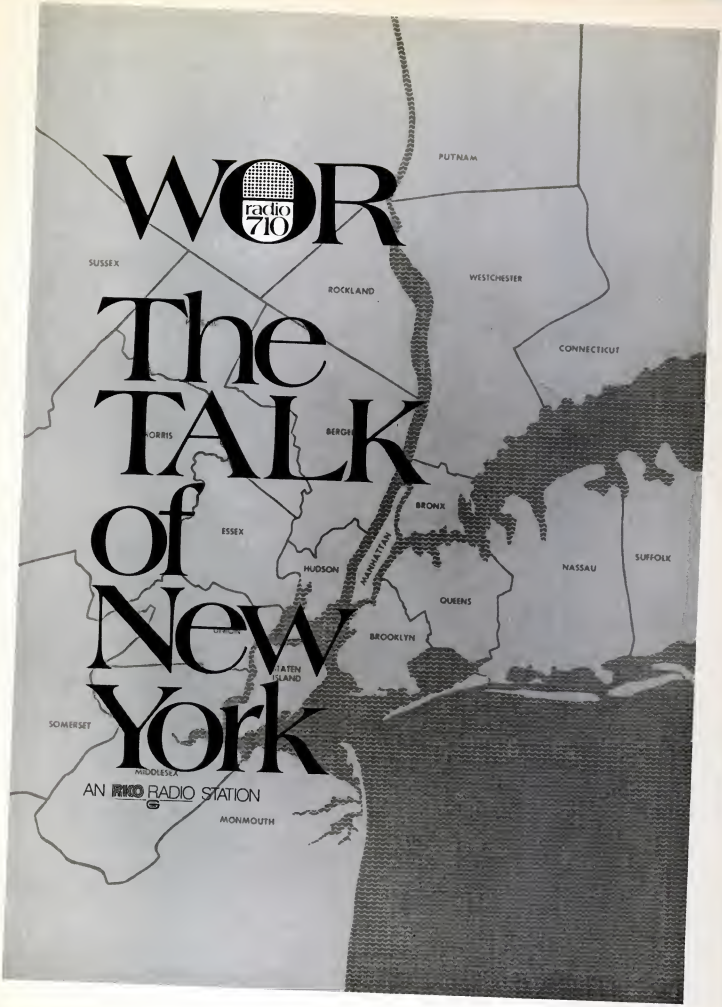
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Milton Glaser and Jerome Snyder

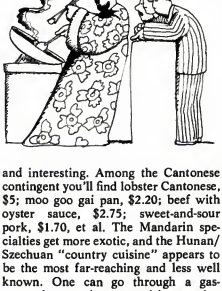
WHERE THE HEARTH IS

The Wunam Kitchen at 806 Second Avenue (northeast corner of 43rd Street), 685-7011, bills itself as "the first open hearth kitchen in the U.S.A.," but it is really a Chinese luncheonette with an interesting variation. The delightful departure lies in the open kitchen, where instead of the usual short-order cook of a limited repertoire, there stands a full-fledged Chinese chef in full view working deftly and vigorously at a large range complete with a set of graduated woks. For those interested in the techniques and quasi-mysteries of Chinese cooking, a seat up front at the counter offers free instruction. The menu runs the gamut of popular Eastern cooking styles—Hunan, Szechuan, Mandarin, and Cantonese—but this culinary eclectism does not always yield the best representation from each region.

We started with our customary opening test, pork and Szechuan cabbage soup, which was somewhat underspiced and less flavorful than we've had in the past. The portion for two, served in a metal tureen, is adequate for four, $1.50. The restaurant made a good recovery with its shrimp and sizzling rice, which was gaily noisy, permeated with a rich, smoky taste, and well stocked with small shrimp, $2 for two. We went on to the Mandarin "moo shi" pork, served with two thin, slightly tough pancakes. The egg, vegetable, and pork mixture was strongly flavored, just a bit dense for our taste, $2.50. The beef and sesame flavor (Hunan/Szechuan) was also robust-tasting, with thin slices of beef covered with a thick, savory sesame sauce, $2.95.

The spicy Wunam noodles were a good buy at $2. A generous portion of linguine-style noodles is smothered by a well-seasoned ground-meat sauce. Crisp duck lived up to its name—crisp and tasty, with a slight oily overtone, $3. The Hunan chicken is a multi-ingredient, soundly spiced, hearty preparation that combines small cubes of chicken with whole mushrooms, green peas, chili peppers, and slivers of bamboo shoots, scallions, and carrots, $2.75. Beef with baby corn (Mandarin) is a simpler, pleasant combination of beef slices, bamboo shoots, carrots, pea pods, and baby corn in a brown sauce, $2.70. Changsha shrimp (Hunan/Szechuan) includes pieces of chicken with pea pods and bamboo shoots that are immersed in a bland white sauce, $3.

The rest of the menu is both familiar



and interesting. Among the Cantonese contingent you'll find lobster Cantonese, $5; moo goo gai pan, $2.20; beef with oyster sauce, $2.75; sweet-and-sour pork, $1.70, et al. The Mandarin specialties get more exotic, and the Hunan/Szechuan "country cuisine" appears to be the most far-reaching and less well known. One can go through a gastronomic consciousness-raising session by starting with a combination plate of chow mein, egg roll, and fried rice, $1.90, and ending up with tung ting hu fish, $3.95, or fish in Peking sauce, $3.75. Caveat: the management, because of the small demand for fish and lobster, may drop these items from its new menu.

The restaurant also serves dumplings, fried and boiled (five for $1), but only after 4 p.m., which offers the possibility of great afternoon snacks with tea. Desserts are few and commonplace, from almond or fortune cookies, 30 cents, to mixed Chinese fruits, 50 cents.

There is a tendency here to overcook dishes slightly, but all in all, they turn out to be appetizing enough. Beyond that, we feel the Wunam Kitchen contributes a range and quality of Chinese food at very acceptable prices, which have been long needed in an area dominated by either overpriced Oriental palaces or cheap chow mein places.

Service by young, friendly waiters was efficient and helpful. There is free delivery service for orders over $3.

Seats 33 at the counter and 28 in booths. Open daily, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. ■

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY SARAH HARRIMAN

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIP-OFFS

Appliances—This shop-at-home discount buying service offers low prices on brand-name major appliances. Examples: Whirlpool washing machine #LAA5700 (list price, $259.95, here $192); Westinghouse dryer #DE870P ($249.95, here $200); Amana Radarange #RR4 with browning tray ($469.95, here $370.50); and Kitchenaid dishwasher (with panel) #KDI 17 ($311.75, here $264). Prices include delivery but not installation. Call Home Sales Enterprises (241-3272) with the model number of these or any other major appliances you want; the salesman will quote list price and sale price. All appliances come in factory-sealed cartons with full manufacturer's warranty. Payment must be made on delivery by certified check or cash.

Blouses—All women's shirts and blouses, sizes 5 to 18, now reduced to $9.99 (usually $15 to $30). All are first-quality goods, manufactured by houses such as Elles Belles, Jackfin, and Tucci. The range of styles and fabrics is wide at Ruth Brooks, 1617 First Avenue at 84th Street (288-4233). Sale ends February 28.

Gloves—Genuine kid gloves, mid-arm length, wool-lined, in black, brown, navy, and tan (regularly $17.50, now $11.95). At Lederer, 711 Fifth Avenue near 56th Street (PL 9-2353).

Meat—U.S. prime sirloin steaks, aged three weeks ($2.59 and up elsewhere, here $1.89 per pound trimmed weight). American loin lamb chops, prime and choice ($2.89 elsewhere, here $1.89 per pound trimmed weight). Wild rice is still available at a low price of $3.49 per pound (up to $8 elsewhere). At Ferraro's Market, 1004 Second Avenue at 53rd Street (MU 8-8280). Sale prices apply February 8 and 9 only.

Men's Wear—Made-to-order suits designed by Alexander Shields (regularly $150 to $375, now $112.50 to $281.25) have one-button natural-shoulder jackets and straight trousers with side buckles at the waist. Sale price includes choice of any fabric in the shop and two fittings. Also on sale are a wide selection of 2-inch-wide, square-end ties (were three for $11, now three for $3). February 4 through 16 only, at Alexander Shields, 484 Park Avenue near 58th Street (832-1616).

If you have any suggestions for Sales & Bargains, write to Sarah Harriman, c/o New York Magazine, 207 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Do not phone.

Consumer Aware

Drip-Off—A Brooklyn home-improvement contracting firm has apparently plumbed the depths of fraud. The now defunct Narrows Design Centre collected large deposits from several homeowners, but allegedly delivered no service at all or did such poor work that the job had to be redone by other contractors. One Brooklynite gave the company a $3,000 deposit for the renovation of three bathrooms, and spent an additional $900 for materials. Narrows did no work on the bathrooms, and the homeowner eventually paid another firm $4,300 to do the job. Other people who hired Narrows fared even worse. A man who gave Narrows a $2,000 deposit told the Department of Consumer Affairs, "All I have to show for it is a great big hole where the old bathroom fixtures once stood." Apparently, Narrows was better at *de*struction than *con*struction: time and again the firm's workmen stripped a kitchen or bathroom in preparation for renovation, and then never reappeared to finish the job. The D.C.A. has obtained an assurance of discontinuance from Lester Kaplan and Nelson Feiler, former owners of Narrows. They will make refunds totaling almost $12,000 to customers.

Seminar—Persons who re-enter society after prolonged periods at drug rehabilitation, mental health, or penal institutions are often unfamiliar with new consumer regulations and sound shopping principles and may become easy marks for unscrupulous merchants. The Department of Consumer Affairs has set up a program for teaching consumer skills to volunteers and social welfare agency staff members who want an additional tool for rehabilitating those who have been released from institutions. Individual volunteers, as well as social-agency volunteers and staff members, who would like to attend a consumer-education seminar should contact Lilly Bruck at the D.C.A., 80 Lafayette Street, N.Y.C. 11013 (566-0414). The first Mental Health Consumer Education Seminar will be held in Room 200, 80 Lafayette Street, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on February 28. Coffee will be served; bring sandwiches. No charge, of course.

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Vol. 1 No. 2 New York, N.Y. 10021 Monday Feb. 11, 1974 Metromedia Television

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New York Classified is a weekly feature. All classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. As of February, rates are $1.75 per word with a $17.50 minimum. Post Office Box numbers, New York Box numbers and telephone numbers count as two words each; abbreviations and zip codes one word. Check or money order must accompany copy and be received prior to closing date (on Thursday, 18 days in advance of issue date. . . . March 4 closes Thursday, February 14). Classified Display is also available at $130 per inch. Minimum one inch. Send to: Classified Department, New York Magazine, 207 East 32nd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Reply to NYM Box Numbers at above address.

ART

Old Japanese Prints & Pottery (by appointment). DORIS MELTZER, 783 Madison, (212) 245-8936.

For Sale: Harry Jackson Bronzes: "Lone Hand", "Bronc Stomper". Box 520 NYM.

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ANTIQUES

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Little Antique Valentine Gifts: Everything for your heart's desire. . . Art Deco & Art Nouveau Jewelry & Bibelots. Smashing, one-of-a-kind gifts at smashingly low prices. ALOTA, 109 University Place (between 12th & 13th). Come to Alota for difficult jewelry repairs too. Master Charge & BankAmericard. Monday-Friday, 10-6; Saturday, 9-6. (212) 982-3388.

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Norman J. Lawrence, Ltd. "The Raincoat-Specialist" for women... Has handsome pure silk raincoats, a must for those going south. Lite as air, superb quality, impeccably made. '74 collection ready. 417 Fifth Avenue, 889-3119.

Moe & Lenny have been selling famous brand stereo components wholesale (almost). Now you can get Moe & Lenny wholesale for now there are two SOUND & SIGHT AUDIO locations featuring all the famous audio brands: 845 6th Avenue, 565-3140 and 141 East 44th Street, 986-4840.

Western-Styled Duds! Jeans, shirts, jackets, in denim, chambray, brushed cotton, corduroy; plaids; straights, flairs and bells, uncuffed and cuffed. Our own embroidered, studded and sequined western jackets and shirts. See the best in the west at SILVER CITY CORRAL, 2103 Broadway at 73rd, 873-7180. Open 10 a.m. till 7 p.m.

Stretch Boots... vinyl or suede... originally $21 — $5 with this ad — February only. Other shoe and boot bargains always here. PAPPAGALLO SHOE OUTLET Warehouse, 59 Fourth Avenue (corner of 9th Street — 2nd Floor — 242-0490.) Daily: 9-5:30; Saturday: 8:30-2:30. Master Charge.

Lampshades galore. Pleated, vinyl, ginghams, linen, tweeds, silks, velvets at discount. Largest stock in N.Y. Also custom. JUST SHADES, 188 Bowery, 966-2757. Closed Wednesdays.

Chor Bazaar—Something special in Ethnic Clothes for Women, Men, Children. 801 Lexington (62nd), 838-2581.

Firewood, aged hardwoods and Duraflame. Free delivery in Manhattan vicinity. WEID'S WOODS, 964-5895. Bargain Rates.

New York Magazine T-Shirt. You saw it in our September 10th issue, now you can buy it. 100% cotton. Blue with orange NEW YORK logo. (State small, medium, large, or X-large). $3.95 per shirt. Send check or money order to NEW YORK T-SHIRTS, 207 East 32nd Street, NYC 10016.

Paris Fashion Inc., manufacturer of High fashion ladies clothing will have its most spectacular Lincoln Birthday Sale ever. February 9th, 10th, 11th & 12th. 100% Cashmere coats which retail up to $260 - now at the low, low price of $60 (for as long as they last). We will have other speetaeular values on coats, dresses, pantsuits, etc. PARIS FASHION, 270 West 38th Street, 17th Floor, N.Y.C. 279-6132. Saturday & Sunday, 10-3. Monday & Tuesday, 10-5.

Way out wedding invitations at Love and Let Love, 1278 First Avenue (between 68th—69th). Noon til 7 p.m.

1,873 Unusual Wedding Bands... Bill Schifrin, 4 West 47th Street, Booth 86.

Wallpaper, paints, floor tiles. In stock, "Bravo", "Environmental Graphics", also thousands of discontinueds at 50%-70% off list. WALLPAPER MART, 187 Lexington Avenue (31-32), Open Sundays. MU 4-4115.

Bridals, Mother-of-Bride gowns, custom made. Latest fashions. After 10 a.m. (212) 354-0404.

Lofty discounts on art supplies. 20% to 40% off on all major brands in our loft 11 floors up, where the values are rare. It's New York's largest warehouse art supply store. Open weekdays 9 to 6, Saturdays 9:30 to 4. EASTERN ARTISTS and DRAFTING MATERIALS, Inc., 352 Park Avenue South (between 25th and 26th Streets), 11th Floor. (212) 725-5555.

Open 7 days. Lowest prices on R.C.A., Zenith, General Electric, Sony, Panasonic. Stereos, radios, televisions, calculators, appliances, cameras... PAYLESS DISTRIBUTING, 98 Delancey Street, NYC. 533-5330.

February Furs—We are moving to larger quarters! About February 1st we will be located at 307-7th Avenue, 4th Floor between 27th & 28th Streets. To celebrate we are offering Dyed Lamb Coats at $149; jackets at $49 + many other reductions. HARRY KIRSHNER Manufacturing Furrier, 307-7th Avenue, 4th Floor, between 27th & 28th Streets. CH 3-4847. Hours: Monday–Friday, 9-6 p.m.; Saturday, 10-5 p.m.

Fur pillows, Zebra skins, fur throws—Remember Sales-Bargains 1973? Fresh shipment, same great quality, extraordinarily low priced. 889-7850; 252-4184 weekends, evenings.

Oleg Cassini Furs—Direct factory prices. Savings 40% to 60%. Open to public Saturday & Sunday only, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Featured in New York, "Sales and Bargains", 4/30/73 issue. Suite 2002, 333 7th Avenue (29th Street). (212) 947-4164.

Fireplace Accessories. Everything—anything for your fireplace. SIEGLER BROTHERS, 62 Greenwich Avenue, near West 11th Street and 7th Avenue. OR 5-2333. Free gift.

PERSONALS

Tracy—Miss you lots, thrill of the year! Come back soon! Love, the 9th grade.

Happy Birthday Barbara Reilly. The best wife and mom in Florida. John, Jodi, Tammy, Jill, Bubbles, PJ.

Muffin—Love was, Love is, Love will always be us. Forever, Wiggly.

Personal dilemma? Deft counseling without embarrassment, using cassettes, letters, telephones. Informative brochure free. CONFIDE—Personal Counseling Services Inc., Box 56-YI, Tappan, N.Y. 10983. (914) 359-8860. Dial anytime.

Judi—I like New York all year. How about you? Blue-Eyes.

Zooey—Happy Birthday from whole ----- world, especially me. Racquel.

Nina Regina: Happy Birthday, Mom & Thithl Love - Calypso, Pepper, Carolyn and Pooh.

YOUR AD IN NEW YORK MAGAZINE IS CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

If you're a small advertiser who wants to reach a lot of people without spending a lot of money, *New York's* weekly Classified Section is the place to be.

The cost is $1.75 per word, with a $17.50 minimum. Closing date: Thursday, 18 days in advance of issue (weekly, dated Monday). Just send your copy and a check to cover, along with your name and address, to *New York* Magazine, Classified Department, 207 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 (no telephone orders, please). We'll do the rest.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT
207 EAST 32ND STREET,
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10016

Here is my ad.
I enclose $_____ for _____ words
($1.75 per word; $17.50 minimum).
Please run my ad on the following date(s):_____
(published weekly).

COPY_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

Name_____
Address_____
City_____**State**_____
Zip_____**Telephone**_____

Post office box number and telephone number count as two words each; abbreviations and zip code one word each. We will also assign a "New York" box number, if you wish (two words).

NEW YORK MAGAZINE PUZZLE

ABECEDARIAN JIGSAW

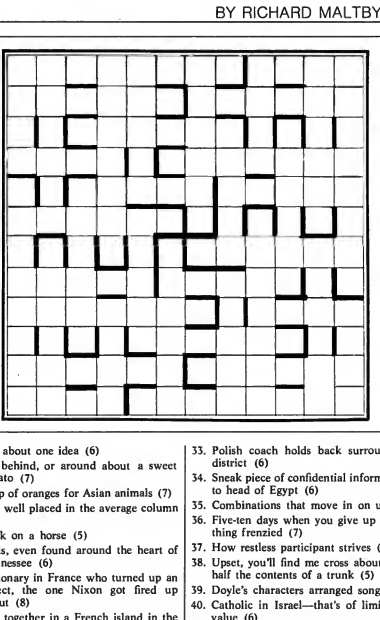
BY RICHARD MALTBY JR.

THIS WEEK'S INSTRUCTIONS: Clues are listed in the strict alphabetical order of the answers. Each letter of the alphabet is the first letter of at least one answer. Solvers are to determine where the answers fit into the diagram.

Answers include two proper names. As always, mental repunctuation of the clue is the key to its solution.

CLUES

1. Far more rimless plate (5)
2. Backwater halfback—not me (5)
3. Need for deodorant attestable from the north (6)
4. Recorded unlimited by wind instrument or string (4)
5. Derelict snored in loafers (6)
6. To create source of power in party, draw lots up (6)
7. Burns top off cauliflowers, perhaps (4)
8. Declines like a lyricist? (4)
9. Replace geezer in power (8)
10. To lean, not lean, over about a man imbued with determination (8)
11. Talk over part of Africa (5)
12. Gravity-free framework (4)
13. 50% of flash-back has no point (4)
14. "At this point in time" is the sound to consider (4)
15. Spain and Portugal when going after Latin American slave state (6)
16. Dicky gets into me after I drink (6)
17. Pot heads Republican mid-term shocker (6)
18. In the third year right after the fourth day after D-Day (6)
19. Tease a Pirate Queen (6)
20. Bird house for travelers rented out (6)
21. Run pole through rigging (4)
22. I'm up before sun-up less (5)
23. Fingered and maimed me inside (5)



24. Off about one idea (6)
25. In, behind, or around about a sweet potato (7)
26. Pulp of oranges for Asian animals (7)
27. Not well placed in the average column (6)
28. Stick on a horse (5)
29. Stills, even found around the heart of Tennessee (6)
30. Visionary in France who turned up an object, the one Nixon got fired up about (8)
31. Get together in a French island in the Pacific (7)
32. Mark this, or an Italian (6)
33. Polish coach holds back surrounding district (6)
34. Sneak piece of confidential information to head of Egypt (6)
35. Combinations that move in on us (6)
36. Five-ten days when you give up something frenzied (7)
37. How restless participant strives (8)
38. Upset, you'll find me cross about only half the contents of a trunk (5)
39. Doyle's characters arranged song (5)
40. Catholic in Israel—that's of limited value (6)

(Solution and notes, and winners for "A Puzzle" appear on page 96.)

WINNERS OF "NEW YEAR'S GALA—VI"

Printer's Devilry clues for MORALIST. A large number of good entries, many similar to the winners below. Winning entries, however: (a) are succinct; (b) read effortlessly when "undeviled"; (c) are attractively or amusingly misleading when "deviled"; and (d) contain, "deviled," a clear, if misleading, indication of the sentence when "undeviled." Some winning entries are reprinted with minor editing. Also, note: breaks are supposed to come within a word, not between words.

FIRST PRIZE: Edward Fearon, N.Y.C.
Speaking for the McQueens, Steve says the star can be either—hifatus is no problem for them. (. . . either him or Ali; status is no problem . . .)

SECOND PRIZE: John Dexter, London, England
Elizabeth Regina says, "In Bali llamas (Respected as in Lhasa) are the Dalai Lamas." (. . . in Balmoral, I still am as respected . . .)

THIRD PRIZE: Barbara Jameson, Alexandria, Va.
Does wife-swapping lead to a blazing or gas/less encounter? (. . . blazing orgasm or a listless encounter?)

RUNNERS-UP: Dallas M. Williams, Los Angeles, Calif.
A written T test is, for me, Thebes, Texas, Tutte, Rabbit. (A written t-test is, for me, the best exam; oral, I si-stutter a b-bit!)

William James, N.Y.C.
I understand your fe/ar. Get Ed for arterial surgery. (. . . your femoral is targeted for . . .)

Iain Waye, London, England
Linda Lovelace: "Although I afil, lad, here—to genital intercourse!" (. . . I am oral, I still adhere to . . .)

James P. Ryan, Arlington, Va.
Jibe the boo/ing tor—his side could swamp us. (the boom or a listing to this side . . .)

Richard Silvestri, Valley Stream, N.Y.
In some references you will find the re/ed among the aquatic parasites. (. . . the remora listed among . . .)

HONORABLE MENTION:

Ann and Bill Cullen, N.Y.C.
Colorful boxers come and go
But when it comes to his/e Al's the show. (. . . to humor, Ali steals the show.)

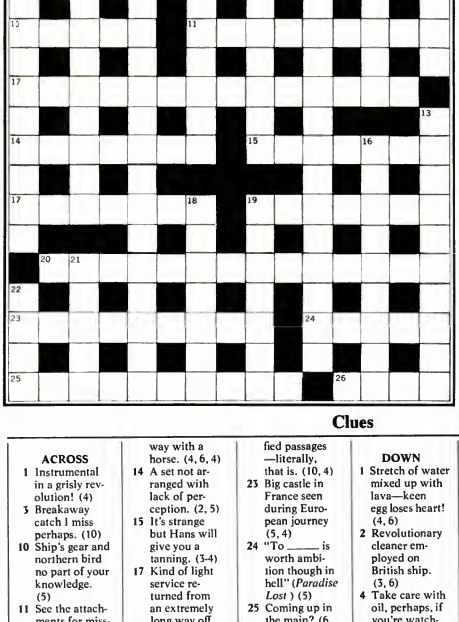
George Q. Whitney, East Hampton, N.Y.
If you want to make it big at the Stock Exchange, deal with a Wall-Street-fi/ed broker. (. . . Wall Street firm or a listed . . .)

Lee Wright, N.Y.C.
To be invited to Truman Capote's ball, you had to have the lead in a fil/ng in Celebrity Register. (. . . in a film or a listing . . .)

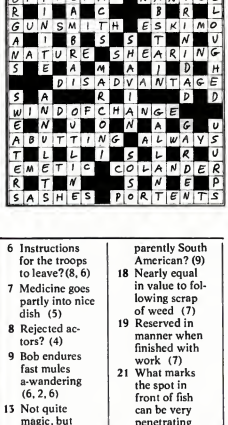
Contest Rules: send completed diagram with name and address to Puzzle Editor, *New York* Magazine, 207 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by February 15, at which time they will be opened. Senders of first three correct solutions will receive a one-year subscription to *New York*. The solution and winners' names will appear in the issue of March 4. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.



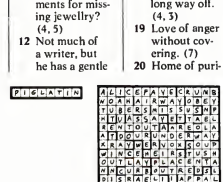
Clues

ACROSS

1 Instrumental in a grisly revolution! (4)
3 Breakaway catch 1 miss perhaps. (10)
10 Ship's gear and northern bird no part of your knowledge. (5)
11 See the attachments for missing jewellry? (4, 5)
12 Not much of a writer, but he has a gentle way with a horse. (4, 6, 4)
14 A set not arranged with lack of perception. (2, 5)
15 It's strange but Hans will give you a tanning. (3-4)
17 Kind of light service returned from an extremely long way off. (4, 3)
19 Love of anger without covering. (7)
20 Home of purified passages —literally, that is. (10, 4)
23 Big castle in France seen during European journey (5, 4)
24 "To _____ is worth ambition though in hell" (*Paradise Lost*) (5)
25 Coming up in the main? (6, 4)
26 The responsibility is subject to you and me. (4)

DOWN

1 Stretch of water mixed up with lava—keen egg loses heart! (4, 6)
2 Revolutionary cleaner employed on British ship. (3, 6)
4 Take care with oil, perhaps, if you're watching every one! (7)
5 Part of the feet in flight maybe (7)
6 Instructions for the troops to leave? (8, 6)
7 Medicine goes partly into nice dish (5)
8 Rejected actors? (4)
9 Bob endures fast mules a-wandering (6, 2, 6)
13 Not quite magic, but fairly good poker hand! (5, 5)
16 Femininely powerful, apparently South American? (9)
18 Nearly equal in value to following scrap of weed (7)
19 Reserved in manner when finished with work (7)
21 What marks the spot in front of fish can be very penetrating (1-4)
22 Soldier turns up—or is it an operatic prince? (4)



SOLUTION AND NOTES FOR "A PUZZLE"

Each of the unclued Across lights, a legitimate word, is the PIG LATIN version of one of the unclued Down lights. I.e.: airway (wear), obey (beau), assay (sass), underway (wonder), x-ray (Rex), outlay (lou), outre (route), and [compliments of The Last of Sheila] Alice Faye (phallus).

ACROSS: 7. B.(rum)C.(rev.): 10. pun, no-account; 12. anag.; 13. Miss-U.S.; 15. hom.; 16. anag.: 18. are(O-I.)a; 20. (o)dour; 22. v.-ox; 23. anag.; 24. w(Inc.)e; 25. pun, airs; 27. anag.; 29. "ace" in "plant" (anag.); 30. two mngs.; 31. d.-Israeli; 33. a-Lapp(rev.); 34. sette(r)(rev.); 35. anag.; 36. r(ed)-yes; 37. anag.

DOWN: 1. a-n.-t(hr.)ax; 2. Che(a)t; 3. ear-(lhy); 4. f.-is-sure; 5. ar(e)-mature; 6. hom.; 7. cy(cli)st; 8. anag.; 9. by-play; 11. a-Bund-ant; 14. so-U; 17. hidden; 18. ado-raiion; 19. tr(i[U.]n-ii)y; 21. 2 mngs.; 23. St(epee-rev.) N(icholas); 26. sc-rape; 28. I-sure (anag.); 29. Polyp(hemus); 32. as (i)s.

WINNERS: John P. Hodgkin, N.Y.C.; Edward R. Bethea, Bronx; Marilyn Padow, Bucks County, Pa.

© 1972, Times Newspaper Ltd. London

Lagrange Cognac enjoyed.

Why should one have to be taught how to enjoy a simple pleasure? Because Cognac is no simple pleasure. It is the laborious result of a technique elaborated and perfected over many years by men searching for the ultimate delights which the senses can perceive. Cognac is one of the civilized pleasures, like a Bach oratorio, and is quite beyond the grasp of people who will not stretch their capacities for a glimpse of the sublime.

1. Cognac is not like other drinks. You don't drink it like other drinks. In fact, you don't drink it at all until after you've coddled it, snifted it, ogled it and let all your senses wallow in it.

When you can't stand the suspense any longer, you roll a little drop of it on your tongue. Then repeat the entire ritual.

2. The philosophy of Cognac is this: Treat each drink as if it were the last ounce of Cognac the world will ever see, and you will have to tell future generations just what it was like.

3. Advice you will sometimes hear in France: "Have an affair with your glass."

The whole idea is *slowness*. Postpone the end as long as possible.

The Glass is Basic.

The professional taster in a French Cognac house like LAGRANGE uses a drab little glass that can be clasped in the palm of one hand and warmed up very quickly. This satisfies the demands of commerce and efficiency, but it is a far cry from the lovely round snifter that is preferred for the social ceremony of drinking Cognac. This glass is marvelously functional. Your hands warm the Cognac through the sides of the bowl, filling the glass with fumes. "One-third Cognac, two-thirds aroma," is the rule to be observed. Beware the grossly oversized objects that are sold as Cognac snifters; there is no way to warm them, and they are useful only for keeping goldfish.

The Primacy of the Nose.

American popular culture has denigrated the nose and has even built an industry upon the premise that smells should not exist. You must now rise above such excessive gentility as you approach Step 2 in the enjoyment of your Cognac. You have before you a snifter containing one-third Cognac and two-thirds aroma which you have created with the warmth of your own blood. Raise your glass, bend your head and stick your nose into the opening. Don't do it shyly and discreetly. Do it boldly and shamelessly. You are acting out the scenario: Man (or Woman) sticking his (her) nose into a glass. Don't worry, nobody in the restaurant is going to laugh. If they notice you at all, they'll envy you your conviction.

Meanwhile, you've got your nose in a most stimulating environment. Sniff and let your imagination go. Think of the centuries of Gallic wit and culture that went into the liquid in your glass. (Or came out of it.)

Think of the sunny hillsides, the stout Limousin oak of the aging casks. Think of the pretty peasant girls who trampled the grapes. And think of all the estimable men from Napoleon to Winston Churchill who have done just what you're doing now.

Okay, you can come up out of that glass now. You're ready for a taste.

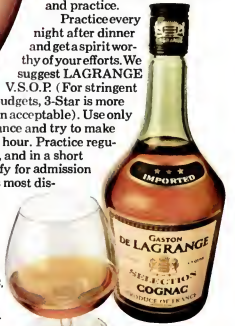
Don't guzzle. You're not drinking iced tea, you're fooling with magic. Take a drop or two on the tip of your tongue and roll it around. You won't have to swallow. The Cognac will gently disappear leaving a glow like a sunset.

Now You Know How to Drink Cognac.

You have reached the limit of what can be achieved through instruction. The rest is talent and practice.

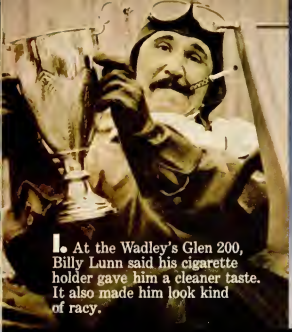
Practice every night after dinner and get a spirit worthy of your efforts. We suggest LAGRANGE V.S.O.P. (For stringent budgets, 3-Star is more than acceptable). Use only one ounce and try to make it last half an hour. Practice regularly and correctly, and in a short time you will qualify for admission to one of History's most distinguished clubs—the men who know about Cognac.

To obtain a pair of imported, full-lead crystal Cognac snifters, send $6 to: COGNAC SNIFTERS, P.O. Box 1089, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for delivery.



Gaston de Lagrange Cognac

IMPORTED BY PARK, BENZIGER & CO., SCARSDALE, N.Y. 10583—80 PROOF



1. At the Wadley's Glen 200, Billy Lunn said his cigarette holder gave him a cleaner taste. It also made him look kind of racy.

2. No need for a cigarette holder today. You've got Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette with the filter tucked back, away from your lips.

3. With Parliament, you just taste rich, clean flavor. Never the filter. From start to finish.

Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.

It works like a cigarette holder works.

Kings: 15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.